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JUNE 14, 1930

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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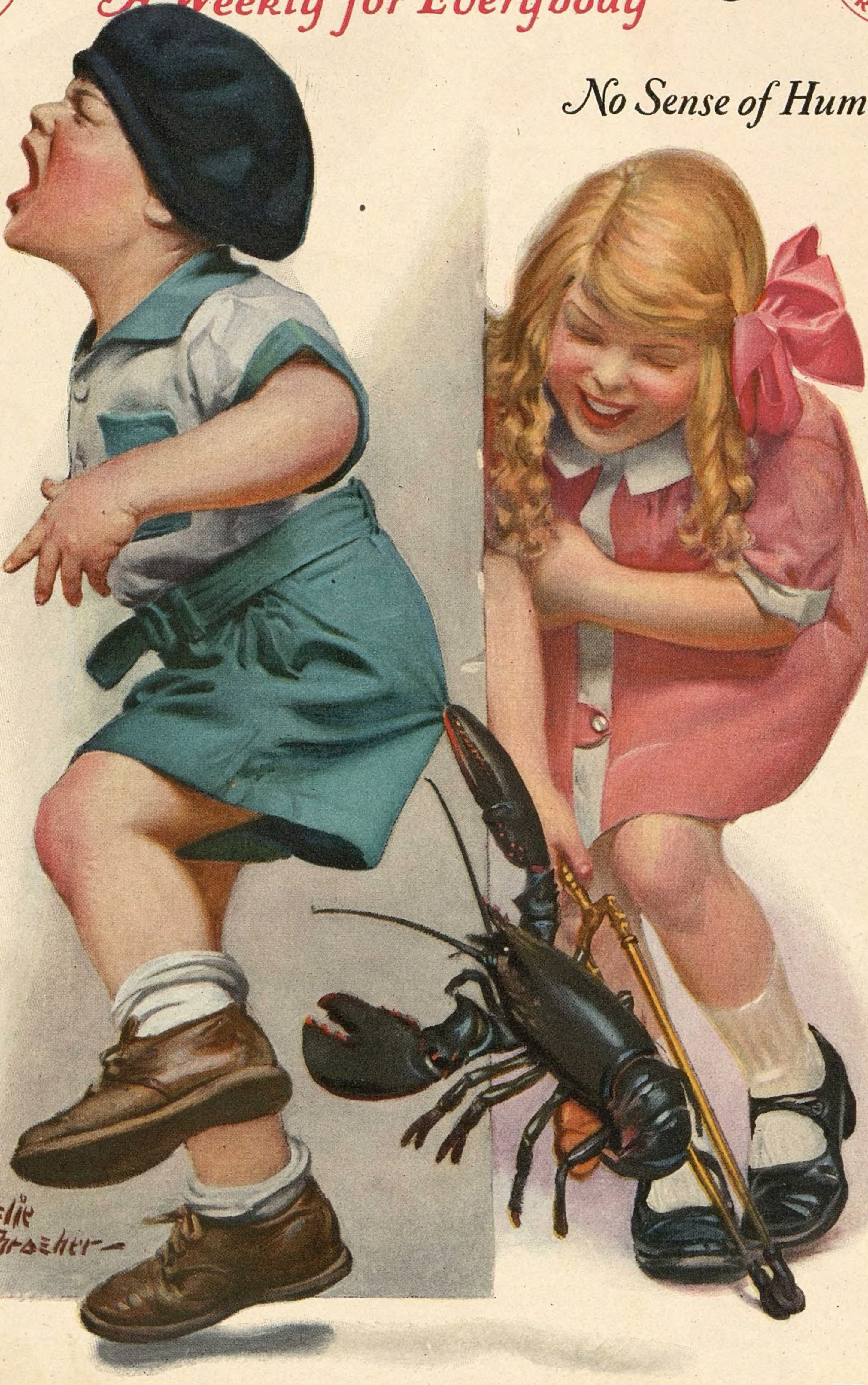

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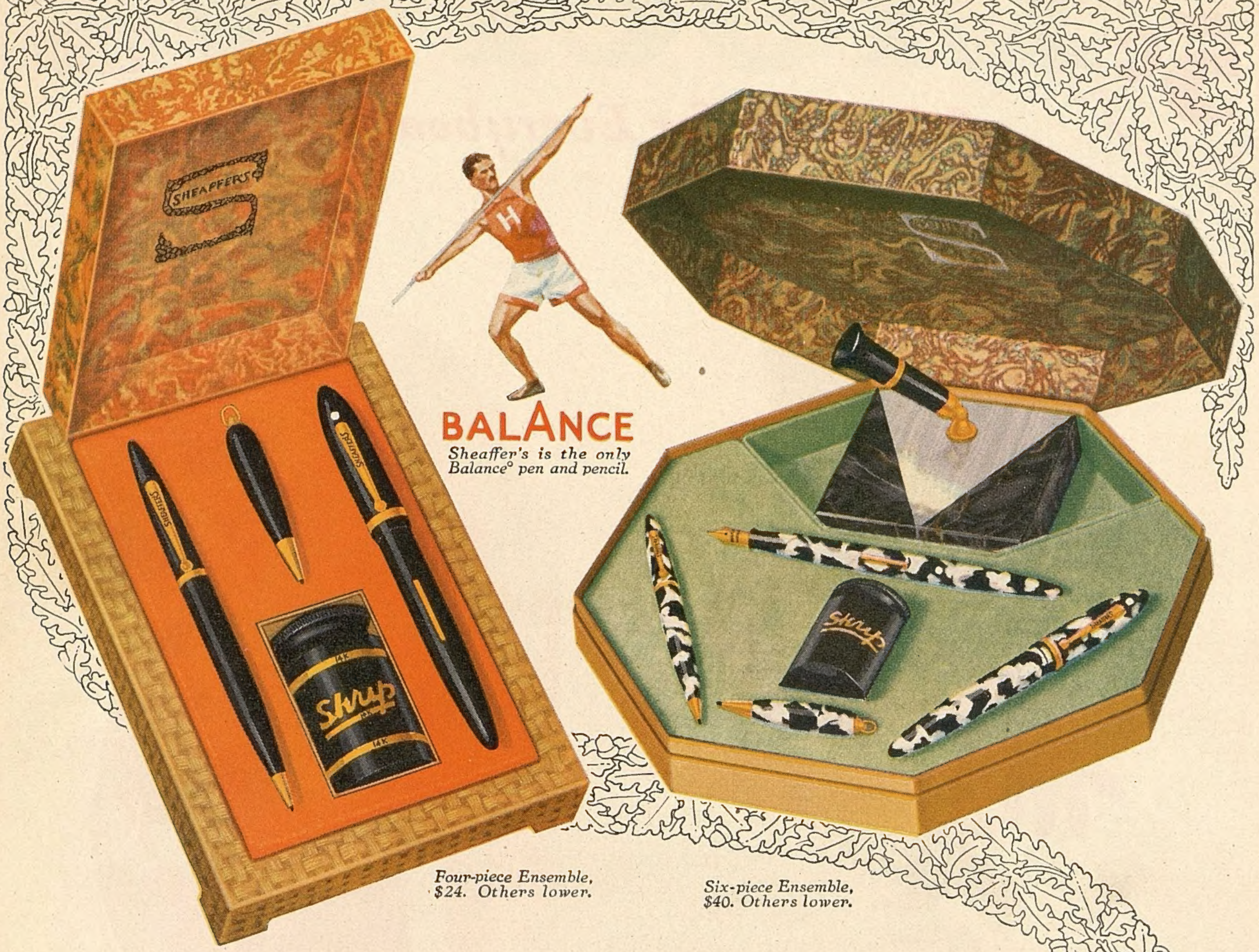

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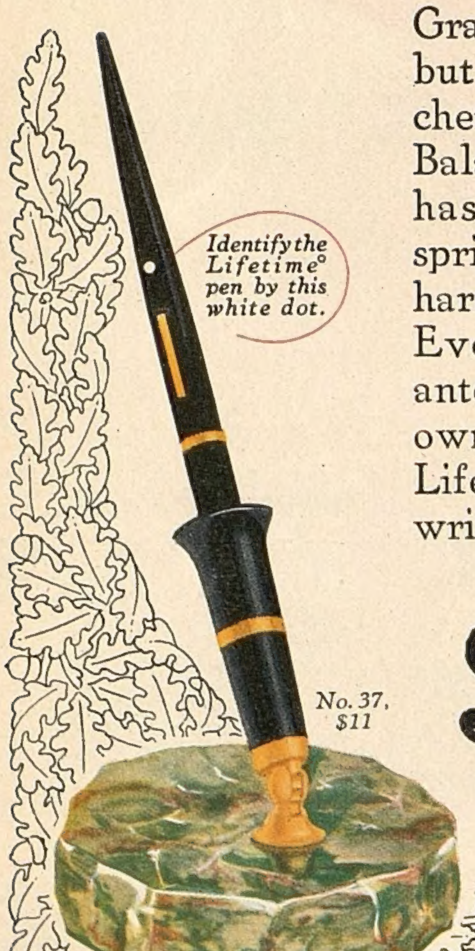

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JUNE 14, 1930

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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> *"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."* —*Stephen Decatur.*

"THE INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER UPON HISTORY"

Secretary Stimson came back from the London naval conference and, we think, made a better appearance before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee than he was expected to make.

The big-navy folks, some of them, have been opposing the London treaty on the ground that it will keep us from building as many ships as we need. The fact is, as Secretary Stimson's figures strikingly indicate, the great danger is that we won't build as many ships as we are allowed by the treaty.

His tables show, for example, that we are allowed about 100,000 tons more in cruisers than we now have, and about 60,000 tons more in airplane carriers—that is to say, a third more in cruisers and nearly twice our present tonnage in airplane carriers.

Some time ago, as a gesture of good-will, our building of ships was suspended by the President. Now the treaty to "limit" our navy authorizes us to build far more, in some groups, than we have built or are building. The only groups in which we are allowed less than we have are capital ships, destroyers, and submarines.

Well, as for destroyers, most of those we have are tied up in the Hudson River or somewhere, out of commission and going to pieces fast. A few new ones will be better than all the old junk we have. And the same thing, in some measure, applies to submarines.

As for capital ships, though we would make a reduction under the terms of the treaty, Great Britain would make a much greater one—134,000 tons as against 70,000 for the United States—and Japan would be considerably reduced.

What has happened is that since the Hughes treaty and the 5–5–3 ratio went into effect Great Britain and Japan have been building and we haven't.

Secretary Stimson says the general judgment of naval men is that the capital ship is still the backbone of the navy. That remains to be seen. But if this is the belief of the naval experts of Britain, Japan, and the United States, we can afford to act on that belief to the extent of keeping our capital ships up-to-date. In fact, we can't afford not to.

Mr. Stimson's figures indicate that if we build up to the terms of the treaty we will have naval parity—which thus far we have been too stingy to achieve.

If we want to achieve parity, we shall have to do it in the next ten years, and Great Britain and Japan will be virtually standing still while we catch up. In that time, we are told, building up to the terms of the treaty will cost a billion dollars, which some people think is too much.

Well, we seem to have got around at this point to a favorite topic. As a matter of fact, if we could sell good beer at ten cents a glass instead of five, as we used to, we could raise a billion dollars for the government in one year instead of ten.

It does seem like lugging in an extraneous subject to say that, but it isn't, because there really is an alliance of mind between prohibitionists and pacifists, and in the majority of cases they are the same people. You'll find that most of the jolly tars and gay old sea dogs like their beer and rum when they can get it, and that those who are trying to abolish their occupations mostly don't like anything of the kind.

Both prohibition and pacifism are manifestations of the feminine type of mind, and it prevails because Congress is feminine-minded. This is one of the consequences of true democracy. The masculine type of person won't do the hand-shaking and diplomatic conniving necessary to be elected to Congress. So the masculine type goes into business and stays out of politics.

The reverse has been true in England hitherto, but now, under Ramsay MacDonald, the British government is about as pacifist as our own.

President Hoover has played up to the pacifists and the preachers and the women. He has been assuming that any money saved from naval expenditures is a good thing—which is not necessarily so, since building more ships means more people at work and eating. Also, four years in the navy is a liberal education, probably more valuable than a college course would be, for most young fellows who "join the navy and see the world."

But of course, at heart, we are not now a sea-minded people. For the early Yankees in New England, with its stern and rock-bound coast, it was as pleasant to be at sea as at home, but it is not so now. Now Iowa wants federal money spent in Iowa, and not poured into the coffers of eastern shipyards.

It is hard no doubt to persuade Congressmen from the Middle West that it is better to spend money on shipbuilding in the East than on dredging out Rock Creek and erecting new post offices at home, and perhaps from the standpoint of immediate politics this is true. Dredging Rock Creek does get better immediate results for them than laying down new keels in a Philadelphia shipyard.

But in a larger sense it is fair to point out that the navy is just as much a defense for Iowa as for Maine. It is national insurance for all the United States—not only the seacoast, but the interior as well.

We wish members of Congress generally, and especially members of the appropriations committees, would read one of the greatest books ever written—"The Influence of Sea Power upon History," by Rear Admiral Alfred T. Mahan.

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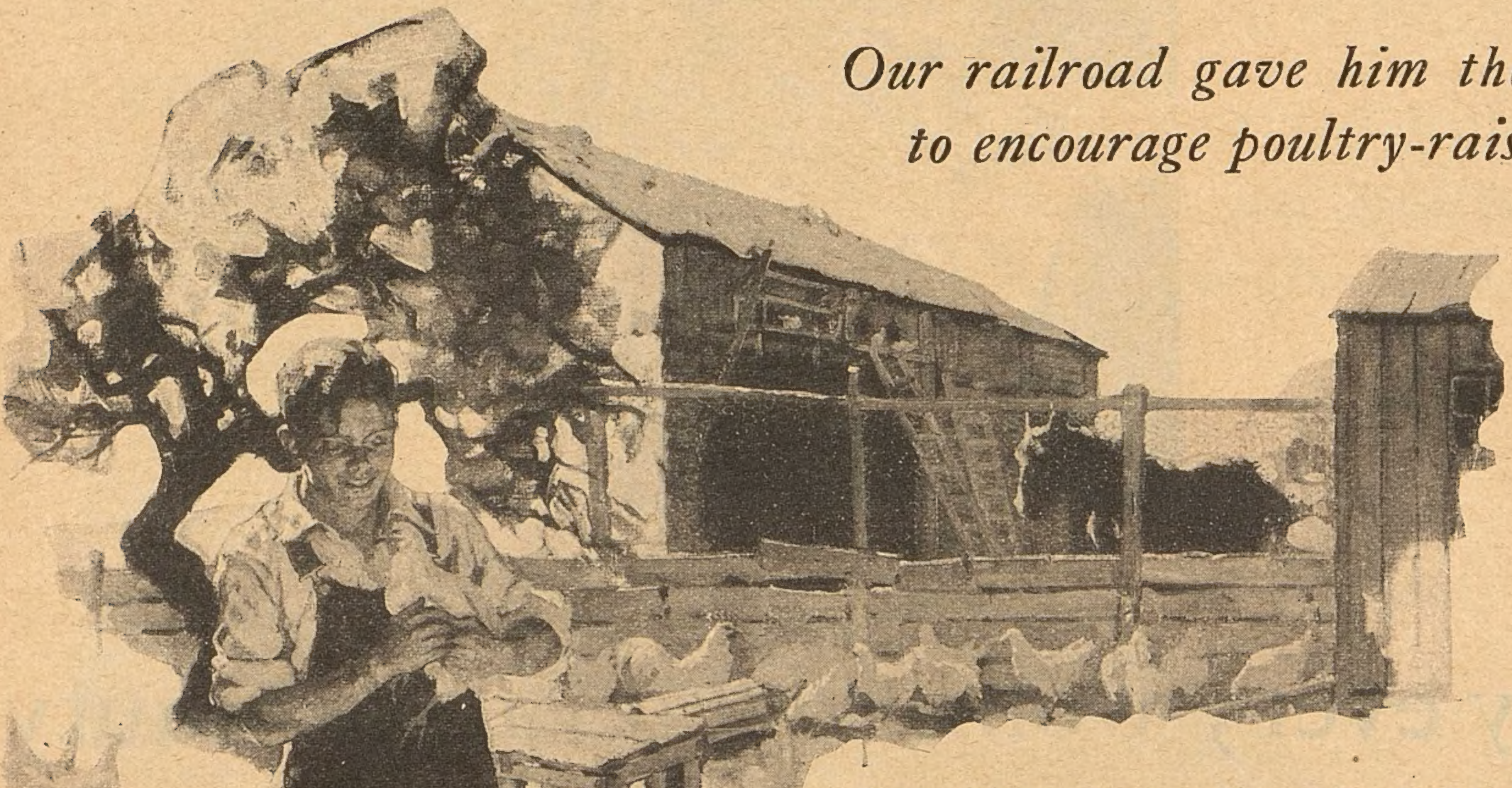
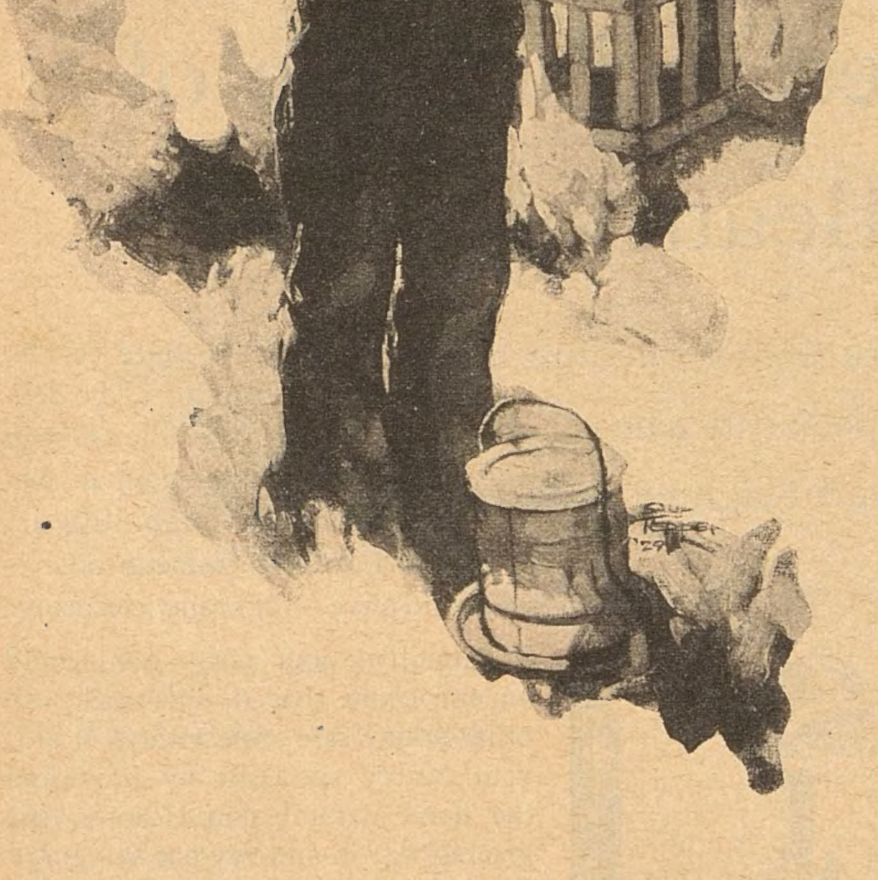
Cover by Leslie Thrasher

Prize awards for solutions of The Mystery of the Old Church Belfry, by Sidney Sutherland, are announced on page 30.

He built a BUSINESS *from a Basket of Eggs*

Our railroad gave him the eggs to encourage poultry-raising

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*The experience is actual. The name is not.

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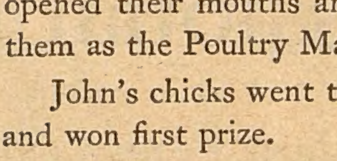

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Modern beauty culture has become a science practiced by specialists whose sole task is to safeguard and heighten beauty

BEAUTY
SALON

DURING recent years, beauty science has been so highly developed by the experts in this comparatively new profession that every woman is now enabled to make the most of her natural loveliness.

Laboratories are workrooms for research. Schools of beauty culture have been developed to teach workers not only the methods of perfecting external beauty but also laws affecting good health.

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And it is therefore particularly interesting that more than 19,800 of these experts today recommend Palmolive Soap. What a remarkable tribute to the purity, the blandness, the delicacy of this vegetable oil soap . . . which is based on an age-old formula combining nature's finest cosmetic oils — palm and olive—for beauty cleansing!

Palmolive does not — nor would anyone claim that it did—make all other beauty care unnecessary. It aids your beauty specialist by providing the finest natural skin cleanser, the greatest day-in-and-day-out safeguard for facial beauty.

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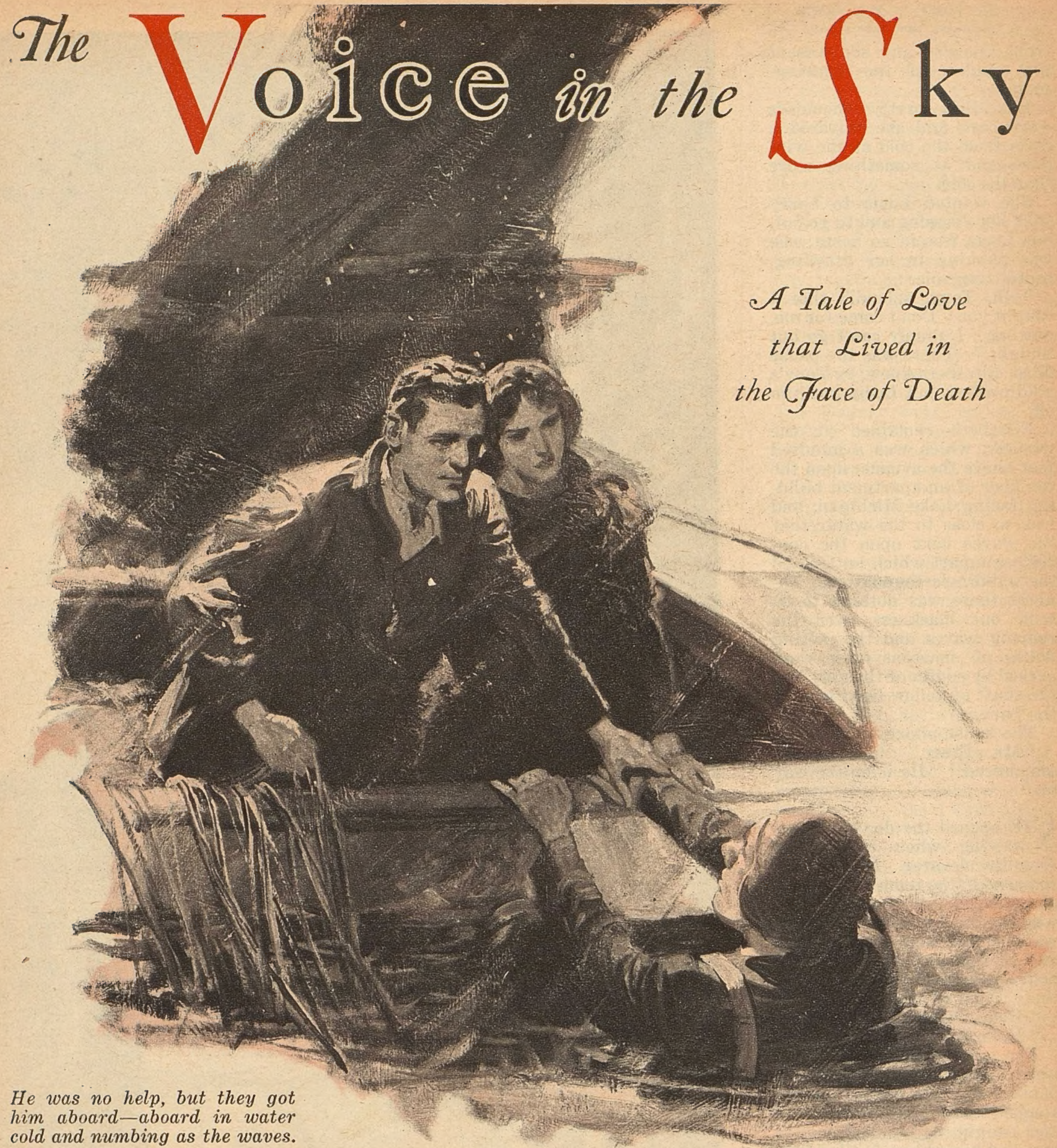
The Voice in the Sky



A Tale of Love
that Lived in
the Face of Death

He was no help, but they got him aboard—aboard in water cold and numbing as the waves.

By

EDWIN BALMER *and* WILLIAM MACHARG

brothers-in-law, once reporters on the Chicago Tribune, who began writing together in the same year (1909) that Mr. Balmer married Mr. MacHarg's sister. Mr. Balmer is now editor of the Red Book, but says he doesn't like to print his own stories.

Pictures by RICO TOMASO

THE wind, which had been blowing a gale all evening, suddenly began to cloud the street with snow; and it cut colder.

The cold made no difference in driving, but the snow obliged Dennis to slow at intersections where other cars blundered on to the boulevard.

Frequently he had to stop, though tonight he was hot with haste, for at the Crandons', Lucia was home. He might have a few minutes with Lucia if he arrived before Tony Ware took her away to the dance.

Then he would remember Elizabeth, and that it was she—not Lucia—who was waiting for him. Elizabeth was Lucia's sister, a year older than Lucia, who was only nineteen and very like her. Elizabeth was lovely, everyone said, "but Lucia is the perfect one; she's beautiful."

Ever since she had promised to marry Dennis Freer, and, indeed, even before that wonderful day two months ago, Elizabeth had been ready whenever she knew he might be coming to her.

So, not to miss a moment with him, she had dressed for her dance—tonight she was going to a different ball

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE VOICE IN THE SKY
Continued from page seven

from Lucia's—and she was at the window of the drawing-room.

Her slim pretty shoulders were bare and she shivered a little from the cold at the window—and at something more than the cold.

She wanted Lucia to hurry with her dressing and to go out, but Lucia was in no haste; she was phoning in her drawling, tantalizing voice:

" Oh, Tony, splendid that I caught you! Don't come for me, darling. I simply can't go out tonight." There was the pause filled, Elizabeth knew, by Tony's wild protest, but Lucia put him off.

Elizabeth remained at the window, which was a hundred feet above the avenue, upon the top floor of an apartment building facing Lake Michigan, and was so close to the water that the waves beat upon the concrete rampart which buttressed the building's foundation. Tonight there was nothing to be seen but blackness over the roaring waves and the pelting flakes of snow as they were sucked by eddies of the gale into the shaft of yellow light beyond the pane.

The house phone tinkled.

" Mr. Freer," the doorman announced. " He is on the way up."

SHE opened the door and was waiting when he stepped from the elevator. If there was someone in the room behind her, she stepped into the little hallway for the first kiss. If no one was behind, she stepped back and he followed, flung shut the door, and caught her. It was their ritual of meeting.

" Hello, Dennis," she said.

" Hello."

The eyes of the elevator boy were upon them, but now his paneled door was drawn and she stepped back. Dennis followed and caught her, pulled her to him and kissed her, but his lips, his very hold upon her, lacked. All her love and more, for all her fear besides, was in her kiss.

" Lucia gone out yet? "

He had said it and he had tried not to.

" No; she's here. She's not going out."

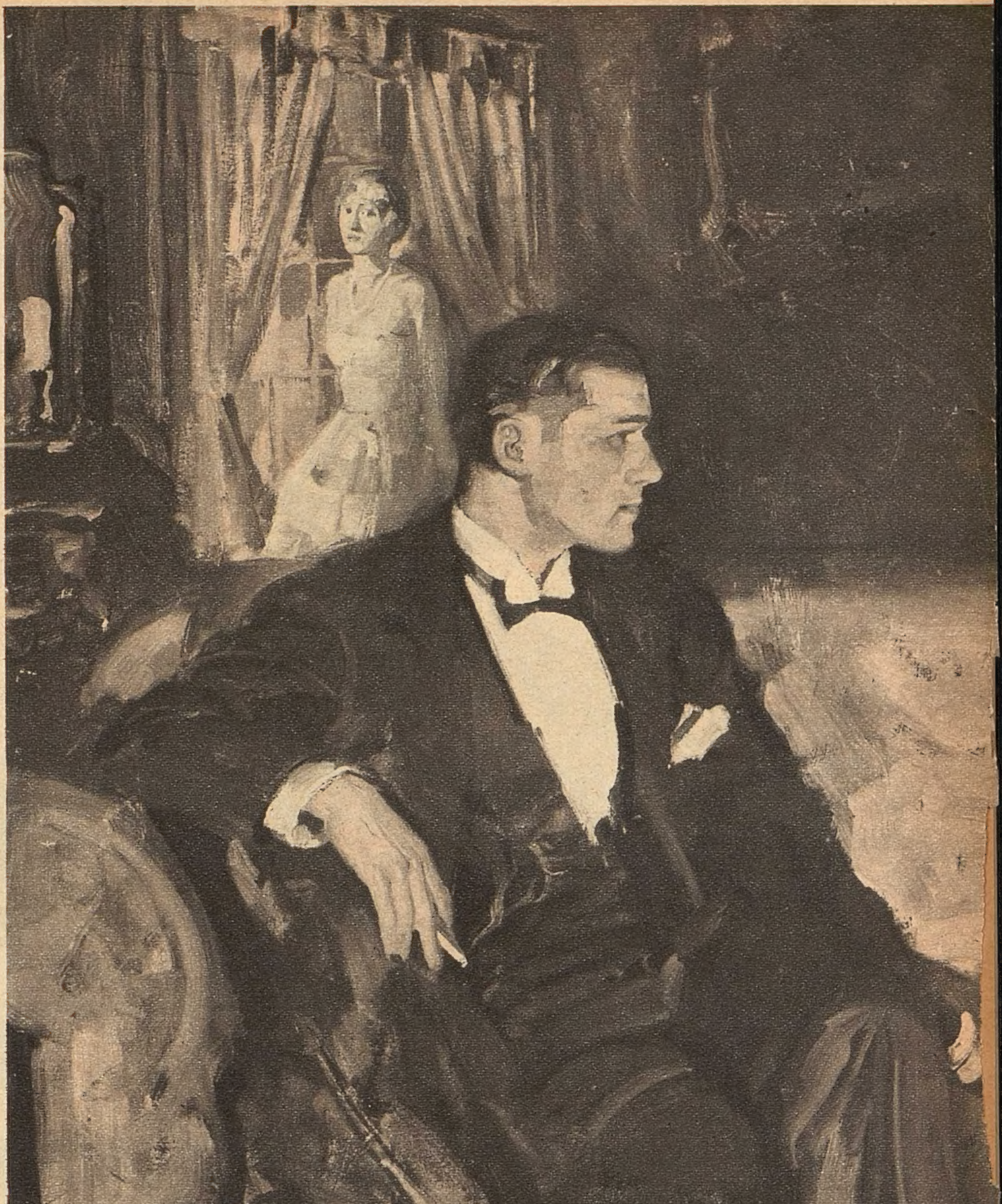
" Oh, why? "

" Tired out," she said. " Done up, she told Tony."

They drew apart, their dearest moment past, and in it all not a word of themselves. His hands went out to take both of hers, but she stepped from him.

" I'll tell Lucia you're here," she said.

Lucia was on her low, gayly-tinted seat before her mirrors. Lucia had white, flawless skin and soft full lips, tantalizing little nose, and eyes oval and with long lashes. She had a lazy, maddening way of speaking—maddening to Elizabeth often, and maddening always in a very different sense to men.

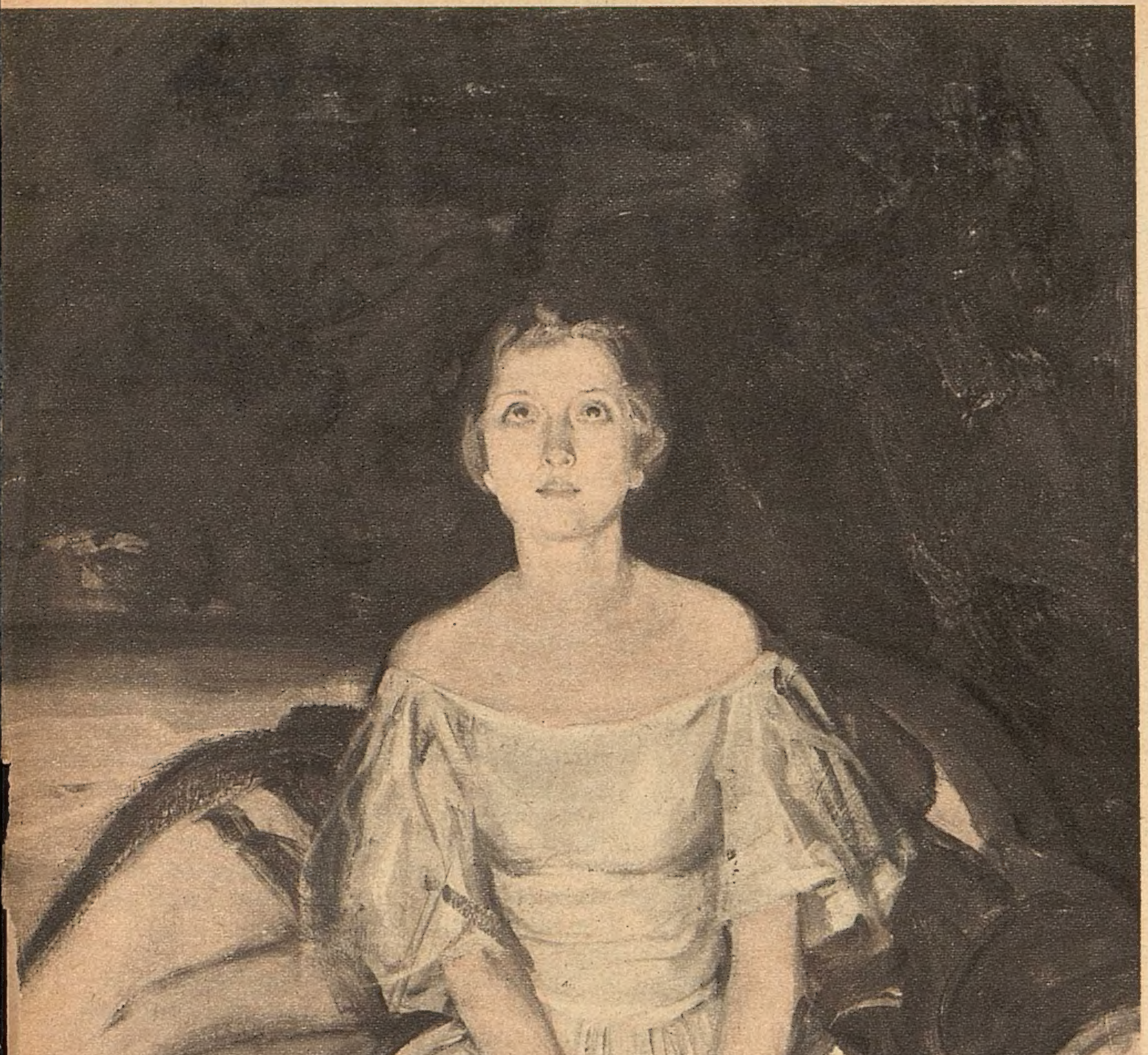


At the fireplace Elizabeth left Dennis and Lu

Elizabeth was used to being second choice with any man who had met Lucia. If she had been less like Lucia, it might have been better for her.

Both sisters were blonde, but Elizabeth was merely brown; Lucia was spun gold. People said Elizabeth's profile was pretty, but Lucia's was pure delight itself. The sisters were identical in height, but Lucia's slender shapeliness was supple grace. Elizabeth had, beside her sister, a seeming shortness and solidness.

If a man loved Elizabeth could he help loving Lucia more? Could she blame him?



e slipped away, and neither he nor Lucia noticed.

No one had really been Elizabeth's—until Dennis Freer came. He had been her own until Lucia had appeared from school.

"I thought you said you were feeling bad," Elizabeth began.

"I'm feeling much better, darling. I feel simply marvelous, darling."

"Are you phoning Tony again, then?"

"No hurry," said Lucia. "Somebody here?"

"Dennis is here," Elizabeth told her dully. "He asked for you."

Lucia lifted above her head the blue dress she was to have worn to the dance. She stood up, straight and slim, surrounded by her mirrors, and dropped the dress about her; and Elizabeth's cold fingers helped her. They went from the bedroom together, and at the fireplace in the drawing-room Elizabeth left Dennis and Lucia.

She slipped away to the window, and neither he nor Lucia noticed. No one else was in the big apartment tonight, except the maidservants in their rooms at the rear.

Outside a droning hum beat above the moan of the storm.

Elizabeth heard it, but gave it no thought at all. For Lucia and Dennis were before the blaze of maple logs which had been laid for herself and him. He pulled the couch closer and Lucia laughed in her gay, utterly captivating way at something he said.

THE sound outside swelled upon the storm and defined itself as the nearing noise of an airplane propeller; but Elizabeth was recalling how Dennis and she had shared before the fire the marvelous joy of plans; of what, exactly, they would do when at last they were man and wife; how she would fly with him, sometimes, on his sudden, thrilling trips to the western mountains. (Dennis, who was twenty-four, was a Tech graduate and was with a copper company.) Sometimes they would sleep on the ground together, share breakfast at a camp fire.

What was he telling now to Lucia? Nothing like that—Lucia cared nothing for camp fires; but Lucia could make him cease to care for camps and flights.

That noise was much nearer and so loud that it gave her excuse for speaking.

"There's an airplane!" she called. "Over the lake."

Dennis jumped up and realized with a pang of self-reproach how long he had delayed with Lucia.

He called: "It's flying low!"

Elizabeth opened the French window toward the lake and the blizzard blew in, bearing loud the beat of an airplane propeller. The gale was from the west and the airplane approached from the east, so it came on but slowly.

"He's low!" Dennis whispered, talking more to himself than to Lucia. "And he can't see a thing tonight."

He left her and ran to the window.

"He's come down, I think—circling," Elizabeth explained. "I heard him higher, I'm sure, a minute ago. He must be trying to find his way."

The throbbing beat was passing to the south.

"He's over the city now," said Dennis. "He can't see special lights; he can't pick up a beacon possibly, except by blindest luck, but he can see the general glow."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE VOICE IN THE SKY
Continued from page nine

" How can he land? "

" He can't—but by barest luck."

" What can he do? "

" Leave his ship. Lindbergh did that in a snowstorm like this. Others have too."

Elizabeth was looking into his eyes. She was not thinking of him, Dennis knew, nor of herself; but, for this moment, only of the pilot blinded out there in the snow.

" Suppose he's alone? " she said.

" Likely."

" Mail flyer, Dennis? "

" Maybe. Maybe anybody else, too."

" He had nerve to fly at all tonight—even before the snow."

Her lips quivered; her soft lips which he so many times had kissed. Sometimes, as he held her before he kissed her, they quivered like this for love for him. But this was not for him, but at thought of the flyer in the snow.

Lucia joined them: " What's so utterly interesting out there? "

" A pilot—mail, maybe," her sister said.

" Hasn't he gone past? "

" Yes; too low," Dennis told her.

" You're freezing us, Dennis."

Lucia's lovely and soft lips said it, but they did not quiver and her eyes did not look into Dennis', forgetting him and herself because of a pilot lost in the snow.

Elizabeth closed the window and went to her room, where she shut her door and opened her window. The beat of the airplane was upwind, but still close and low.

Lucia drew Dennis toward the fire, but she could feel through her fingers on his that a change had come.

" Where's Elizabeth? " he asked.

" In her room."

Dennis strode down the hallway to Elizabeth's door; he knocked and entered. Her bed lamp lighted the room dimly and showed him Elizabeth at the open window.

" What's happening, Betty? "

" He's climbing, I think. Doesn't he sound higher? " Elizabeth said without turning.

" Higher," agreed Dennis, leaning out beside her. " And his motor's not hitting right."

Lucia came in, and now on the wind the sound suddenly altered again. It roared and swooped.

" Bad trouble," said Dennis. " He's falling on us."

" On us? " This was Lucia.

" Small chance on us three, Lucia," he said quickly. " Besides, he's got control again and he'll fly away. A good man doesn't leave his ship, even to save himself, over a settled section. He cuts for the farm lands."

" Oh! " breathed Lucia.

" HE'S getting west of us now," Elizabeth said. " I guess he's trying to get out in the clear to jump— No, there it's coming back again! "

Louder it became. Closer that meant—much, much, much closer. The nature of the sound had changed.

" He is falling? " cried Elizabeth.

" Tail spin! " Dennis guessed, and Lucia clung to him, looking at the ceiling, but the roar slid away to the east and passed over them toward the lake in which suddenly it seemed smothered.

" He's gone? " whispered Elizabeth. " That's all? "

All of the man, who, ten minutes ago, had been nothing—who had been unknown, unexistent, in her life ten minutes ago. Strange how he had come, in those minutes, to mean daring, courage, desperation, and—at this last—death, which caught at her heart. Which caught, also, at Dennis'. He drew near her, his arm about her.

" That's all, probably, Betty," Dennis said, holding her close. And she let him, forgetting that in the warm, safe room down the hall he had wanted not her but Lucia.

Lucia came to him now. She wanted him back. It was over—that strange, overwhelming interlude, the clatter of an invisible airplane propeller which had made them witnesses of the fate of a man whom they had never seen. For they had seen nothing at all at any time but the blur of snow past the window. The sound, coming from nothing, had relapsed into nothing. It was over.

Again Lucia wanted Dennis—and the lounge before the hearth. " Shut the window, Elizabeth. For God's sake, keep out the cold."

But Elizabeth kept it wide open.

" What's that? " she whispered. " Oh, what's that? "

It was a voice on the wind: " Hello! Hello! "

It rode on the wind: " Hello! "

Overhead it was; a hail from the sky, blown along like the call of a soul slipping by.

The fancy of it seized Elizabeth and Dennis together, and his arm tightened on her.

" He leaped over the land," Dennis realized aloud. " He jumped and let his plane go! He's up there on a parachute! "

" Oh! " hailed the wind. " Hello! "

And Elizabeth was leaning out her window. " Hello! We hear you! Hello! Hello! " she screamed into the wind and the blinding snow.

" Oooh! " said the wind, sweeping on over the lake.

LUCIA was still endeavoring to claim Dennis. " Shut the window! " It was her one idea—shut this madness out. Her sister was screaming into the snow: " We hear you! Hello! "

And now the wind, even when it eddied, sucked back no reply.

" He's carried over the lake," said Elizabeth.

" It was the pilot who jumped," Dennis had to detail to Lucia. " He jumped, and the plane, with motor on, flew past him and fell into the lake. He was floating in the wind up there. It's taking him over the lake."

" Why did he let it? "

" He wouldn't take a chance of sending his ship to crash into a house, Lucia, to kill people. He took the chances himself. He located the edge of the city and he was flying toward the lake when he leaped, so his plane would fly over the lake after he jumped. He must have hoped to get down on land, but he cut it too fine, and so he's over the water."

" He's falling into it," Elizabeth said, shutting the window at last. " The water."

She turned, staring for a second about the bright, cheerful room, suddenly so quiet with the window closed. She stepped into her closet, snatched up a sweater, and pulled it on over her dress. She stooped to her storm shoes and caught about her her fur coat. " We heard him, I told him," she said to Dennis. " How long—d'you suppose—he'll live in the lake? "

" Tonight! " said Dennis. " Tonight! "

He retreated before her out her door and down the hallway, and Lucia came with them.

" Who're you calling? " Lucia was asking. " Who're you calling for help? "

Dennis made no reply; he caught up his coat and a cap from the coat closet.

" Who're you calling? " Lucia persisted, standing there in her décolleté. " Why don't you use the phone? "

Dennis opened the door toward the elevator; he pressed the button for the car, and Elizabeth ran back into the apartment and returned with a key chained to a bit of wood.

" Boathouse," she said. Then the elevator arrived and they stepped in.

" Take us down quick! " said Dennis to the man.

The door was shut. Lucia was not with them.

" A flyer jumped from his plane above the building," Dennis explained to the man, " and was blown into the lake."

" What, sir? "

" He jumped with a parachute. Did you hear him? "

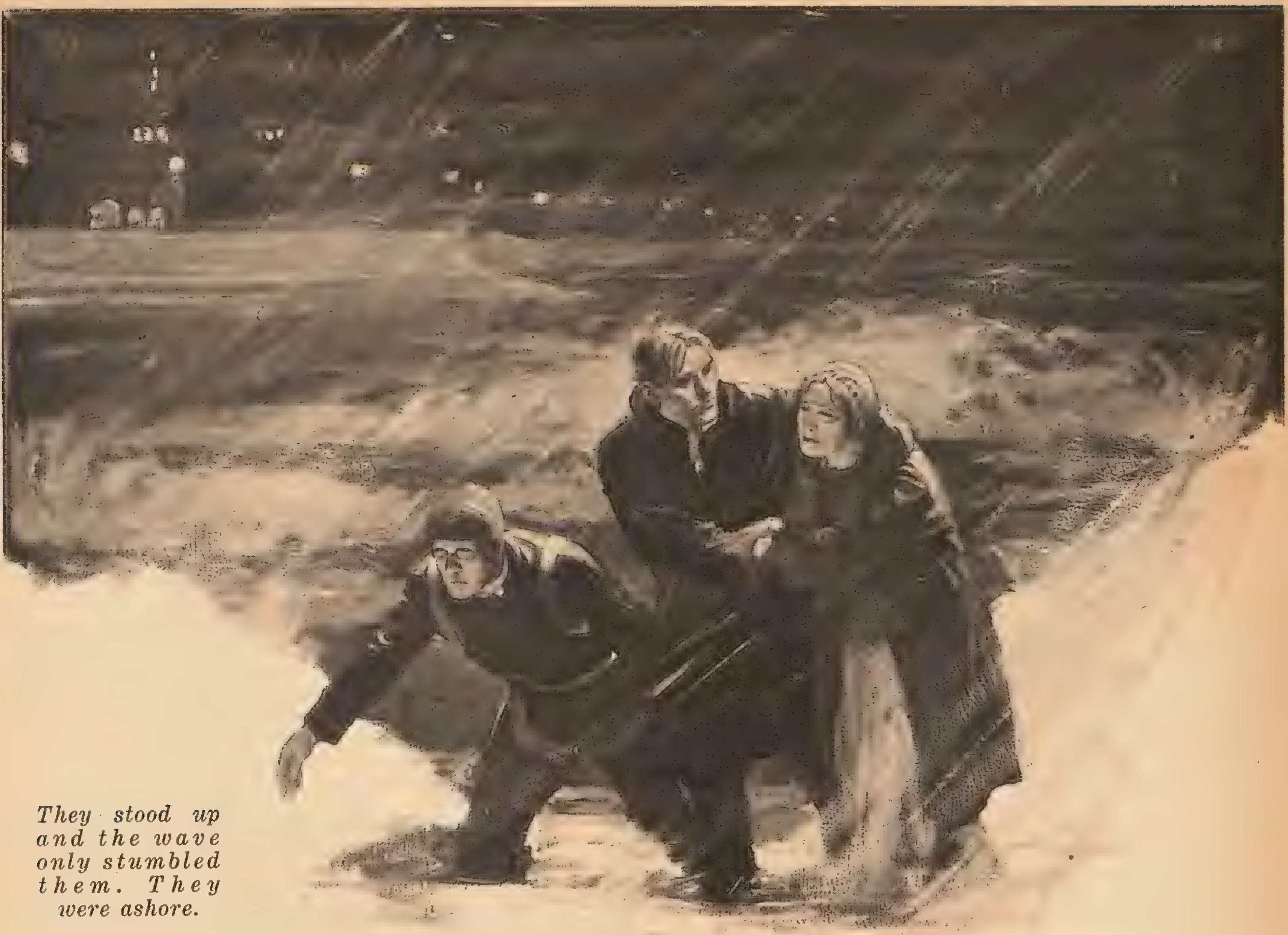
" Why, no, sir."

" Did you hear anything at all? "

" Outside, sir? No, sir. Not me. Nothin'."

" We heard him," Elizabeth said, " plainly."

The door was opening again and, as they stepped out, doubt—denial of it, almost—faced them. The vestibule



They stood up and the wave only stumbled them. They were ashore.

and the outer door, with the snow blowing at it, seemed to declare that this was simply a winter night when no one who could help it stirred.

Dennis and Elizabeth stepped out into an empty street, which ended abruptly a few yards beyond at an escarpment of concrete.

There at their feet the waves battered and beat, and blackness roared and pelted in their faces.

Dennis shouted; together they shouted and yelled. But no answer came back.

The parachute had been swept too far from shore, but the wind at last must have let it down.

It would soon be over with that man who had shouted from the sky. Likely enough, already it was over.

Impulsive and natural enough it had been, when upstairs in the warmth and the light, to snatch up the key and start down here, but now that you were down, and the man out there must be gone—or would be soon—what was there for anyone to do?

No one else—not another living soul—was in sight on this street, which ended here at the lake. No one else had heard the cry—no one else but Lucia. And might they have merely imagined it had come from the sky? Who could tell in the wind tonight what sound might have been sucked up from the street?

BEYOND the apartment building, a little way along the concrete breakwater, lay a tiny bay let into the cement-bound shore. It created, in effect, a miniature harbor with a bottle-neck channel to the lake. Boathouses edged this harbor. It was for one of these that Elizabeth had brought the key.

"We've—ten minutes you think, Dennis?"

Ten minutes in which to reach him she meant—that man struggling for life in the lake.

"I guess so," said Dennis, and he took the key from her; and after a minute—one of the ten which, possibly, they might have—he pulled the door open. It slammed shut behind them, but she found a light switch and yellow bulbs glowed upon the canvas cover of the motor boat in chocks beside the launching pit.

The slings were still about it by which it had been lifted out, and the falls which had hoisted it hung from hooks. A couple of months ago they had been using this boat—Betty and he.

He flung the cover from the cockpit and stepped in to stare at the familiar dials. Water surged up and splashed; the boards about the launching pit were big with ice; and the wind moaned up through the floor.

"There's gas in the tank, Dennis?"

"No."

"There's some in this can, I think."

HE turned about to her and saw her shivering. "If we can't start—can't start, Dennis," she cried, "in ten minutes, it's no use!"

He caught it as a cry to him for haste.

"I'll start it," he said and unscrewed the cap of the tank and lifted up the half-filled can and poured in gasoline.

Elizabeth ceased to help him; there was nothing, indeed, for her to do. He was priming the engine and turning it over; for the batteries had been left in place. Explosions came; the motor, after a minute more, was sure to start.

What was she doing to him? What had she done already which it was too late to retract? He was going out upon the lake; she was driving him out on the lake with her. For, of course, she was going too. How strange to stand here in the boathouse and watch him starting the engine which was to carry him out on the lake with her.

If the engine only had not started! That was what she had meant. If they couldn't start—soon—no use! They could stay warm and dry and safe!

But the engine was running, with loud explosions which deafened them to the opening of the door.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE VOICE IN THE SKY
Continued from page eleven

A big man in sheepskin coat and mittens appeared—Swenson the janitor, who had been out to clear the steps of drift and had seen the lights in the boathouse—or Lucia had brought him along. For Lucia had followed him. The engine was running steady and loud.

"What are you doing?" Lucia screamed at Dennis against the noise, and she held out her white arms from the fur and silk of the party cloak she wore.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,

beat the rhythm in Elizabeth's head as she looked at her sister with white arms out to Dennis. . . .

Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out . . .
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath . . .

What was that? She remembered—the Rendezvous with Death—Alan Seeger's poem, which Dennis and she had read together:

God knows 'twere better . . .
Pillowed in silk . . .
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death.

Dennis had a rendezvous with death. That was it: he had a rendezvous with death on the lake tonight because she had brought it to him.

She could not hear what he was saying to Lucia, but she heard his call to Swenson: "Help me with this door!"

They were hauling up the lakeward door and the snow swirled in. Now Swenson was helping him with the hoists. Two men easily could launch the boat. Lifted it was, dropped on the water with only the bow tackle holding it. Dennis jumped in. Swenson would not jump.

He had no idea whatever of going out on the lake tonight; he was stooping only to cast off the tackle. Dennis was letting in the clutch; the screw was taking hold.

Elizabeth jumped.

"Betty!"

She was beside him, fallen against him in the cockpit. "Steer!" she cried. "For God's sake, steer!"

DENNIS steered. They scraped; half hit; were off what they scraped. Up! A wave under them. Down. Up! Water rushed over them; they broke clear of it. Up again! How the engine caught hold! You could feel the engine catching hold. They were on the lake, with water washing over them, but they were out—out! No going back now.

All black ahead. You could not even see the snow. Elizabeth seized the rail in front of the cockpit and found the searchlight and switched on a beam of white, which darted before them. It rose and dropped; water was over it. But they were clear and through that wave.

It was not enough, now, merely to have on the light. Elizabeth clung to it and swung it, right and left ahead.

Away from the shore the surf was less; the black waves were longer and lower.

She shouted; Dennis shouted, and then the siren wailed, as he remembered and turned it on. It wailed low, rose to its mad wild scream, sobbed down, and they listened; and while it screamed Elizabeth remembered now to swing the searchlight right and left, and to keep it on the water while they listened. Full speed out on the lake and, with the wind behind them, in a minute—a minute only—they might be half a mile from shore.

"Hold tight!"

He caught her with one hand and pulled her to him. "Hold to me—tight!"

For he was swinging the boat about. Broadside to the waves for five seconds. Down—down. Water over them, but they had turned. The wind gave them the direction; into it now. Steadier. The screw had caught and they faced the wind and the water blown at them. But the water aboard washed to their knees as it slid back and forth in the boat.

She ought to be back at the searchlight, but Dennis was holding her. His cheek—his cold cheek—was against hers, and her lips, stiff and unable to feel, found his lips, stiff and hard, too.

"Darling," he said loud. "Darling—oh, my dear!"

Then he let her go and she clung to the searchlight again, swinging it back and forth.

She had lost, except for the wind, all sense of direction and all estimate of distance they might be out from the shore. Did Dennis know? She had not asked him; and what use to ask him such a thing? They had passed beyond reckonings and become together creatures of foreordained fate which had caught them from the moment she had heard the cry from the sky and which would, at the last, destroy them or spare them without regard for what they did for themselves.

Dennis, however, was trying to reckon. Half a mile might it be that they had run against the wind since they turned; and had they then been out a mile—or two miles—or more? Suppose he knew—what difference did it make? Could he figure where the gale had swept the parachute?

NO longer did he doubt that an airplane pilot had been blown over the water. There was cause and reason—there had to be cause and reason—that Elizabeth and he were here. The pilot had gained complete reality.

It was time to turn outward again before the wind—unless they were going in, giving up, having done nothing. The waves were worse, because they were nearer shore; the waves would be much, much worse in a few seconds. It was salvation for the moment to swing about and steer out. It took less nerve than to go in.

Water washed over you; you stood in the water now. The pump which was beating with the engine, could not possibly clear it. Out—out into the lake; but not too far out. Turn again, facing the wind. Not so far in this time. Out!

"Dennis!"

There was something off to the left; something, this time, which did not vanish as the light stayed on it. The beam of light was leaning back and back to keep upon it. "The parachute, Dennis! The parachute!"

He had throttled down and was swinging about. The light had lost it, but found it again and held it—a parachute half on the water, half blown full by the wind which whipped at it.

Something held against the wind, some weight in the water. Dennis yelled and listened. No answer—but he headed up and pushed the bow beside the parachute.

He hailed and thought he heard a voice under the wind. He caught the cloth with a boat hook and dragged it until he could haul it with his hands.

He was stiff and clumsy and soaked through. The water on him would freeze if it were let to, but more poured over him—it was coming overside as he hauled. Elizabeth was beside him, tugging at the cloth. They got it aboard and hauled at the weight which hung to it—a black weight which found a voice and which tried to help them pull him into the boat. He was no help, but they got him aboard at last—aboard in water cold and numbing as the waves.

The boat stayed afloat, Dennis knew, because of the air tanks under the deck and because the fuel tanks were almost empty.

The motor was running and he threw in the clutch. If the engine kept going, if no wire shorted, if nothing choked or failed in hull half full of water, they might get in—where?

Not along the shore where they had come out; it was a sea wall against which beat the waves, except at narrow openings here and there which no one could find tonight. South along the city ran the wall, but north, a couple of miles, was a strip of sandy shore.

Dennis took his bearing from the wind. The hull was heavy and sodden, but the engine kept going. If it stopped— No use thinking about that.

He was standing in water; Elizabeth was kneeling in it and talking to the man. Dennis could hear her voice and, sometimes, the man's, too.

What was she saying, he wondered; and what, the man who had called from the sky and for whom she had come out here?

The engine kept going. Oh, good, good, wonderful engine.

How long ago—half an hour, was it?—he had been before the fire with Lucia and no dream of anything like this? Where was Lucia now? At a window, warm and dry? Or, at worst, on the shore and a little cold. A little, little cold.

No cold like this ever in Dennis' life before. He was numb and stiff and soaked, and so must be Elizabeth, too. She kept on trying to do something with the man, take off his parachute harness, probably. She kept talking to him.

Who was he?

Suddenly Dennis had to know and he stooped to her: "Who is he?"

She didn't know; she had to ask him. "His name's McClane. He was coming from Cleveland," she shouted, "and lost the way."

What had they been saying before, if she just found out that? She was talking to him again.

The engine kept going. It must be time to try straight for the shore; go for it full speed; beach the boat, if he could.

The searchlight was swinging crazily. What matter? It could do no good.

They were headed into the breaking waves, and Dennis, holding the boat steady as he could, had to know one thing more. Had the man—McClane was his name—heard them, or, rather, heard her, when he was in the sky? Dennis stooped and shouted:

"Did he hear you?"

"What, Dennis?"

"I'm going to beach the boat!" Dennis cried.

McClane, who had been coming from Cleveland and lost his way, was trying to get up and be of use, but there was no use for anyone to be. It was up to the engine, the good, good, wonderful engine. Up, up they were tossed; dropped now; down; bow into a wave; under it; through it. Good engine! Oh, good, good engine!

It was stopped. No noise of it, no thrust, nothing to take them farther. Waves were over them. They struck something; the wave lifted them off it; they struck again. This was the shore.

No use hanging to the wheel. Dennis grasped and in the blackness found the slippery stuff which was drenched fur.

"Come on!" And he choked with the wave washing over him. His head and shoulders came clear, but though he breathed again, darkness was complete; the lights of the boat were gone. The boat itself was gone; he was in the water, clinging to the slippery fur which was Elizabeth. There was someone else in the water with them—the flyer, of course.

His feet found bottom; he had strength again.

"Come on!"

The waves hurled them down, but their knees were in sand. They stood up and the wave only stumbled them. They were ashore, and lights shone in the snow.

There were houses on this shore—big, fine houses with the beach in their back yards. . . .

DENNIS lay on a lounge in a large, luxurious bedroom and before a crackling fire. It was morning, the late, gray morning of winter, with clouds over the lake behind which rose the sun. The snow had ceased and the wind had lessened, but the lake rolled and roared under the windows.

Warmth and walls were good, so very good; and dryness and the feel of the fire. Dennis had been to bed, for the people whose home this was—Selfridge was their name—had given Elizabeth and McClane and him most generous and anxious care.

Mrs. Selfridge had had Elizabeth carried at once to her own room and put to bed and doctors summoned. Selfridge and the houseman had undressed McClane. Dennis had been able to do for himself, after brandy and hot water. Then the fire in the room was lit and blankets were heaped on the bed. A doctor had looked him over after seeing to the others.

"The girl?" the doctor said. "Too soon to be sure after such exposure and exhaustion. . . . The man? If we can keep off pneumonia. . . . You keep absolutely quiet and warm; you ought to be all right—with care."

One doctor had remained all night, watching in the rooms where Elizabeth and the flyer lay. Nurses had come and were on duty, reporting to Elizabeth's father and mother and Lucia, who watched through the night in the rooms opposite and who often looked in.

Lucia's cheek was warm and her lips were very soft when she kissed Dennis, but it roused him to no feeling. He thought how her sister's cheek had been freezing chill and her lips stiff with cold; and now she might leave him.

At daylight they told him there was no fear for her, nor, indeed, for the flyer. They both were quite safe. McClane already had insisted that he see Elizabeth and they had taken him to her room.

"Alone?" asked Dennis. Yes, they had been left for a few moments alone.

"I must see her."

In a few moments more, they said. But might it be already too late for him? Might it not have become forever too late for him after that moment last night when she and he had found McClane and pulled him into the boat?

McClane was young and bold and good to look at; and she had saved him. McClane had been told how she had done it all, never thinking of herself from the instant she had heard him in the sky. Any man—such a man, especially—must be mad with love for her; and it was such an hour as last night's which bound a woman's life to a man's by bonds which no one and nothing could break.

AT last Dennis was let into the room, and he was alone with her.

There he stood before her in borrowed clothes and she sat up in bed in a silky negligée and with pillows packed behind her. Last night they had done together what they had; but, without either being able to help it, they were back at the moment in her home on the top floor of the tall building, when she had gone from him and from Lucia and sat alone at the window because he had wanted Lucia and not her.

And, thrown back to such a moment, Dennis did not quickly speak.

She said, leaning forward from her pillows: "They told me you were safe, Dennis. All through the night they said you were safe."

"Yes."

"And he's safe, Dennis. He's just been in. We did it."

Dennis knew what she meant. The interlude from warmth and security had been actual; their plunge together into the domain of darkness and cold on the fringes of death had been no dream.

"He shan't have you. You're mine."

He was beside her bed, his arms inclosing her. She neither resisted nor gave herself to him. She looked at him. He kissed her again and again.

It was warm there, quite comfortable and safe, but it was not like last night.

"You're mine—mine." But his claim on her was empty. He knew that he had emptied it himself that night—last night—when he had forgotten her for Lucia.

"What counts, Dennis?" she said. "My dear! Oh, my dear, what counts? Minutes, I mean, or everything else?"

He did not know how to answer, for what minutes did she mean? His with Lucia? Her minutes with McClane?

"Minutes, I'm going to believe," she said. "Our minute last night on the lake."

"Ours? Yours and mine, you mean?"

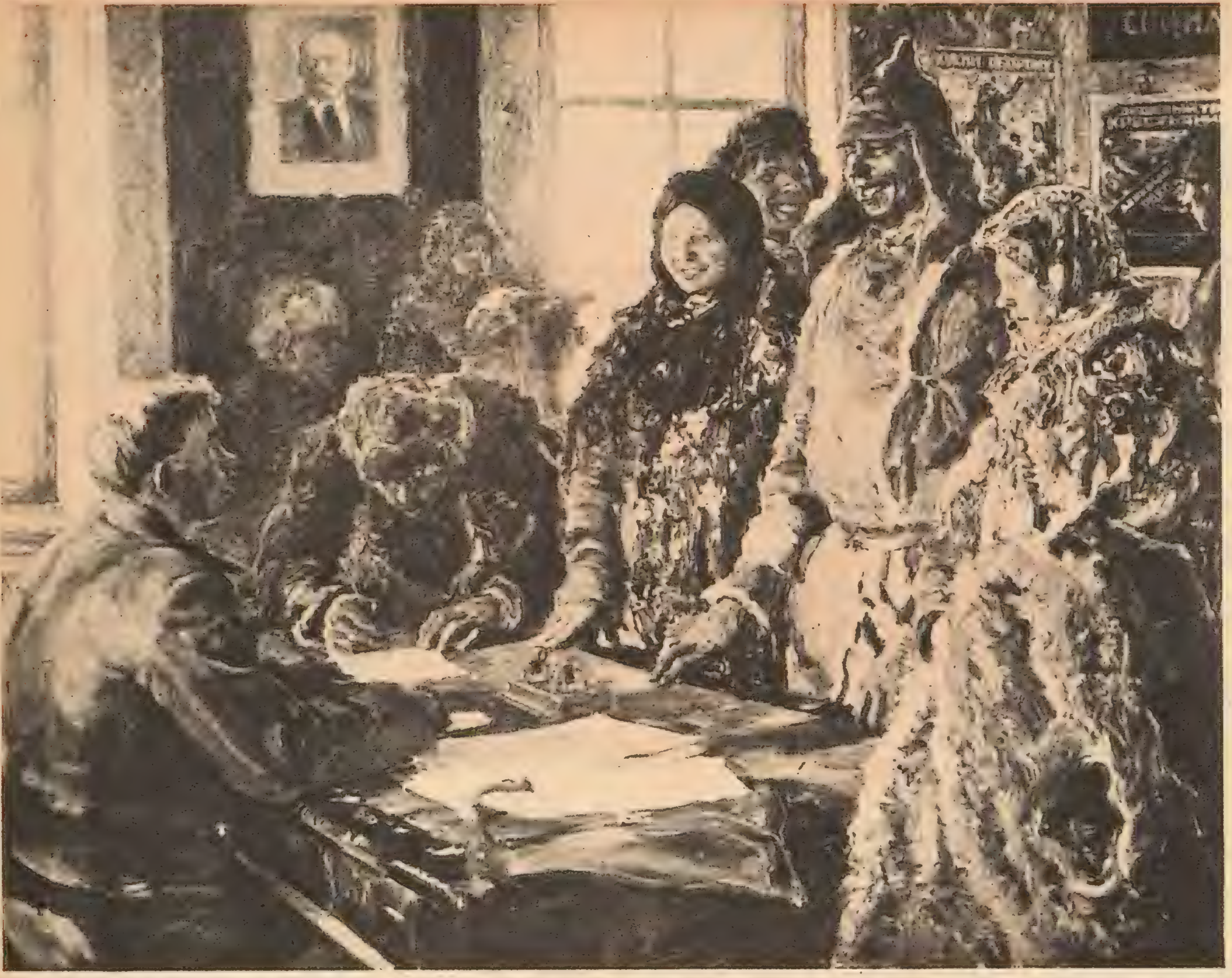
"My dear, what did you think?"

"I thought—McClane," he said. "McClane's and yours on the bottom of the boat when you'd saved him."

"Then you didn't feel the other?"

"Yours and mine? Oh, my dear! My darling! I'll feel it all my life—if you never give me another. . . . Why, we have it now—now!" And spoke no more, for his lips were on hers and lacked nothing.

THE END



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A scene in the civic records registration bureau of a Russian village, as painted in 1929 by a Soviet artist.

Russia versus Reno

How an American Girl Got a Soviet Divorce

By CHARMION VON WIEGAND

EDITOR'S NOTE: The experience which Miss von Wiegand relates in this article is genuine in every sense. She is a painter, and went to Russia in the interest of her art. Finding the divorce law easy there, she secured the consent of her husband in America—by her wish, his name is withheld—and applied for a divorce in good earnest, with the results that she describes. The certificate that was given her is reproduced on page 17.

Charmion von Wiegand.

She is the daughter of Karl H. von Wiegand, the well known newspaper correspondent, and was herself a newspaper writer and something of a poet and playwright before she turned to painting. On her mother's side she comes of American stock that goes back to the Colonial days.

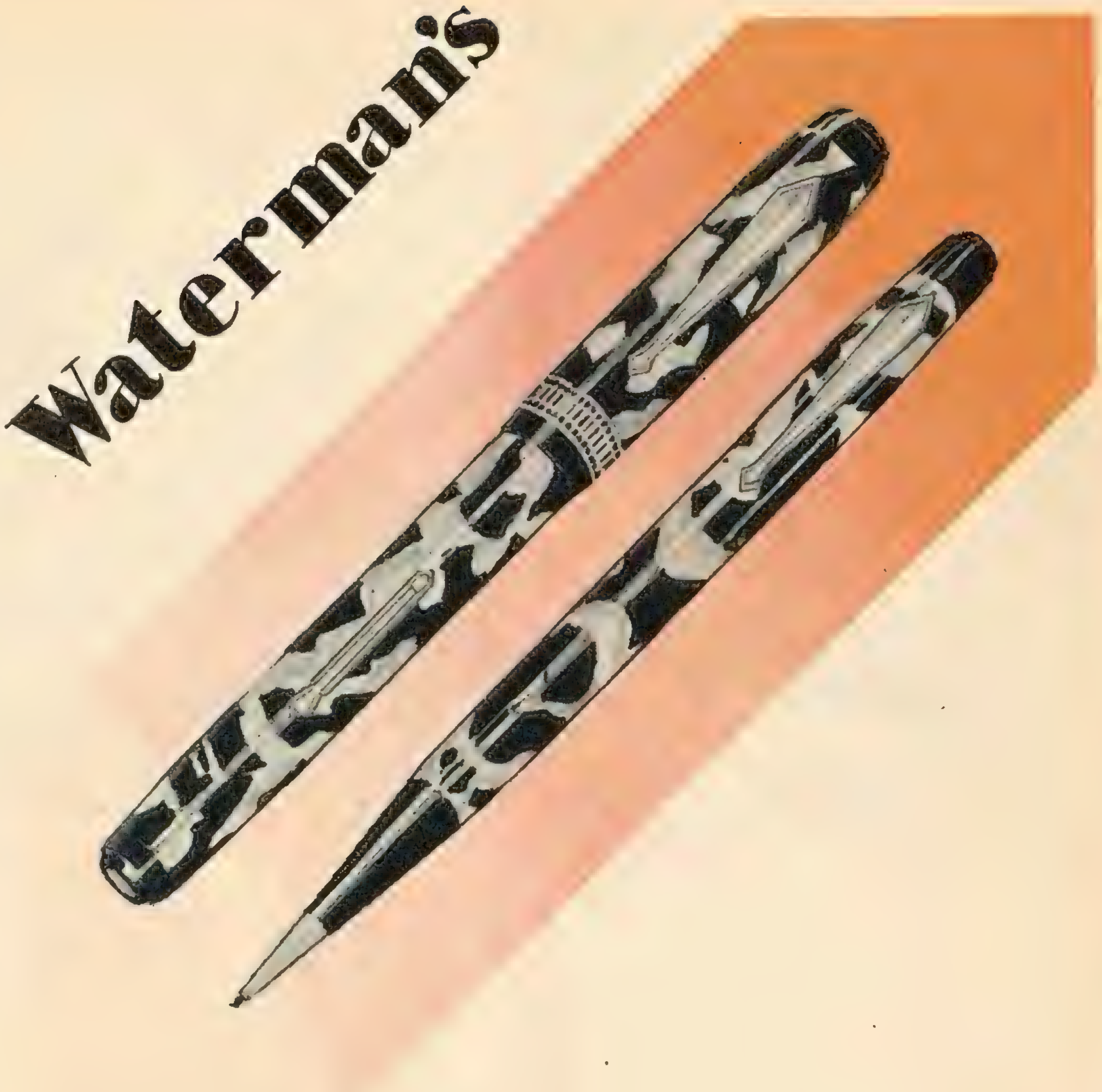
She spent more than four months in Russia, and came away, she says, "with the conviction that we are witnessing there one of the greatest experiments in history." She adds that she is not a communist and has no interest whatever in politics, either national or international.

ZAGS: A placard hung in big black letters over the door. Inside, the room was dingy and dark. For the moment my eyes could not take in details. High up on the ceiling feebly glowed an electric light—two threads in the bulb burning. It was shortly after midday. Yet the gray pall that hung over Moscow already made sinister twilight in the narrow street outside. A sharp blustering November wind blew a few snowflakes aimlessly.

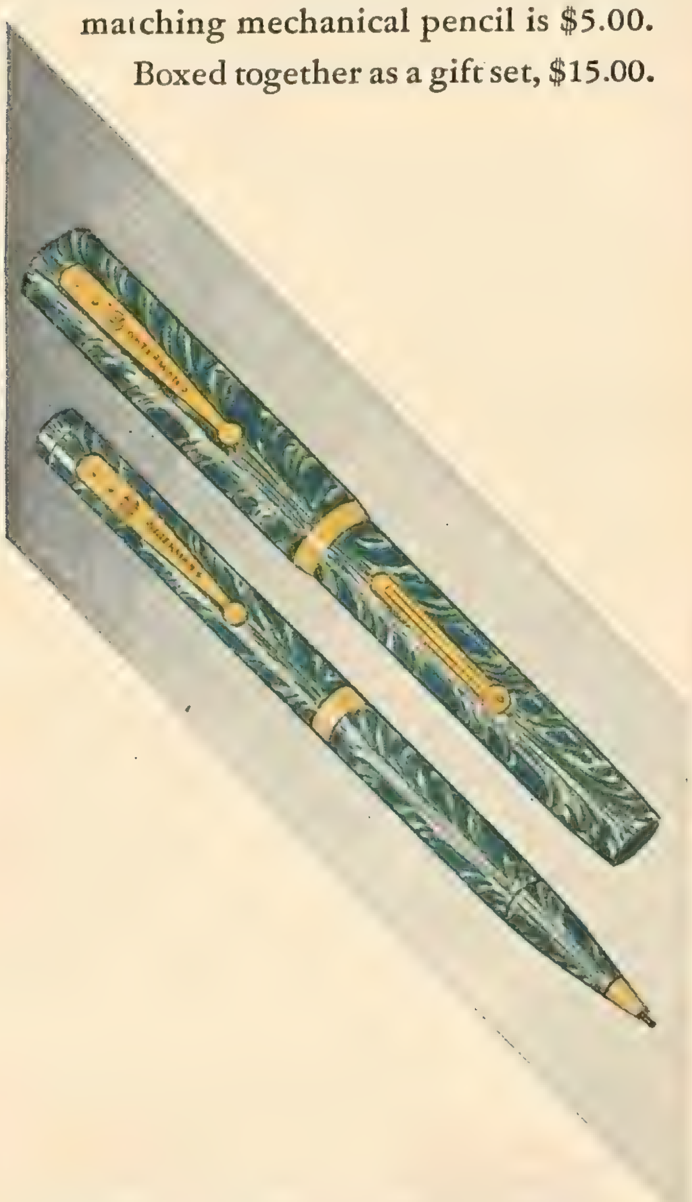
ZAGS. We were in one of the famous divorce bureaus of Moscow. Here, too, is the registry for all births, deaths, and marriages. In this gloomy room which we had just entered have been and are still being enacted thousands of comedies and tragedies of love and birth and death and separation, which is sometimes worse than death.

After a second my eyes, adjusting to the darkness, saw that the room was crowded with people. They sat on hard wooden benches ranged around the wall. In the corner at our left stood a battered desk. Bent over it, his back toward us, was the registry clerk. Before him

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

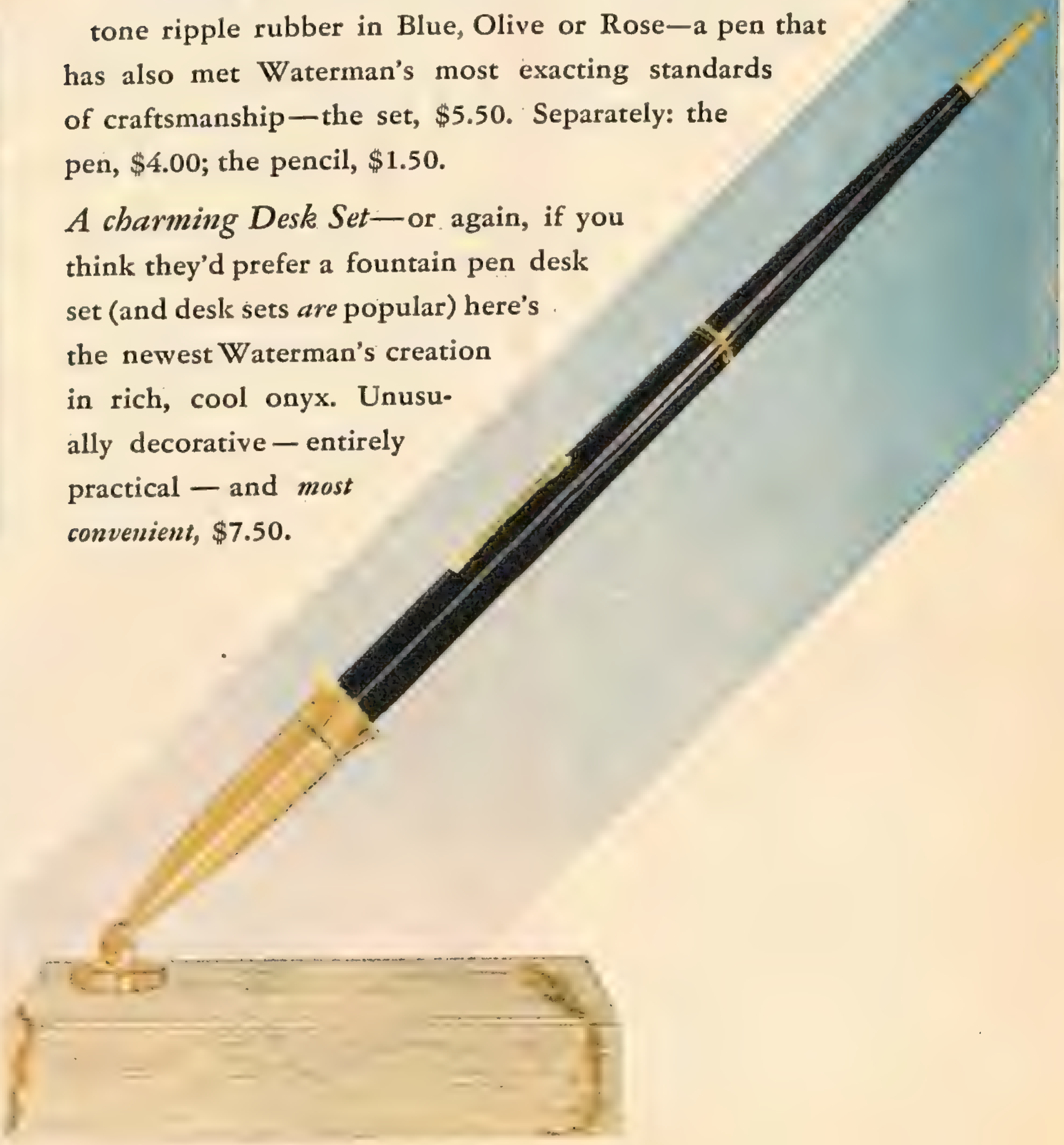


THE GIFT FOR BRAND-NEW, SHINY A B's AND HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMATISTS . . The real news for 1930 graduation gifts is the new Waterman's *Patrician* fountain pen. Certainly, it's the handsomest pen you've ever seen — with a choice of five exquisite jewel colors; Emerald; deep Turquoise; Jet; and variegated Nacre and Onyx. Handcrafted like a fine watch. A selection of seven pen points. Perfect balance, smooth flow of ink, and the easy push across the page that comes from 47 years of making *pens.* The Patrician is $10.00. A matching mechanical pencil is $5.00. Boxed together as a gift set, $15.00.



For a little bit less — or, if a smaller, more decidedly feminine gift seems in order, we recommend the two-tone ripple rubber in Blue, Olive or Rose—a pen that has also met Waterman's most exacting standards of craftsmanship—the set, $5.50. Separately: the pen, $4.00; the pencil, $1.50.

A charming Desk Set—or again, if you think they'd prefer a fountain pen desk set (and desk sets *are* popular) here's the newest Waterman's creation in rich, cool onyx. Unusually decorative — entirely practical — and *most convenient,* $7.50.



Although not shown here, we also want to mention the famous Waterman's No. 7, at $7.00 (seven points for choice — one of which will fit *your* hand exactly) and No. 5 at $5.00. And don't forget Waterman's Inks which make *any* fountain pen write better . . . Waterman's products are for sale by all good dealers. Every Waterman's is guaranteed forever against defects. Service stations are maintained at the addresses below for the purpose of making good our guarantee and for servicing our pens.

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*

½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper
2 dashes of paprika
4 tablespoons Mazola

Mix thoroughly, then add slowly, while stirring continuously, two tablespoons red vinegar.

❧

The above is Mrs. Lord's personal recipe for French Dressing. The following is the standard Mazola French Dressing recipe familiar to thousands of housewives. It takes but 2 minutes to prepare—and conclusively proves the superiority of Mazola for salads.

❧

½ cup Mazola ½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons vinegar
⅛ teaspoon white pepper

Beat thoroughly and use with any vegetable, meat or fish salad. If a sweeter dressing is desired add 1 teaspoon Karo Red Label.

* "The recipe is the same used in our kitchen at Nice, France"... *writes Mrs. H. Wilfred Lord*

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My husband, who is a world-wide traveler and an author, lived in France for many years. No dinner is complete, as far as he is concerned, without a salad of some kind.

And he is very critical when the salad is served. I have tried pure olive oil and various other substitutes, but *he prefers Mazola* to any of them, as he says it is never rancid, strong-tasting or has an unpleasant odor.

The recipe I use for salad dressing is the same used in our kitchen at Nice, France, while we lived there. (See recipe to the left.)

Yours sincerely,

Mrs. H. Wilfred Lord
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

stood a man and woman. The man was young and he wore high brown felt boots. He kept turning his cap around and around in his hands. His movements were clumsy and awkward like a peasant's. The woman wore more citified clothes. She even wore a hat with a funny rakish bow on it. Nothing broke the heavy silence but the nasty scratching of the registrar's pen.

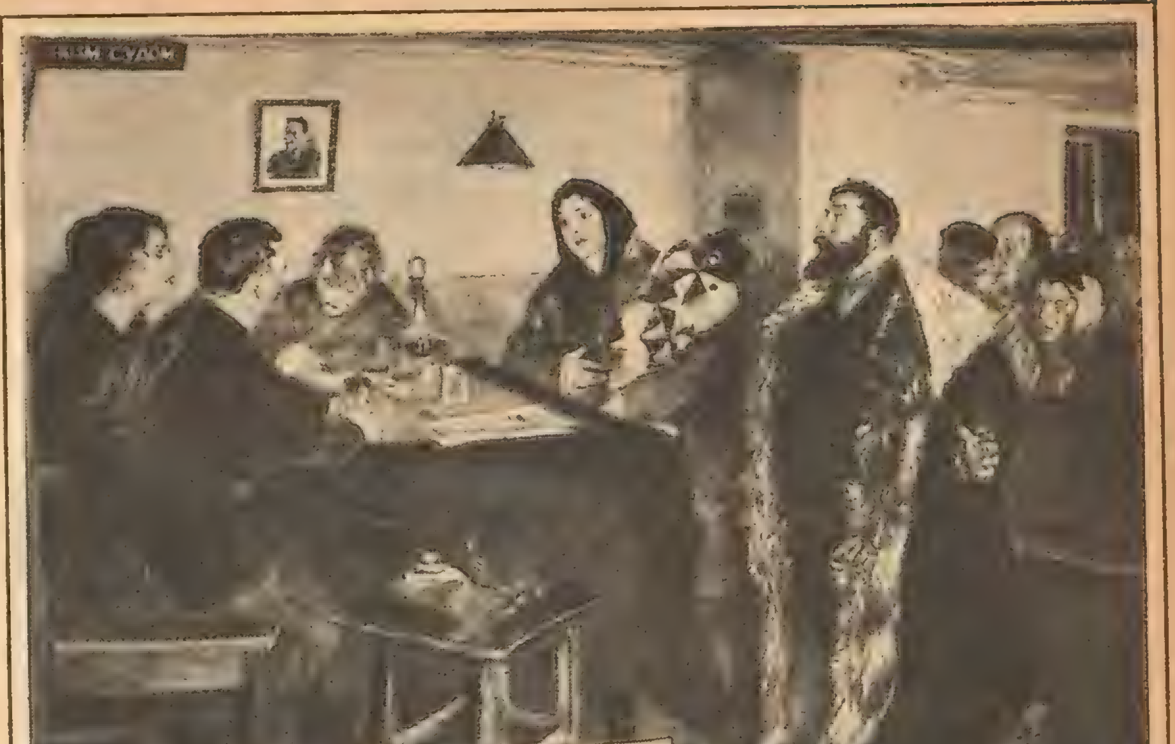
Suddenly he stopped writing, looked up, and handed the man and woman a piece of paper. There were a few words murmured softly and the woman, taking the paper, followed the man into the adjoining room. Two lives had been separated forever by a stroke of the pen. We had just witnessed a divorce in new Russia.

For the moment I stood hesitating whether to stay or run away. I, too, had come on the same mission. Even after long consideration, it seems a formidable step to sever bonds which have lasted through many years. But Masha, my Russian friend who had offered her services as interpreter, pushed ahead. Her square shoulders and grave gray eyes left no doubt as to her determination to see the thing through. Behind us the rear was brought up by Carl, a young American attorney who, curious to find out if Americans can be divorced under the Russian law, was only too glad to find in me a subject for experiment. We were motioned to seats along the wall. An old man, his face bound up with a white rag, moved over to give us space.

In the meantime three German tourists had stepped to the registrar's desk and were plying him with questions as to how it all worked. He spoke in low murmurs and a paid interpreter translated.

MY attention wandered to the other people in the room. Most of them were obviously of proletarian origin. They wore the styleless and shapeless clothes of the poor. At the head of the line sat an old woman with crisscross wrinkles all over her weather-beaten face. She wore a faded blue shawl tied around her head. She knotted her rheumatic hands together and kept muttering to herself. Was she a grandmother come to register the birth of a grandchild, or was she there to inform the authorities of a death in her family? Next her sat a plump-cheeked boy in a neat workingman's blouse. I judged him to be an industrial worker—the pick of the proletariat, always.

Then came a pair obviously there to legalize a romance, or could it be to announce the birth of their child? The girl had a red cap over very unmanageable curls. The boy wore a cap with a patent-leather visor and a dilapidated black leather coat. They seemed to be *Komsomols*, or young Communists. The girl's look was dreamy and her hand was completely hidden in the husky red fist of her companion. Even communists with their contempt for "bourgeois" romance are not exempt from the darts of Cupid.



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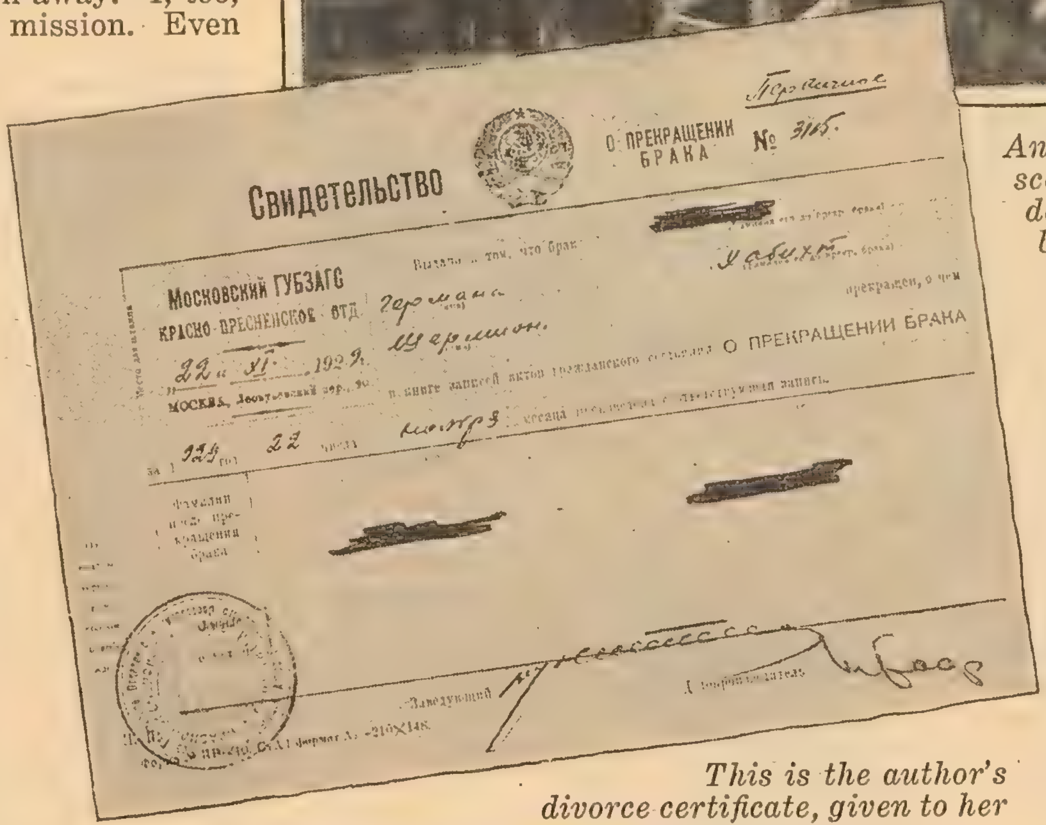
Another registration bureau scene, as a Soviet artist depicts it. The father is being required to pay for his child's support.



Свидетельство

О ПРЕКРАЩЕНИИ БРАКА № 3115

[redacted]

МОСКОВСКИЙ ГУБЗАГС

КРАСНО-ПРЕСНЕНСКОЕ ОТД.

22 XI 1929

МОСКВА

Выдано в том, что брак

прекращен, о чем

в книге записей актов гражданского состояния О ПРЕКРАЩЕНИИ БРАКА

Фамилии после прекращения брака

[redacted]

[redacted]

Заведующий

Делопроизводитель

This is the author's divorce certificate, given to her at a civic records registration bureau in Moscow.

The conversation of the Germans promised to go on indefinitely. They had taken out little notebooks and were scribbling in them. Seeing that we were at the end of the line and might sit all afternoon, I grew impatient, but not so our companions. They sat waiting with no more excitement or interest than if they had been riding in one of the crowded street cars that trundle around the town, or standing in queue for a loaf of bread. The Russian has learned patience through centuries of waiting. He never loses his temper over that queer invention the Americans call "time." Saving time is a western absurdity a Russian does not comprehend.

BUT Masha knew the American temperament. She had already caught the eye of the clerk. He motioned us to step up. It was explained I was an American seeking a divorce from an American husband residing at home. Another clerk came and took over the curious Germans. We were offered seats at the desk. A murmur of disapproval arose from the young workingman with the pink cheeks, for we had superseded everyone else in the line. It was soon silenced when he learned that we were Americans. In Russia there seems to be a conspiracy of friendliness against the American. Perhaps this is not altogether unmixed altruism. Any American tourist, so the Russian naïvely reasons, may have a friend in Congress, who will put in his plea for the longed-for recognition by the United States government.

There was nothing bureaucratic or stern about the official who faced us across the narrow desk and who represented Soviet justice deciding the fate of lives. As a matter of fact, his powers are strictly limited and any quarrel or indecision between parties regarding the division of property or the support of children would have to be referred to the court. He was a young man, rather tired-looking, with a shock of light brown hair. He kept his pen in hand; looked at me with alert interest out of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

RUSSIA VERSUS RENO
Continued from page seventeen

kindly, nearsighted blue eyes. Would I be good enough to show my passport? I pulled out the little red book, which he studied diligently. He spoke sleek Russian to Masha, who, interpreting, explained that it was impossible for me to be divorced. I was a tourist, not a resident. He regretted, but could do nothing. I pulled out a letter to the effect that my husband was in accord with my wishes, but to no avail.

Then Masha began a voluble colloquy with him. Presently he turned to me. How long had I lived in Moscow? I understood enough to reply, four and a half months.

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A family group of peasants in the Russian backwoods.

He spoke each Russian syllable with exquisite exactness. When Masha interposed he told her rather curtly not to interrupt.

"How long have you been married?"

"Ten years," I replied.

"Is it your first marriage?"

"Yes."

"Have you children?"

"No."

"Is it difficult to get a divorce in America?" I had to appeal for help to Masha, who translated.

"Very," I then answered.

"How long does it take?"

"Three months."

I felt a heavy pressure on my foot, and Carl corrected me.

"Six months, and a trip to Reno, and a lot of money!" Carl's Russian was becoming almost fluent in his excitement.

"Poor people cannot get divorced, then?" persisted the registrar.

"No, only the rich," replied Carl.

The registrar snatched up a form, wrote energetically.

"What's your name?" He peered at me benevolently.

I spelled it out slowly and with difficulty in Russian. Masha came to my rescue and furnished the details of my birth, the date of my marriage, my husband's name.

He leaned over and handed me a paper to sign.

"What is it?" I asked, uncomprehending.

"It's your divorce, of course," laughed Masha.

"But I thought he refused to give it to me."

"Silly girl, sign it quickly and we'll get the official seal affixed next door."

I wrote my name at the bottom but, still bewildered, turned to Masha.

"But I don't understand."

"Well, who ever heard of anyone being married so long and not being able to divorce and marry at will! It's so uncivilized. How can America, the most advanced country technically and scientifically, have such medieval laws? The registrar feels sorry for you."

Then with a sly smile she added:

"Besides, I told him you might like a Russian husband." The minx knew very well that I was leaving in two more days.

I LOOKED at the paper I held in my hand. It seemed as inconspicuous as the little receipts I got for changing money at the State Bank. Then I remembered that I must pay the costs.

"How much?" I asked, opening my purse.

"Nothing." Thus he waived the usual fee of thirty kopecks (fifteen cents). We were dismissed. I held out my hand and thanked him. He gave me a friendly, almost boyish grin.

In five minutes more, with official seal and all, we were out of the door and I was a divorced woman. I had not answered a single question as to why I had wished to separate from my husband, nor on what grounds. No one had pried into my private affairs or forced me to reveal the intimate details of my love life. The only personal question that had been asked was whether I had children. In that case, a divorce would not have been quite so simple. The first concern of the government is for the next generation, but into the private lives of individuals it does not peer with the morbid curiosity that is sometimes exhibited in our courts.

When the revolution came it swept all the old statutes off the books. Or rather, it destroyed with fire and sword the old books themselves. The laws in regard to personal rights had been more ironclad and severe than in any other land of the white man. Only the very rich could afford the luxury of a divorce. The Czarist government, which held its millions subject by means of terror and of force, and the church, which stood behind its institutions and swayed the superstitious, ignorant masses by fear of hell to come, were opposed to divorce. Now, of a sudden, the Romanoffs had been chased off their ancient throne and the hierarchy of the church had been deposed from its enormous authority. Holy Mother Russia had no God and no Czar—an unprecedented and hitherto impossible state of affairs. It was like the end of the world for most people. They could not believe that the country could go on. They saw death ahead.

BUT what died was only the myth of Holy Mother Russia. The Russian people continued to live on, seemingly unaware of this tragic demise. There was no law, but anarchy did not reign, for the Bolsheviks set to work and wrote out a new law. It remains, in regard to the personal rights of the individual, the most liberal, or, if you will, the most libertine code the world has yet known.

Birth and death and marriage and divorce became no longer the concern of the priest or of the official, but of the individual concerned in them. This same individual was given the right to decide how to regulate his own life. Only where the child was concerned did the Bolshevik government see fit to reserve that right and to interfere. Marriage became entirely legal without sanction of the church. Even unregistered marriages had their legal status. If for any reason the marriage proved unsatisfactory, either party, with or without consent of the other, without even previous notification, could obtain a divorce merely by applying at the bureau for the registration of civic records (ZAGS). It has happened that a husband has gone on a trip and received in the mail notice that his wife has divorced him.

If there were children resulting from the union, the state took control. The child is the representative of the future which the state is building. Mother and father are made co-responsible for the bringing of offspring into the world. There are no illegitimate children. The old stigma of having been born out of wedlock was removed from the innocent child. Any mother could go to court and, by merely making statement of the paternity of her child, receive money for its support. The burden of the proof of paternity was placed for the first time upon the man.

This did arouse a howl of protest even among Communists, for man does not give up his old privileges and abuses easily. And under this system it has happened that a child has been held to have more than one father. If the identity of the male parent is uncertain and several men are involved, the state claims it is better for them all to do their bit toward its support than for the unoffending infant to suffer. In practice the court usually recognizes only one of the men and makes him officially the father.

What happens in a country where one may marry and divorce and remarry as simply as ordering a meal or buying a yard of cloth? And if the truth be told, the latter things are much harder to obtain. Divorce costs no more than the few kopecks' tax of the state, and marriage is equally inviting as a bargain. Gone are the days when the priest took a fat stipend for administering the sacred

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

What have I done to deserve "pink tooth brush"?

WITH surprise and dismay, many a man still in his thirties, and many a woman younger than that, regards the tell-tale tinge of "pink" upon the tooth brush.

The brain brings up thoughts of pyorrhea, of gingivitis and kindred diseases . . . for gums that bleed, as any dentist will tell you, are often the first outward sign of ailments such as these!

This tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush, however, does not of necessity mean that serious trouble has come to you. *But it does mean that you must watch out. You must give your gums the care they need to keep them firm and healthy!*

* * *

The soft foods so much in use today have robbed our gums of exercise and stimulation. They grow soft and flabby. Frequently they bleed. But an efficient, new technique—with Ipana Tooth Paste—quickly restores to the gums the stimulation they so urgently need and keeps them in sturdy, robust health!

Simply brush your gums when and while you clean your teeth with Ipana. Or massage them with your fingers—lightly at first, then harder. You speed the lagging circulation. You give new life and vigor to the tiny cells. For Ipana contains ziratol, the hemostatic and antiseptic that dentists themselves use in treating gum disorders.

And not only does Ipana keep your gums in health, but it makes teeth sparkling white. It has a delightful taste. It gives an instant and refreshing sensation of cleanliness to the whole mouth!

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
Bristol-Myers Co
NEW YORK

A good dentist and a good tooth paste are not luxuries

If Ipana does cost a few cents more, it's worth it. Its extra protection and its extra benefits are well worth this difference. Get a tube today at your nearest drug store. Tonight, start the full month's test! Your gums will be firmer; your teeth will be whiter, brighter than ever before!

* * *

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-60
73 West Street, New York, N. Y

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name..
Street..
City.............................*State*..........

IPANA *Tooth Paste*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

sacrament. Gone, too, the days when a woman stayed married because she wished the support of an unloved husband. The so-called stronger sex no longer supports the weaker. There is perfect equality of the sexes. Both man and woman have their jobs and earn their living. If there is a child, both are bound to contribute to its support. There is no alimony granted with divorce, unless one party becomes ill. Then the other, man or woman, is obligated to pay one-third of his or her income for a year after the divorce—no longer.

And what happens? Simply this: There are many marriages and divorces, but the bulk of the population is too poor or too busy or still too bound by tradition to do other than before the revolution. It is simpler to live with one woman or one man. Habit is a binding force the world over. But it is true that the old-fashioned marriage is gone. More startling, that so-called indispensable unit of society, the family, is disappearing. What is more, it looks as if people were going to get along without the family, just as they get along without Holy Russia.

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Gypsy entertainers in a present-day Moscow cabaret.

How is that possible? I can hear a chorus of protest. In western Europe and even in America, where the family is sacred and regarded as the very nerve center of social existence, there is always talk of race suicide. In Russia the contrary is true. Most all Russian women have children. The exception is the rarity. Russians, both men and women, love children and are very kind to them. But the Russian woman has not that strong feeling for home that exists with us. I never could find a home, in the American or the German sense, during my whole stay.

It may be said that conditions are unfavorable—the housing problem too acute, so that many live huddled in close quarters; but this is not the whole truth. The Russians don't care for a water-tight association with the members of their own family. They are social in another sense. They adore brotherhood more than fatherhood and they more often gather in societies and meetings, where another race would gather around the home fireside. There is no pleasant fireside to gather around. Russian households are commonly Asiatic in slovenliness and ugliness. This was true before the revolution and it still applies. Living in Russia is always like living in a boarding house or college dormitory.

AND what of the children, if the family as a unit falls apart? Gradually the state will take over the individual problems of the family, as it does now in many of the new factories. The factory, I may hazard, will become the nerve center of the new civilization now in the making in Russia. I visited one factory in Leningrad that had a perfect nursery, clubs, a restaurant, a theater, a library—in short, everything. Home in such surroundings is only a place to sleep in.

But I still seem to hear a chorus of protest. Isn't Russia a most immoral place? Memories of the stories of the nationalization of women come back to me. All I can reply is that life in Russia today is about as exciting as in a New England village. I never saw any orgies or wild life all the time I was there and I associated with all classes and traveled from Leningrad to the Black Sea. It is true that in the early days of the revolution Russia indulged in a period of freedom. The soldiers coming back from the various fronts after long years in the trenches, the complete breakdown of the machinery of government, the hard conditions where death and famine made even the morrow uncertain, led to violent and uncontrolled acts. Russia, too, had its "flaming youth" about the same time that we did. Some of the young and more even of the older generation proceeded with a vengeance to practice the doctrines of free love.

Many people who were even against the revolution took advantage of the new law and sought freedom from marriages contracted under the Czar. There occurred a veritable orgy of divorce. The leaders of the revolution were startled by what they had brought about and publicly denounced these practices. Now the pendulum swings back almost to the other extreme. I have never traveled in a country where a woman is so safe. Only once during the whole time did anyone make advances to me on the street. I may hasten to add that I am not ancient nor, remembering my adventures in Italy and France, can I believe that my personality is so forbidding.

STILL I can hear someone saying, It's all very well for those who are older and married. In their cases it may be true that habit is stronger than a desire for variety. But with such lax laws, what keeps the youth of Russia from license and dissipation? One can answer at once it is the influence of the Communist Party. This does not mean in any way that the Party subscribes to our ethics. It says, in fact, that there is no such thing as morality. It does not believe in sin. It hates the institutions of what it calls middle-class life. But Russia is a poor country with infinite problems. It is necessary that the country be put on its feet and made independent industrially. Therefore the Party is against all debauchery and laxness. It knows a people cannot work and dissipate their energies at the same time.

Under the Bolshevik régime, the houses of prostitution have been closed. They were wide open and notorious under the Romanoffs. Now one seldom sees women soliciting in the streets. The only exception I noticed was in Leningrad, where I was told this condition was brought about by the numerous foreigners in the city. Leningrad is a seaport town.

There is no night life in Russia. One or two dingy cabarets keep open in Moscow and here the tziganes or gypsies sing and dance. Here come the foreigners and the Nepmen, as the new rich are called after the New Economic Policy which in 1922 brought in private trade and a new crop of millionaires. No self-respecting communist could afford to be seen in such a place. His very presence would draw the censure of his comrades. As for the people of the old régime, they haven't any money and can no longer support such luxuries.

There are no dance halls in Russia. The communists, with almost fanatical puritanism, will have no such frivolity. It is true that among themselves they admit several points of view, and even once, long ago, it was attempted to invent a proletarian social dance. I spent six weeks in a summer resort on the Black Sea and not once did I see anyone dance. The same was true in Moscow, publicly. Once a week the Grand Hotel on the Red Square—the best known hostelry for foreigners—has a jazz orchestra. Also in Leningrad on Saturday night the Hôtel de l'Europe opens its ballroom. For the government assumes a tolerant attitude toward visiting foreigners, whom it considers weak and without under-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

"Oh, Mr. Druggist! ...what takes out ink?"

IN HIS college course in Pharmacy, the Druggist studies Materia Medica, Toxicology, Posology, Pharmaceutical Arithmetic, Organic and Inorganic Chemistry, and many other things.

Then he starts out, a full-fledged R. Ph. And the very first morning he picks up the jingling telephone behind the prescription counter and hears Mrs. Housewife saying: "Oh, Mr. Druggist! . . . what takes out ink?"

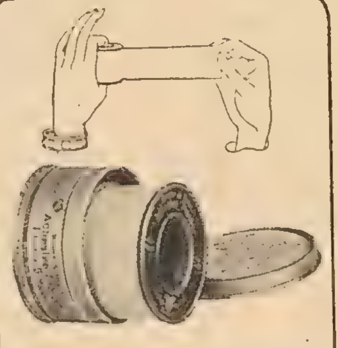
Being a full-fledged R. Ph., he *knows*. And having learned a lot about human nature as well as pharmacy, he is *glad* to tell Mrs. Housewife what takes out ink — or paint, or iodine, or almost any other spillable thing that you can name. . . .

In every community the Druggist plays a dual part—that of trained and expert professional man; that of ready friend and counselor to all who come. Serving cheerfully, early and late, week days, Sundays, and holidays. . . .

His standards of quality are just as high as his standards of service, as you can judge for yourself when you see on his shelves the products of Bauer & Black, an acknowledged leader in the manufacture of surgical dressings.

In Bauer & Black bandages, gauze, adhesive plaster, absorbent cotton, and many other things in which quality and dependability are of paramount importance, the Druggist keeps ready for your instant of need the very best materials that his trained judgment can provide.

BAUER & BLACK Sterile Absorbent Cotton in the Handy Package. Soft, fluffy, highly absorbent


BAUER & BLACK Zinc Oxide Adhesive Plaster. Buy the five yard spool for greatest economy

The New Blue-jay
Corn Plasters
BAUER & BLACK Blue-jay Corn Plasters. For over thirty years the standard corn remover

Gauze Bandage
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BAUER & BLACK Sterile Gauze Bandages, in sealed cartons. Frayless edge prevents raveling

BAUER & BLACK Handy Tape Dressing. Adhesive plaster plus antiseptic gauze, ready to use

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

standing. But the initiates could never participate.

From this, however, it must not be inferred that the Russians do not amuse themselves. Even a Communist has been known, within the strict confines of his own home or that of his friends, to trip the light fantastic—and not at all badly! Privately I have heard the latest or nearly latest American jazz in Moscow. Even a good game of poker is not disdained. Gambling was always one of the passions of Russia and it still is. And singing. How much joy the Russians derive from their songs!

NEXT WEEK—

A Glamorous New Tale of Love on a South Sea Island

The Captain Had a Daughter

By

Beatrice Grimshaw

Education is, however, the real amusement of Russia today. At night, in the factory clubs, eager workers gather to listen to lectures that would make an American after a hard day's work go to sleep with a yawn. It is moving to see how anxious the worker is to learn. If this seems too good to be true, almost a Sunday-school story, one must remember that these people never had any opportunity before the revolution. Learning to read is an exciting experiment.

And what of love? The Russian does not eschew love, but he has divested it of romantic glamour. In Russia one never hears of or sees any sex lure. The Russian has a different attitude toward sex. He does not seem to require or demand the stimulations which our magazines and advertisements and movies are constantly offering. He doesn't seem to care whether his women are dressed in style or out. He takes sex as a matter of course just as hunger or thirst or a desire to sleep. With such an attitude, and all difficulties made easy by law, a great deal of the thrill is taken out of love. There are, of course, love tragedies, but of a different flavor. A love affair has none of the sinful mystery attached to it that exists in our conventional society. It is a matter of course that people live together, if they want to. But the intricacies of the European system would never be tolerated by the Russians. For a man to be married to one woman and to carry on a series of love affairs at the same time would be considered scandalous. If he were a member of the Party, it would go hard with him. Again, not on grounds of immorality, mind you; but a Communist owes his time, his labor, and his loyalty to the Party. He may not waste these on love affairs.

WHAT if a married man falls in love with another woman? This is again simple. He merely leaves his wife and repairs to the divorce court and marries the woman of his choice, provided she is willing. If she, too, has a spouse, she may leave him at a moment's notice. And suppose the man is a Communist? There are other pitfalls. Take the case of Masha's cousin, Ivan, who holds an official position. Ivan had been married over fifteen years—a real bona-fide, prerevolutionary marriage. He has a son thirteen years old. One day, without warning, his wife left him and went to live with a young professor.

"How badly your cousin must feel!" I exclaimed. "It's a great humiliation for him in his position for his wife to leave him for a younger and handsomer man."

"What nonsense you're repeating!" indignantly protested Masha. "My cousin has no cause for shame. It is his wife who has disgraced herself. How could she, after all these years of living with an honest and valuable party worker, run off with a non-party member! She's a very worthless and unthinking woman."

In this society, what is the status of a man and woman who live together without registering the fact? They are socially just as good as anyone else. Of course, if one should be proletarian and the other bourgeois, then the affair becomes more complicated, but no amount of legal registration could remedy that. Here is the case of Vera. She is an attractive girl, very well educated. She is not a member of the Communist Party, but her mother is. She lives with a Bolshevik of untainted reputation politically. They each have their own room in different streets and each has a job. Vera comes and spends her evenings with Piotr or Piotr calls on Vera. They go out together to small parties, to visit friends, or to the theater. They are like any young married couple of poor circumstances living in New York. Of course, Vera does no housekeeping for Piotr. They eat in restaurants and just as frequently they eat alone. Vera does show a slight trace of bourgeois training, for she is known to have mended Piotr's clothing and to have embroidered curtains for his room, and she even puts flowers on his desk. Piotr, I think, privately loves this comfort, but openly he disapproves. He certainly never seems to do anything of the sort for Vera. It may be said for him that he has no money to buy even flowers, for although he receives the maximum salary of 225 rubles ($112) a month, a good portion must go to support his sons by another marriage.

AND Masha herself has had a various career. I looked at her as we came out into the snow-covered street. The long fine hairs of her fur turban glistened and around her firm mouth a little malicious smile played. Masha is forty-two and she looks her age without suggesting either weariness or disillusionment. She has been through three revolutions, the one of '05, the Kerensky and the Bolshevik ones. Since her sixteenth year she had belonged to the underground revolutionary party. She has also been through three marriages, although only one was really legal. She has a son over twenty by one husband and a daughter of sixteen by another. There is not a shade of difference in her mind between the one born in legal marriage and the other born out of wedlock.

"You might as well tell me the reason why you got this divorce." Masha's eyes gleamed with amusement.

I carefully folded the precious paper and put it in my passport.

"It gives me a sense of freedom. I have a right to take my own name back, to start a career, and I no longer feel tied to the past."

"It's not legal, they say, in America." I can tell she is laughing at me.

"That's what we've got to fight for," burst in Carl. "Why shouldn't it be? Why, if America legalized Russian divorces, Moscow would be swamped with tourists. Think how much more exciting to come to Russia than to Reno!"

"You're both bourgeois to the very end," interrupted Masha. And, turning to me: "Why did you ever marry when you knew it was so difficult to get a divorce in your country? That was your mistake."

And when we arrive at our friend Olga's and show her the paper, she looks at it curiously. She is a member of the Party and has served her apprenticeship in the fortress of Warsaw.

"I've been married twice and I never saw any reason to register the fact. Anyway, whose business is it? And what good is it? How can a paper hold a man if he wants to leave? There are better ways," and she tosses her small dark head independently.

As we clustered around the samovar, I looked out the window and saw the sunset spreading a pale gold effulgence over the pearl-gray sky and touching the domes of the Kremlin with points of radiant light.

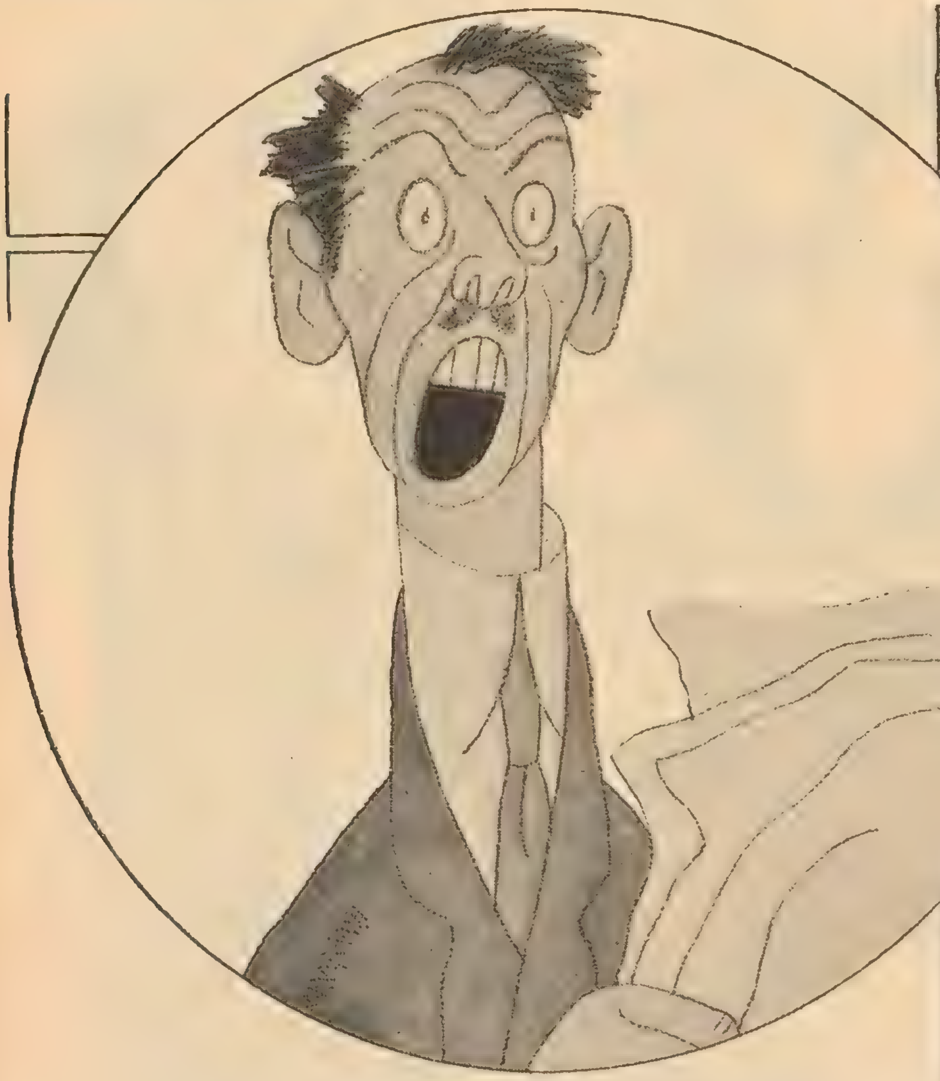
Strange land—where the past and future are jumbled together, where new love and old love are fighting as on a battlefield, where all that we hold stable and certain is in flux and the horizon line of the future is infinite as our dreams!

THE END

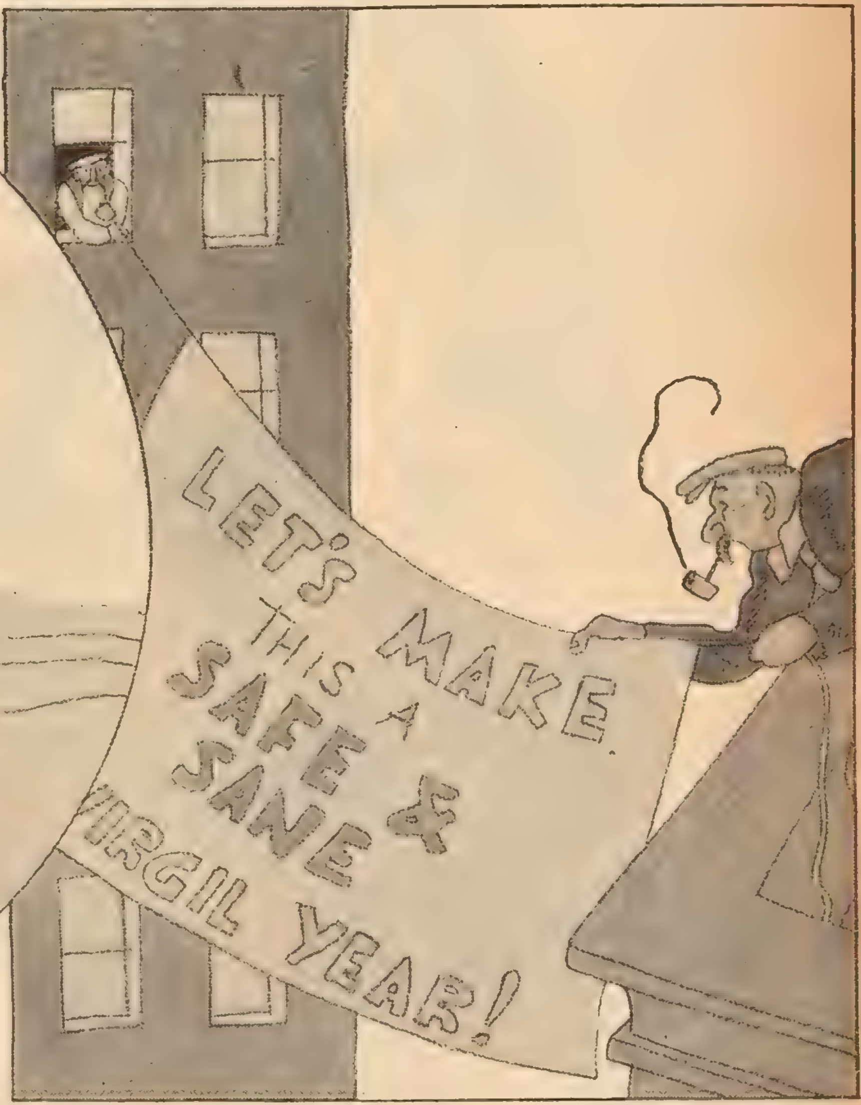
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

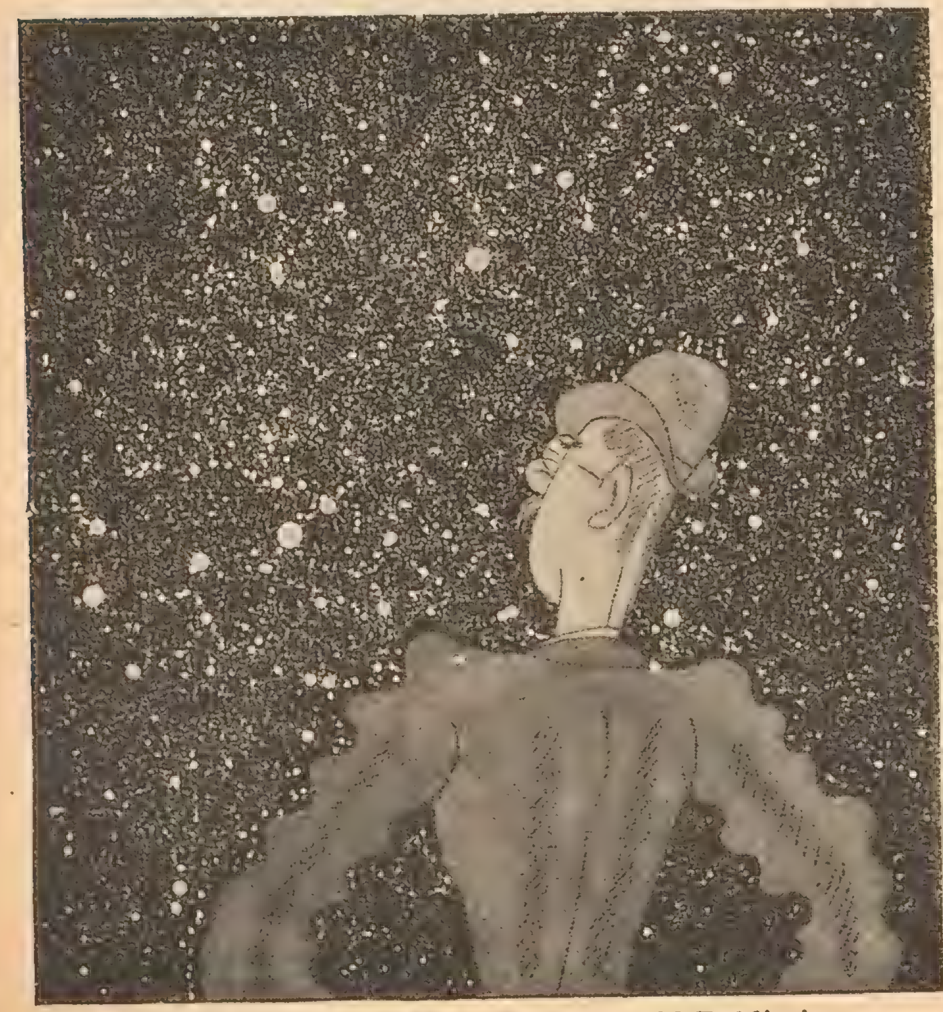
By RALPH BARTON



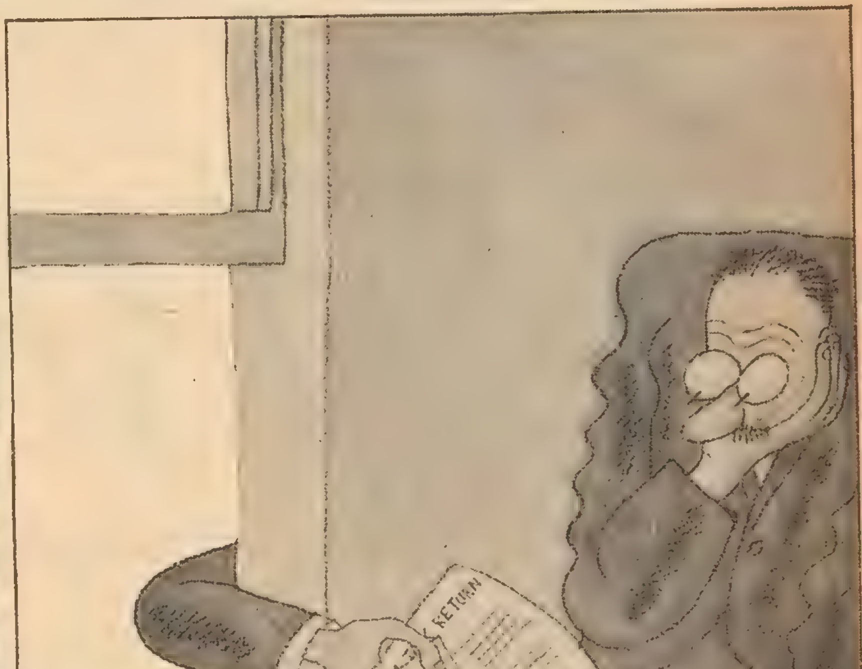
IF THOSE PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZENS who complain of a marked falling off in the population of their cities will just have the patience to wait until all the delegates get back from Peace Conferences in Europe, everything will come out right in the end.


LET'S MAKE THIS A SAFE & SANE VIRGIL YEAR!

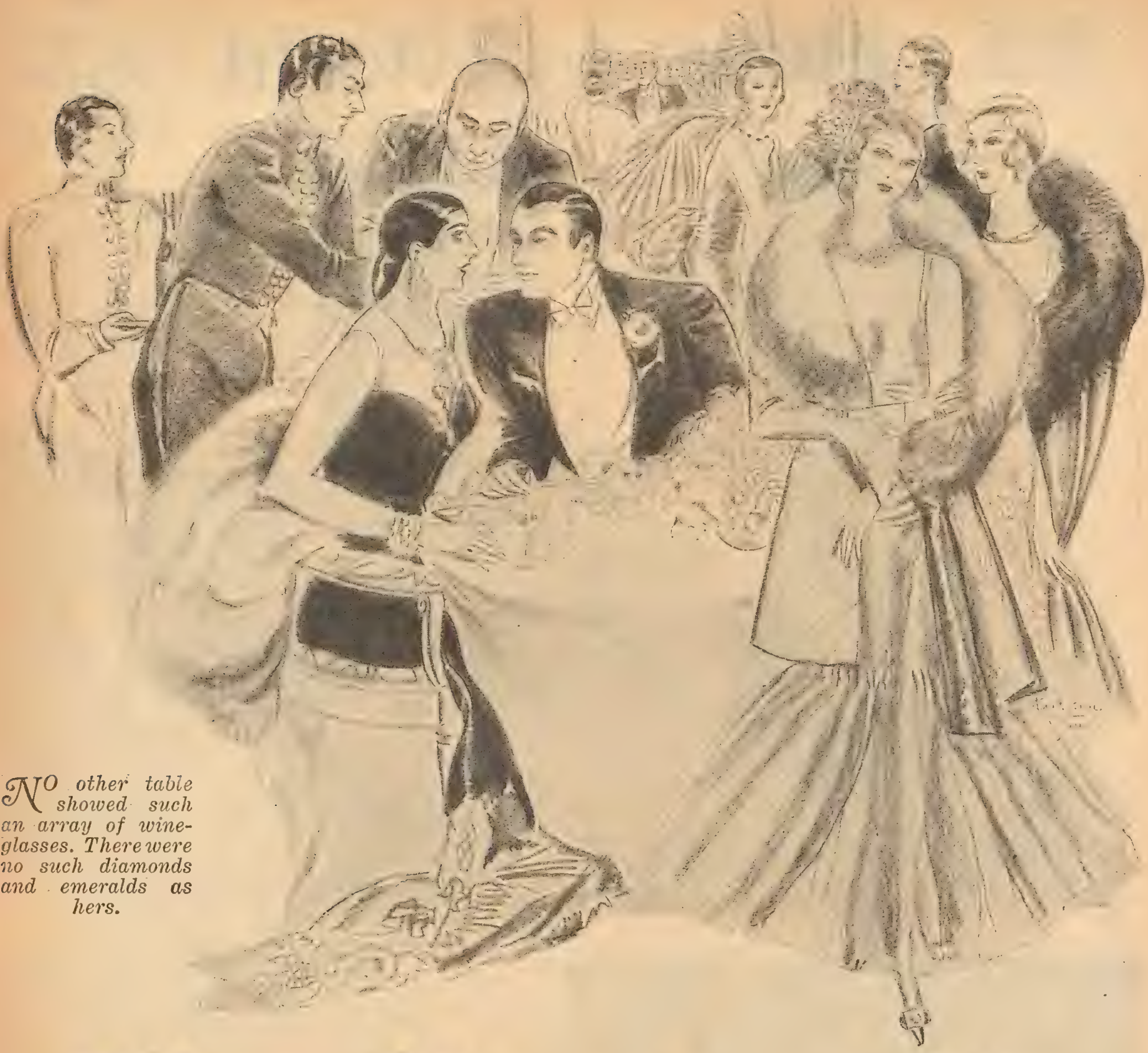
TIMELY WARNING. Be careful not to take the nation-wide celebration of the 2,000th anniversary of the poet Virgil's birth too strenuously this year and you will avoid a bad head in 1931.



CHEATED AGAIN! The poor old Public is now informed that the Planet X may not be a real planet, after all.


RETURN
You git yourse tonite The Mob
DEATH AND TAXES

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT decides to make bootleggers pay income taxes, making the old saying apply all round.



NO other table showed such an array of wine-glasses. There were no such diamonds and emeralds as hers.

The Broken Fan

A Study in Jealousy

By

MAZO DE LA ROCHE

a Canadian, author of "Jalna" and of much distinguished short fiction. She recently chose a spot in the Canadian woods for her home, for she has no love for cities and has seen but one movie.

Pictures by KATHARINE STURGES

THE captain and the other officers of the transatlantic liner did everything in their power to make the passengers forget the sea. They instituted golf tournaments, which took place on a ridiculous little mat on the promenade deck. They arranged tennis tournaments on the sports deck, and bridge tournaments for the glassed-in lounge. At night all the different groups collected in the ballroom to watch the horse racing. And after the horse racing came the dance.

The efforts of the captain and the crew were so effectual that the sea, lapping and curling, pressing and withdrawing about the sides of the vessel, was almost entirely ignored. The waves seemed to be curious about the passengers, rearing their heads as though to peer up at them, but the passengers were not curious about the sea. Even those who had their luncheon carried to them on deck scarcely seemed to notice the great fluctuating expanse about them. The wine and cold viands on their trays held their attention while they lasted, and when, drowsy with repletion, they settled comfortably under their rugs, novels or books of travel in their hands, it required the passing of Mrs. Friedland and Mr. Wolfe to stir them to interest.

These two never failed to stir their interest. From the first day out to the day of landing, the sight of their two figures slowly pacing the length of the promenade deck produced a ripple of curiosity in the rows of swathed, reclining figures.

Mrs. Friedland and Mr. Wolfe seemed to be as unconscious of the interest or lack of interest they created as the sea itself. His massive shoulders slightly bent, he looked down into her face, apparently oblivious of the other passengers. Phrases, uttered in his sonorous voice, were caught by young girls and passed from one to the other. Nothing audible came from her lips, though they moved smilingly, while her full black eyes were raised unwaveringly to his face.

Each day her short figure, that moved with the toddling walk of a woman who has spent her life in French heels on polished floors, appeared in fresh and luxurious creations of milliner and costumier. She must have carried an immense amount of luggage with her, for those wraps of mink, of seal, of squirrel, and velvet could have been packed into no moderate space. She occupied the most expensive suite on the ship. With her was a tall, inscrutable young companion.

When these two, in company with Mr. Wolfe, took their places at dinner, their table was the center of interest for the other diners. No other table showed such an array of wineglasses. There were no such diamonds and emeralds as hers. About her the wine steward and a group of waiters seemed constantly to be hovering. It was to her that the ingenious and beautiful confections of the chef were first exhibited. She clasped her hands delightedly before a pair of rearing steeds or a dolphin bearing a cupid on his back. Hers was the

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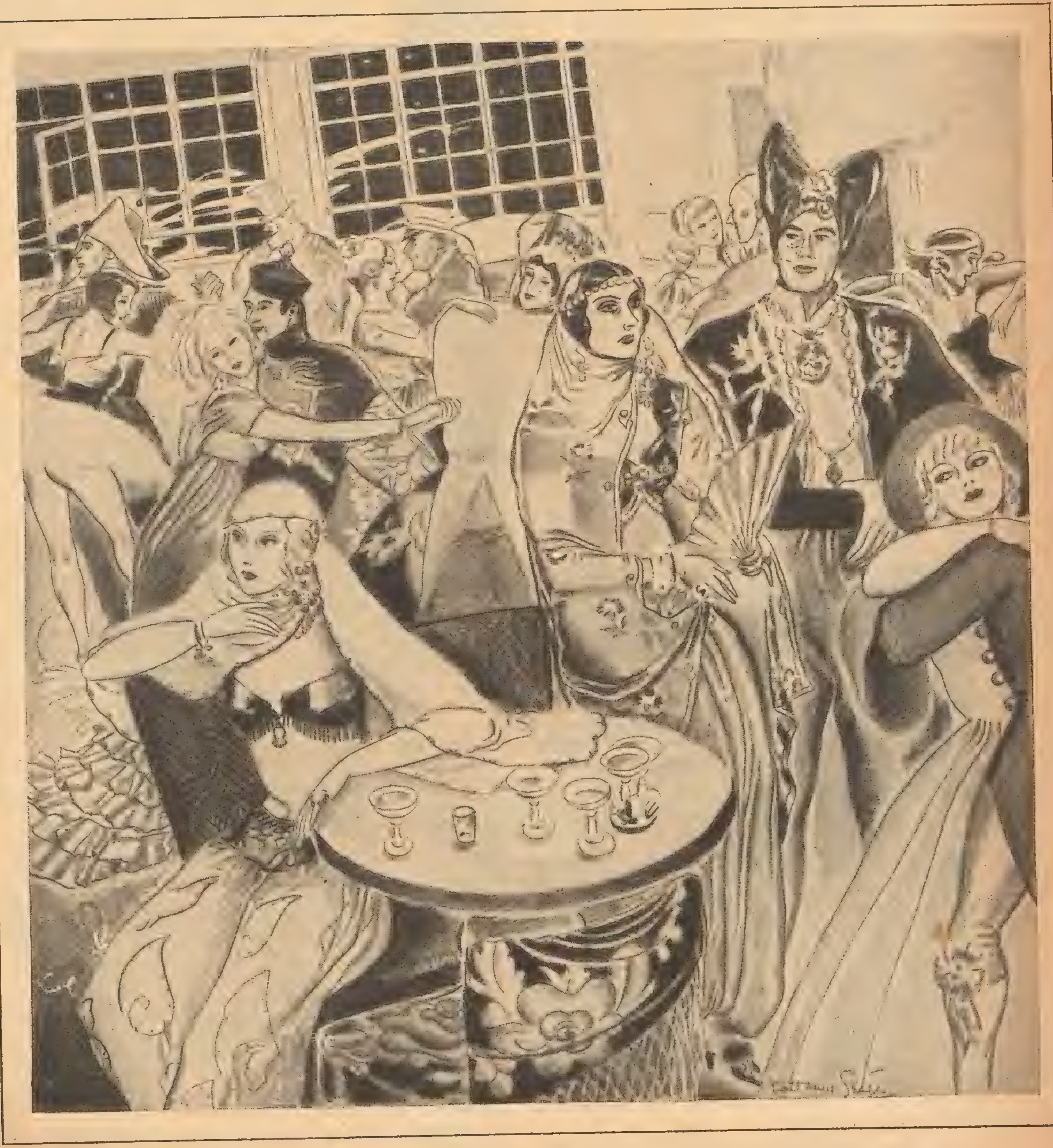

She got to her feet, looking straight ahead of her. He rose quickly and took her arm.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

first helping from the heart of intricate flowers formed of many-colored jellies.

She tipped with the recklessness of vanity. Her present to the orchestra after they had given a concert almost equaled the combined contributions of the rest of the audience. In the dining salon it was obvious that it was to her the orchestra played. She would lift her heavy-lidded eyes to the musicians' gallery and raise her wineglass with an imperial gesture if the piece pleased her. If it did not please her, she signified her disapproval by the ancient gesture of the downturned thumb, and that selection was not played again during the voyage.

But, indeed, her eyes seldom left the face of her lover. She had made up her mind that he was to be her last lover, and she was giving to him the final fierceness of her passion. He was forty and she was nearer sixty than fifty.

Lest anyone should retain some disturbing memory of the sea, at the end of the voyage the ship's officers arranged a fancy-dress dance for the last night out, which was to surpass all previous festivities. Costumes were displayed on a table in front of the shop where French embroideries and bizarre dolls were for sale. One might hire an elaborate crinoline dress or a simple domino. Young girls stood in a laughing row before the table, perching fantastic caps on their heads, trying the effect of various costumes. Elderly gentlemen chose the gay dress of clown or harlequin.

Neither Mrs. Friedland nor Mr. Wolfe took part in this. Like a few others of the passengers, they had brought their costumes with them.

That night the air turned suddenly warm. A sweet-smelling breeze came to them from the shore of Spain. This added to the feeling of hilarity on board the ship. The windows of the ballroom were opened wide. The music of the dance was carried out by the breeze into the dark vastness toward the coast of Morocco. Surrounding the space for dancing many small tables were crowded, about which were gathered those who were not in costume, and those dancers who rested, drinking champagne and smoking.

With calculated theatrical effect Mrs. Friedland entered late, elaborately dressed as a favorite of the harem in a costume of green and silver. Beneath the spangled veil her masklike face looked out with something of the nervous impassivity of a lizard's. Her full black eyes, her painted mouth scorned those about her, even while inviting their admiration. Above her towered Wolfe, as a rajah, turbaned, jeweled, always smiling down into her face.

THEIR entry was so spectacular, their costumes so superb that a small thunder of handclaps greeted them. Mrs. Friedland's impassivity melted into a smile of happiness. As the noise and energy of the evening increased, she became more and more elated, gayly drinking champagne with a little group to whom previously she had barely spoken, even dancing with one of the men, commanding Wolfe to find another partner.

Electric vibrations excited the nerves of the swiftly intermingling throng. Beneath their feet was the ceaseless quiver of the engines; from above beat the searching light of the electroliers. The musicians played in an impassioned crescendo. Innumerable pretty toys were offered on trays by the stewards to excite and to be broken. Fantastic whistles shrieked above the violins, brilliant melon-shaped balloons were struck from hand to hand, white balls, light as thistledown, flew from gilded racket to racket. A girl with blackened face was dancing a Charleston, surrounded by a group rhythmically striking their palms together. A youthful couple, she in vivid scarlet, he dressed as an apache, whirled, with their bodies flattened together as one until they seemed as impersonal and sexless as insects.

A group of five, whose features suggested that they were of Jewish extraction, were gathered about a table, drinking and smoking rose-tipped cigarettes. They were all young, four of them married couples, the fifth a younger sister of one of the women. The two wives were pretty, with plump boneless shoulders like white velvet. Their husbands, who had not long ago been bridegrooms, were flushed with wine. It was not possible for them to keep from caressing the shoulders and arms of their wives or, at least, holding their red-tipped finger ends. The young girl of the group was an exquisitely colored blonde, with deep gold hair, violet eyes, and a mouth like a budding flower. She stood beside the table, a reel of scarlet paper ribbon in her hands. Mrs. Friedland, gliding past, noticed with a feeling of shock that the girl wore a costume of the harem, white, filmy, surrounding her seductive blonde beauty like a cloud.

IT was not the first time that Mrs. Friedland had noticed this particular face. It had peered up at her with flattering curiosity above a fur collar when she took her walks on deck. She had seen it, smiling against the shoulder of a man, at other dances. She had noticed it as one passing notices carelessly the beauty of a flower. Now it rose before her with a kind of menace. She felt a contraction of pain in the nerves, followed by a violent anger that the girl had chosen a costume so similar to her own—outshining her.

With a graceful movement the girl threw a loop of the ribbon at Wolfe's towering head. It caught his turban and slid to his bare throat. Those near by laughed, applauding her dexterity. She took a quick step forward and threw another strand of ribbon. This caught them both and, as they glided away, she followed them, half shyly, half boldly, entangling them more and more in the bright ribbon. Wolfe pressed Mrs. Friedland closer to him. He exclaimed:

"She is determined that we shall never separate!"

Mrs. Friedland gave a joyous laugh. Her anger, her fear left her. She felt a passionate delight in being thus enmeshed with him. She felt the warm pressure of his hands, heard his grave laugh above her head. She had a sudden melancholy wish that these ribbons were of iron.

The whirling apache and his partner spun swiftly between them and the girl, severing the ribbons. Other dancers surged through the space. A few of the colored strands clung to them, the others falling to the floor already strewn with ribbon and broken toys.

He found a seat for her and sat down beside her. She gave a happy sigh of relaxation. Then, looking across his shoulder, she perceived that the seat to which he had brought her was beside the group of which that girl was one. She darted a swift glance at him, and saw his eyes, beneath the jewel of his turban, fixed on the girl's face. His lips were curved in their accustomed lazy smile. A tremor of fresh anger shook Mrs. Friedland's nerves. She raised her fan, hiding her mouth behind it. It was a brilliant green Oriental fan with fragile ivory sticks, carved in a design of lotus flowers.

He was saying:

"Are you happy? Do you find it amusing?"

The fan against her lips, she murmured:

"Yes. I'm a little tired."

He did not answer. He was watching the two married couples, who had risen from the table and were about to join the dancers.

The girl was left alone, her arms, pearl-white beneath the filmy veil, extended along the table, her fingers curving about the stem of an untouched glass of champagne. Her sister had said something sharp to her. Her feelings were hurt. Her lip quivered; she winked rapidly.

Wolfe, always so assiduous in his attentions, so careful never to admire any other woman, seemed suddenly thrown off his guard. He turned his face full on Mrs. Friedland, a beaming smile softening its rather battered features.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

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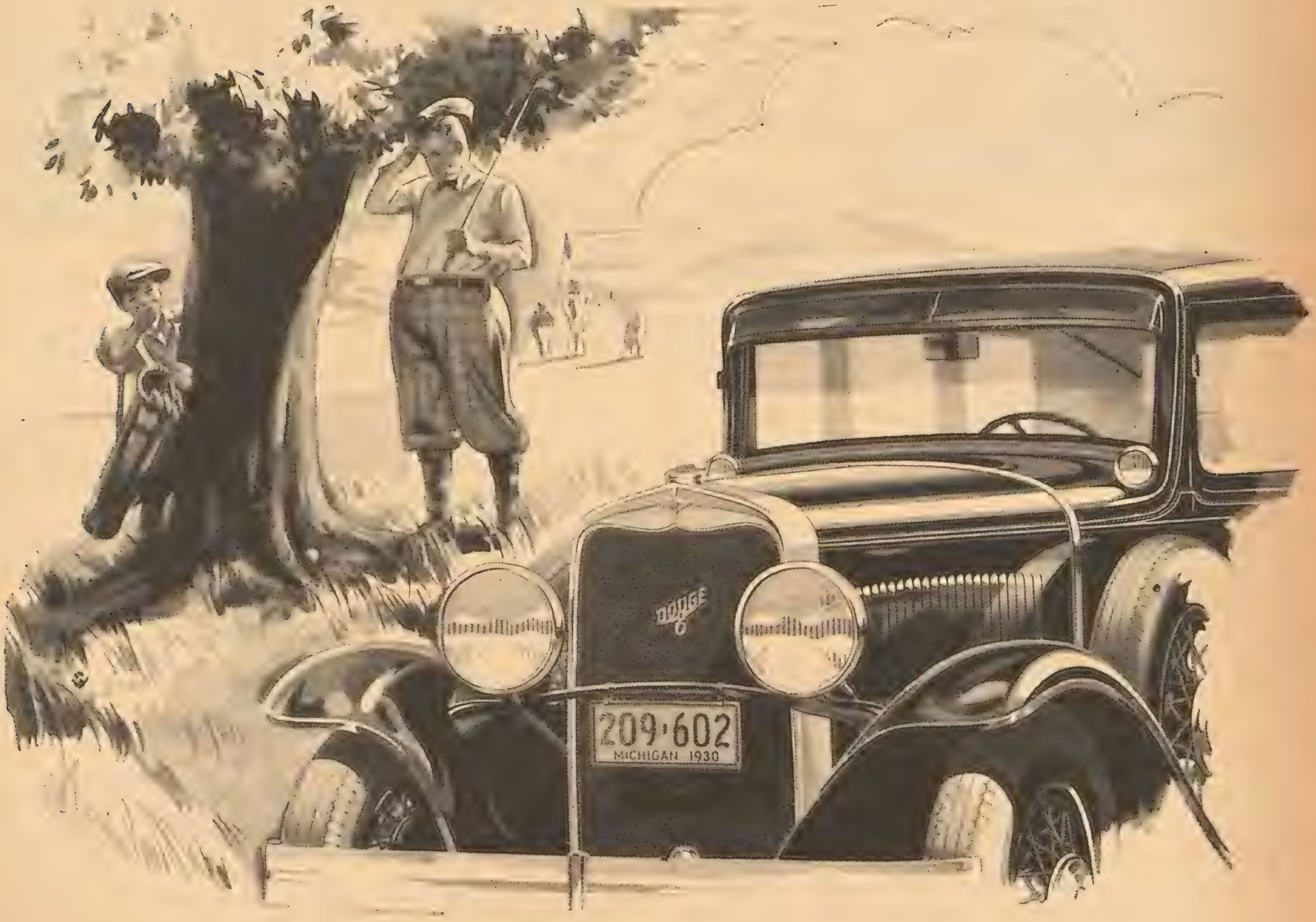

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

“ Isn’t she,” he breathed, “ the most adorable thing? ”

Mrs. Friedland let her fan fall to her lap and showed her face a white smiling mask.

“ Yes,” she returned. “ I’ve been noticing her for some time.”

He offered her a cigarette from the jeweled case she had given him. She shook her head.

“ Shall I order something to drink? ”

This time it was she who did not answer. She was struggling with the devil of jealousy which possessed her.

He repeated the question.

“ Not now—I have one of my dizzy spells. You know I get them. I think I’ll go to my room and lie down for a quarter of an hour. There is something, too, that I want to tell Miss Pearce.”

She got to her feet, looking straight ahead of her, seeing nothing.

His eyes darkened with solicitude. “ Oh, my dear! I’m so very sorry! ” He rose quickly and took her arm. “ I’ll go with you.”

He steered her carefully into the passage; supported her down the stairway.

At her door she stopped.

“ You are not to come in with me. You are to go back.”

He protested. He would go in and get her spirits of ammonia; sit with her until she felt better.

“ No,” she insisted. “ I would rather be alone for a few minutes. Go up and ask that attractive child to dance with you. She was looking so lonely. Then, after that, come back for me.”

She stood inside her door listening to his retreating footsteps. Through a crack she watched his broad, fantastically garbed figure disappear.

The companion’s businesslike voice came from the next room.

“ Is that you, Mrs. Friedland? Do you want something? ”

“ No; I don’t want anything. I’m going back directly.”

“ Is it a nice party? ”

“ Delightful. You made a mistake in not coming.”

Her voice was harsh with the effort of steadying it. She pressed her forehead against the cool woodwork of the door and felt a deep vibration from the heart of the ship, as though it were in sympathy with her. She gave a little moan.

She returned along the passage and up the crimson-carpeted stairway. She stole onto the promenade deck, from where she could see into the ballroom. From there came a delirious mingling of voices and music. It was getting very late. The deck was deserted, its appearance of loneliness increased by the long row of folded chairs and the pale glimmer of the silver urn on a tea wagon in a corner.

VERY cautiously she approached a window. For a space her eyes were dazzled by the brilliance of the lights and the whirling many-colored costumes of the dancers; then she distinguished his head above the others on the far side of the room. Her heart beat chokingly as her gaze followed him along the outer edge of the crowd and saw him draw near, a girl in his arms. The music stopped as they were almost opposite the window. Wolfe did not take his arm from the girl’s waist as he led her to a sofa. He was smiling as though he were conscious of no other presence in the room save hers.

The girl looked up at him, wistful and tremulous no longer, but calm and seductive. In spirit they were clasped in each other’s arms, giving and returning fierce kisses. Mrs. Friedland saw that, and her heart was wrung with an anguish she had not thought possible to her. She would have liked to kill him where he stood. She pictured him lying dead in his silken robe, like some stealthy marauding animal. She would have liked to kill the girl before his eyes, snatching his sleek white prey from him. She was of mixed races, and their different characteristics in this moment of tragic emotion clamored within her. She was bewildered. She turned from the window and moved gropingly to the side of the ship. She could not bear the sight of them together. She had wished that the paper ribbons which the girl had thrown about them had been iron, that they might be bound together for ever. Now she realized that the bonds that held him to her were weaker even than paper, evanescent as wreaths of mist.

She set her teeth, thinking of all she had done for him—how she had met him in South America, ill, disgruntled by his failure in his profession of civil engineer, craving travel and luxury. She had given him these, given him herself, the passion, the bitterness of her love. That look in his eyes which had stirred her to her depths she had seen him give tonight to a girl he had met for the first time. She felt herself dishonored. Never again, oh, never again, would she let him touch her!

THE sweet breeze from the shore of Spain came to her across the water. A flounce of foam was thrown from the side of the ship and spread, delicate as lace, into the darkness.

Again she felt the deep vibration from the heart of the ship, this time against her breast. The ship and the sea were in sympathy with her; they understood her, while to the world and to Wolfe, her lover, she was an enigma not worth solving.

She would end it all! Though she could not kill him where he stood, she would give him a stab, slanting though it might be, by her death. She pictured his horrified face—for he was tender-hearted—when it was found that she was not on the ship; had drowned herself. And she would have peace. And the understanding of the sea.

A great strength surged through her in her resolution. This was the solution of her life which she had been seeking for years. To throw it away. To give it to the sea, as was fitting, for her forbears had been mariners. She would call the steward, send him for Wolfe, and when Wolfe came she would not be there.

A theatrical desire to leave something of herself on the deck, something that should smite him cruelly with remorse, came to her.

Her fan. That was it. Her beautiful green fan—of the color of jealousy! He should find it on the deck with all its ivory sticks broken, where the steward had last seen her standing, white and distraught. It would be a message that he could not help understanding.

She would call a steward now, tell him to send Wolfe to her; and while the message was being given, she would break the fan. Wolfe, rushing to the side of the ship, might even see her in a terrifying glimpse, one white arm in its filmy drapery outthrown against the foam. She must not hesitate. She must do it while the courage of jealousy, of despair, upheld her. She could not go on with life, could not hold Wolfe to her. It was impossible.

She went swiftly, her veil floating about her, to the door of the corridor. A steward was passing. She said thickly:

“ Send—send— I mean—bring—a glass of Benedictine to me on the deck. I am faint.”

He glanced with curiosity at the ashen mask of her face. “ Yes, madame.”

He turned away.

She swept back to the darkness of the deck. Her heart had failed her. She must have a few moments more. She would drink the Benedictine and that would renew her courage. One’s life could not be taken with such careless swiftness. It was too cruel. A glass of Benedictine. A farewell drink to her soul. She paced up and down the deck, the mixed races within her crying out their memories of the past. Vividly she saw scenes from her child-

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

hood in Athens, in Bucharest, in Paris. She saw scenes from her married life with Friedland, who had given her luxury, given her power that had brought her to nothing but this. She could bear her life no longer.

The steward appeared before her with the glass on a little tray. She took it from him and turned away.

A shaft of light from a window awoke a dark gleam in the liqueur. She drank it and set the empty glass on the tea wagon.

What was she going to do next? Her eyes moved blankly from the bright squares of the window to the black expanse of the sea. She felt confused. Timidly she moved toward a window and looked in. The delirious medley of music and voices had ceased. The orchestra was playing a slow, rhythmic waltz, full of sensuous melancholy. There was only one pair of dancers on the floor. This was Wolfe and the girl. The others had become onlookers, while they moved rhythmically, as one body, oblivious to all but themselves.

It was enough. She could do it now. One by one she snapped the ivory sticks of the fan. It lay like a broken-winged tropical bird in her hands. Clutching it, she moved steadily to the door of the corridor and beckoned to the steward.

"Go to Mr. Wolfe," she said, "the tall gentleman dancing. Tell him to come to me. At once."

She was outside the window at the moment when the music stopped and the steward reached Wolfe's side. She saw his startled look, saw him withdraw quickly from the girl—waited for no more. She was shaking from head to foot. She rushed to the side of the ship. In a moment he would be here, tall, full of life and strength—her lover, so soon to be shocked by the tragedy of her death.

She felt that deep tremor of the ship. Far below she saw the curling half circle of the foam, like an opening fan.

She dropped her fan to the deck. There, on that spot, he should find it.

The sweet wind from the shore of sunny Spain strengthened. It beat across the sea with its message of spring, of life in a lovely land. The ship quivered, full of life, as though eager to reach the port. Her hands clutched the cool moist wood of the ship's side. It vibrated under her fingers, full of strong, subdued movement. The waves curled and uncurled, throwing up their foam. The wind blew against her body, caressing it.

She saw Wolfe's figure framed a moment in the doorway, then he strode down the deck toward her. His face was in darkness, but his figure was that of her moving, breathing lover, full of life. Behind that silk robe was the deep chest from where came the voice that she loved.

He drew near. There was not a second to lose. She bent and snatched up the fan.

"What is it?" he asked, his voice full with anxiety. She ran to him and pressed herself against his body.

"Oh, sweetheart, I am so upset!" she sobbed. "See! I have broken my darling fan!"

THE END

WINNERS! Eight New Awards in Liberty's Offer of $10,000 for Mystery Solutions

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND has awarded prizes as follows for the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on The Mystery of the Old Church Belfry, the fifth problem in his recent series of ten for solutions of which Liberty is giving its readers a total of $10,000:

FIRST PRIZE—$500
To Alanson W. Morgan,
Box 567, Ketchikan, Alaska.

SECOND PRIZE—$250
To L. A. Dale,
Box 224, Pecos, Texas.

THIRD PRIZE—$100
To George W. Barrette,
Journal-Transcript, Peoria, Illinois.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50
To A. P. Simpson,
161 West Fifty-fourth Street, New York City.

FIFTH TO EIGHTH PRIZES—$25 EACH

To Phyllis Carlberg, 2336 South Thirty-second Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska; H. S. Dyar, Marietta, Ohio; Alan Franklin, 3142 Larga Avenue, Los Angeles, California; Joseph Baccus, Hastings College, Hastings, Nebraska.

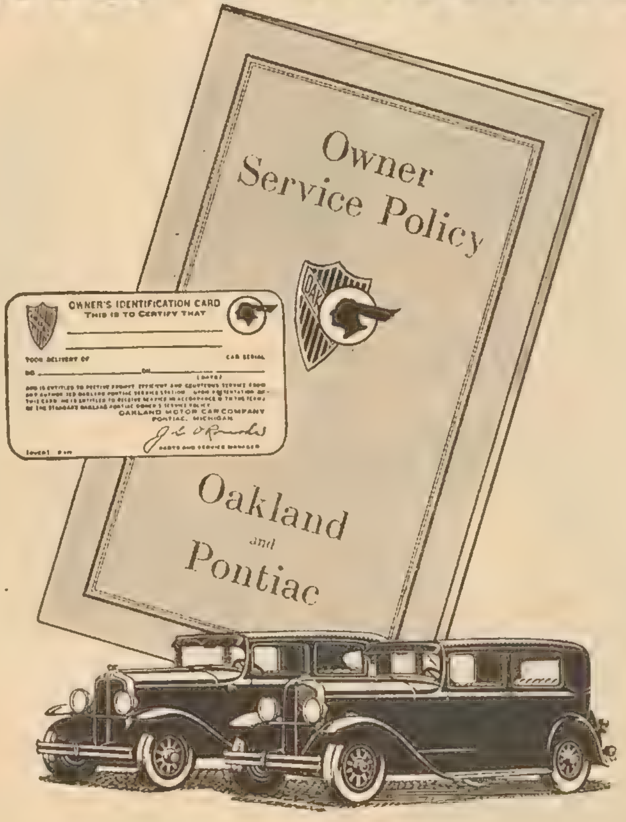
Prize awards for the sixth problem—The Mystery of the Wall Street Explosion—will be announced next week.

As the above awards indicate, $1,000 is given for solutions of each of the ten mysteries—$10,000 in all. In case of a tie, the prizes are duplicated. Everyone except employees of Liberty and members of their families is eligible.

The series was completed in the issue of May 31, but the lists are still open on The Mystery of the Typhoid Oyster, which appeared in Liberty for May 17, and The Mystery of Arnold Rothstein, which appeared in the issues of May 24 and May 31. Any solution must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story was completed.

Solutions should be mailed to Liberty Mystery Contest, Post-Office Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A *new* Service Policy *for* Oakland-Pontiac Owners



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Under its provisions there is *no charge for labor or for parts* replaced under the standard warranty which covers a period of either 90 days or 4000 miles, whichever occurs first. And this service will be rendered by any Oakland-Pontiac dealer anywhere in the United States upon presentation of the owner's identification card.

There are other features of the policy which make for satisfaction from the start. Your car is thoroughly inspected, adjusted and lubricated before being delivered. Then, during the initial driving period the dealer making delivery gives *two free inspections and adjustments* to make certain that all vital parts are working properly.

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At the end of 1500 miles there is another group of inspections and adjustments—which constitute a precautionary rechecking to insure satisfactory service. These include road testing; aligning front wheels; tuning the engine; checking and adjusting brakes, steering gear and fan belt; checking the radiator, tire inflation and the operation of lights; tightening all body and chassis bolts; testing and filling the battery; and giving the car a complete oiling and greasing. All of these operations are performed without charge except for the oil and grease used.

And finally, the dealer will provide, at regular 90-day intervals, the exclusive Oakland-Pontiac 3-Point Free Adjustment Service which comprises checking and adjusting the ignition, carburetor and timing.

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OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Pontiac, Michigan

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Jeanne as she looked in 1918, at the time when she was playing in Daddies.

Jeanne Eagels

A Beloved Heavy Villain—Tent-Show Gypsying—Marriage and Motherhood—Jeanne Gives Her Child Up, and Yearns for the Great White Way

By EDWARD DOHERTY

IN 1922, when a play called Rain, written by John Colton and Clemence Randolph and based on a story by W. Somerset Maugham, opened in New York City, the part of Sadie Thompson, a harlot, was played by a comparatively unknown actress named Jeanne Eagels. Her performance was a sensation, and Rain was so successful that she continued to play in it five years. Later she scored talkie hits in The Letter and Jealousy. She died last October, in quietly tragic circumstances.

Mr. Doherty is telling the life story of this fiery young woman from Kansas City, who throughout her career was convinced that she was the greatest actress in the world, and who lived to see some showmen persuaded that she was. Born in 1890, she got little regular schooling; her assets were a strong bent for make-believe and a passion for the stage. After wage-earning as a cash girl in a department store and playing small parts in "stock," she found work in a theatrical casting office. Through this, at fifteen, she came—as Mr. Doherty told last week—to join the chorus of the Dubinsky brothers' tent show, which toured five states of the Middle West. When its leading lady was disabled, Jeanne replaced her and "went over big," and when the disabled one returned Jeanne fought her for her job, and emerged from the scrap in possession of it.

PART THREE

JEANNE went with the tent show in the spring, playing repertoire—Grit, the Newsboy; For Home and Honor; The Octoroon; Little Lord Fauntleroy; The Two Orphans; Camille; Romeo and Juliet; Buffalo Bill, Jr., the King of the Cowboys; Under Two Flags; Uncle Tom's Cabin; and a score of other plays.

There were eight people in the company, three women and five men; and all plays, even Shakespeare's, had to be cut to fit eight parts. "Handsome Ed," of course, played leads. Maurice was the villain. And Barney was the juvenile or the comedian. Marcella Hamilton and Eva Craig were the other girls in the troupe.

Marcella, Eva, and Jeanne were on a par as to ability, looks, and love for the theater, yet only one of them became a star. The others married. Jeanne brought Eva Craig to New York and made her David Warfield's leading woman. Eva was headed for stardom, but in 1917 she saw a handsome young man in the uniform of a second lieutenant.

And that was the end of her trail.

Maurice was short and ugly. Yet when he made up for his villainous parts he was more handsome than Ed. Audiences always hissed him when he crossed the stage intent on getting the gal into his evil clutches—but it was a sort of benevolent hiss, if a hiss can be benevolent.

There wasn't a man, woman, or child in all the states the tent show traveled who didn't know Maurice and like him. Men met him at the depot and shook his hand. Men called to him as he walked down the wooden sidewalks or crossed the tree-pleached streets. Sometimes a local band greeted him at the train. Boys and girls asked him for passes. Men asked what they could do to help him.

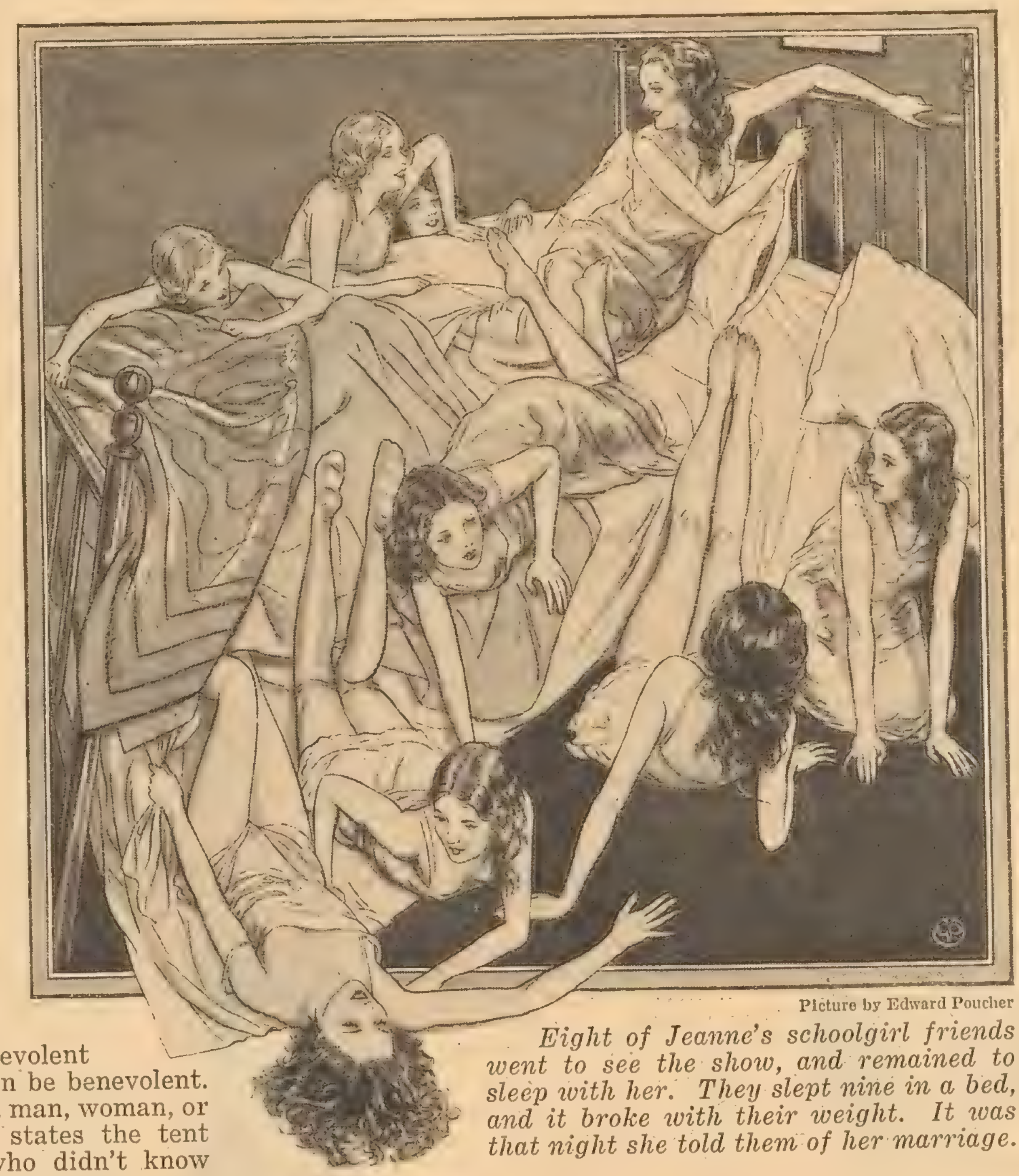
He was the patriarch, the bishop of many flocks whose religion was drama, a dusty, weary, grinning little man with a friendly hand. Imagine him as the white-livered villain! Put wicked eyebrows and long black mustachios on the face of Santa Claus, put a riding crop into his hands, and give him dastardly things to do—and how you will hiss him! And how you will enjoy him as you hiss!

Handsome Ed would have made an ideal heavy. A bear of a man with such arms as Samson may have had, a great shock of black hair—it was then, though now the frost has found it—a great Roman nose, a pair of piercing bold eyes, a jaw that could scratch a rock, and a voice that boomed melodiously and made the audience shiver with the villain he defied.

He was the hero, "the matinée idol of the sticks." Girls used to follow him, surreptitiously, they thought. Girls wrote him passionate letters, begging rendezvous, begging photographs, begging a chance to join his company. Girls have been seen standing mute below his lighted window, looking up.

It was Handsome Ed who used to give away the diamond rings, and to take charge of the marriages on the stage. A ring was given away every week. A stage wedding was promised every week.

All the tickets were numbered, and after the last matinée the stubs were put in a hat and a number was drawn. That number won the ring. This ring was always purchased at the local jeweler's on the first day of the show's engagement, and left in the jeweler's window until the raffle. It never cost more than eight dollars—but people who won one have treasured it for years. Many of them have served as engagement rings.



Picture by Edward Poucher

Eight of Jeanne's schoolgirl friends went to see the show, and remained to sleep with her. They slept nine in a bed, and it broke with their weight. It was that night she told them of her marriage.

THE marriage ceremony, somehow, never was performed.

It would be advertised that on Saturday afternoon, before the show, a man and woman of the town were to be married in the tent, "right up on the stage where all you people may witness it." The happy bride and groom would be given a handsome present by the tent-show proprietors, and after the ceremony they would be the honored guests at a sumptuous banquet to be held "in the leading hotel of your beautiful city."

Saturday was chosen because it was market day and families drove in from their farms.

A great crowd always came to the "wedding" performance, everybody speculating on the identity of the bride and groom. After the last seat had been sold, and just before the curtain was due to rise, Handsome Ed would take the stage and make his announcement.

"Ladies and gentlemen!"

A noisy outburst. Clapping of hands. Cheers. Whistles. Silence.

"Thank you. I have come to make an explanation.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FREE

Enough Hires Extract to make 8 BOTTLES of delicious Hires Root Beer. Just mail the coupon.

Just Try Hires Root Beer At Our Expense

MAKE this trial with our compliments. Get your family to vote on Hires Root Beer. See if they agree that it's one of the finest beverages they ever tasted.

Delicious and invigorating, always welcome, you can serve it generously to family and friends with no worry of extravagance.

To prove both its superior flavor and economy—let us send you a free trial bottle of Hires Extract—sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, compared to what you usually pay.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients, including Vitamin B and Mineral Salts. Utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

At fountains ask for Hires or buy it in bottles.

THIS BOTTLE OF EXTRACT MAKES 40 PINT BOTTLES OF
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
DELICIOUS
HEALTHFUL
Hires
ROOT BEER
(HOUSEHOLD FORMULA)
ROOT
Hires
BEER

THE CHARLES E. HIRES COMPANY, *Dept. M*
Philadelphia, Pa. [15-6-14-3]

Please send me free sample
of Hires Root Beer Extract

Name ....
Address ....
City .... *State* ....

Please print name and address plainly

Canadians may mail coupon to
The Charles E. Hires Co. Ltd., Toronto

[JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page thirty-three]

You all know that we advertised a wedding here tonight on the stage, and I know you are waiting to see us keep our word. We all like marriages. The men like to laugh, and the women like to cry. Those who haven't been married see in the ceremony the culmination of romance. Those who have been married see the end of romance.

Maurice Dubinsky, Jeanne's husband.

"But, ladies and gentlemen, I must ask your pardon. I am sorry to disappoint you, but, much to our embarrassment and chagrin, the bride-to-be has not appeared!

"However, we have every wish to please you. We have the parson here. We have the bridegroom. We have the wedding ring. We have the clerk who is ready—and I may say eager—to issue the license. And—

"If there is any young lady in the audience who wishes to take the bride's place, will she kindly step forward?"

THERE was always a roar at this, always a little hush and a craning of necks, always an urging by woman to woman—"You go up, Sue"; "Do it yourself, Sairey"—always an undercurrent of whispers and laughter.

"You don't have to be very beautiful," Handsome Ed would continue. "You can be as plain as you like—or you don't like. It makes no difference whether you are blonde, brunette, or auburn, or whether you are fat or slim or medium, the young man will marry you now."

Maurice's brother, "Handsome Ed."

Again he would pause, but only for a moment.

"A good man wasted," he would end his announcement. "It's a pity. Seriously, my friends, I regret that we cannot offer you tonight the spectacle we advertised. But if you came to see the marriage and not the show, your money will be refunded to you at the box office."

This was the cue for the orchestra to break into the first act overture and for the curtain to shoot up. Nobody ever went to the box office for his money.

There were other ways of packing a tent.

Before the show came to town the Dubinskys used to run a small ad in the local newspaper. This was merely to let the moving-picture theater owners know the tent show was coming. Once the tent was up, the Dubinskys plastered the village with handbills, and quit advertising in the paper.

Barney, the third Dubinsky brother.

Photos courtesy Kansas City Star

Now, the movie theater men advertised, and the Dubinskys didn't; and it was only human nature for the theater proprietors, who feared the tent-show competition, to egg the editor into attacking the Dubinskys. The editor usually wanted to placate his steady advertisers. So he wrote editorials against the unholy and unchristian influence of the tent show.

This was exactly what the Dubinskys wanted.

On the night the show opened, the lights would go out. Of course it was always an accident. They would go out, and Handsome Ed in his booming voice would blame it on "the editor or his henchmen," or on "poor deluded wretches misled by his unjust attacks upon us."

A wire had been cut. A fuse had been blown. A plug had been pulled out of a socket. Who did it? Who but the people it would profit to have the tent show fail?—the moving-picture men, or their friend the editor.

The show would play to fair business that night, but on the next night, and every night thereafter, the house would be sold out.

There was one editor, more courageous than prudent, who resented Handsome Ed's insinuations. He started to the tent with a gun, swearing he would kill the actor who had traduced him. Someone raised the cry, "Hey, rube!"—the signal to the canvasmen in all tent shows and circuses to pick up tent stakes or whatever weapon is handiest and sock all "foreigners."

There was a dangerous riot this night, and the tent was almost wrecked before it subsided.

II

SPRING came early to the cornlands that first year Jeanne Eagels went with the tent show. Violets and sweet Williams and soft yellow dandelions ran along the muddy roads to cheer the caravan that carried the tents and the actors and the canvasmen; for the show traveled in wagons when it could. Apple trees in pink and white and green confusion bade them welcome. Men and women looked up from their plowing and stared, or swung a hat or waved an arm in greeting. Multicolored birds flitted above them. The sun shone bright, drying up the mud, bringing color to the barren fields.

And Jeanne sat with Maurice Dubinsky and cried in rapture over the prodigal beauties of nature. The country was a paradise in spring, a heaven she had never seen before, and never imagined.

She drew in great breaths of the

clean, sweet air, sniffed the aroma of wild flowers and blossoming trees, looked up at the fleecy white clouds floating idly across the blue, and squeezed Dubinsky's hand.

Dubinsky was an old man even then, and Jeanne was not sixteen; yet they loved each other, and before the spring had gone they took each other for better or for worse.

Perhaps Jeanne loved Maurice because he was the first man she had ever met who was interested in her. She had not met many men, had known none well except old Mackensen, had cared little for the company of men or boys until she left home to travel with the repertoire show.

Maurice loved her because she was young and radiant and talented and exuberantly alive. He watched over her like a father. He saw that she had proper food, a good bed, plenty of rest, plenty of exercise. He gave her all his ideas of acting, gave her the best parts in his dramas, saw that her name was featured on the bills. He scolded her when she forgot her rubbers or her muffler, worried when she had a cold, praised her when she bought a warm coat or a pretty dress or had her shoes resoled.

JEANNE'S relatives, and some of her closest friends, deny vehemently that she was married to Dubinsky and that she bore him a child. Others with equal vehemence assert that she was both wife and mother. I have no records either of the marriage or of the annulment that is supposed to have ended it. I have no record to prove that a child was born.

Yet there was a child. And to the best of my knowledge and belief he is still alive.

Jeanne sent a wire from Excelsior Springs, Missouri, just before her sixteenth birthday, saying she was Mrs. Maurice Dubinsky now. Later, in Kansas City department stores, she had things charged to "my husband, Maurice Dubinsky."

Some months after the marriage—fancied or real—eight of Jeanne's schoolgirl friends went to see the show, and remained to sleep with her. They slept nine in a bed, and the bed broke with their weight.

It was that night she told them of her marriage. The ceremony was performed, she said, "in some little town whose name I have forgotten," and in a few days Maurice presented her to his mother.

"She hates me," Jeanne told her friends. "I don't blame her much, because I am a Catholic and she is a Jew. I know how my own mother must feel about it. But—I love him. And that's all that matters."

Several times, long after she had left the cornlands, Jeanne revealed parts of her romance to various friends.

Ina Claire's mother was one of these. Jeanne went to her with a telegram from Kansas City, crying, "My baby is dead. My poor little baby!" She wept against Mrs. Claire's breast,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$3,300 IN PRIZES

(A) For a NEW NAME for MENNEN BABY OIL
(B) For the BEST LETTERS on MENNEN BABY OIL

Baby Oil is a new product of the laboratories of The Mennen Company, famous as the makers of Mennen Borated Baby Talcum.

It is a high grade, sterilized, medicated blend of oils, specially prepared for the massaging, general care, and protection of baby's body.

We want a better name for "Mennen Baby Oil"—and are asking the mothers of the country to help us. There is nothing to buy. Go to your neighborhood druggist and he will give you a FREE Sample of Mennen Baby Oil and Entry Blank.

Use the oil on your baby—note how soft and smooth it leaves his skin; how it protects him from chafing and irritation. Note the feel of the oil on your own hands, and its pleasant odor.

"Name Contest"

Suggest to us a short name that will be easy to pronounce, easy to remember and possibly descriptive—a name that does not limit the use of the product to child or adult—a name that we can use to individualize the product.

"Letter Contest"

Write us a letter of not more than 300 words, using the following topics as your subject matter:

What is your regular procedure in the use of Baby Oil on your baby, and what uses have you found for Baby Oil in the general care of baby's body and the protection of baby's skin?

What would be your procedure in applying Baby Oil and talcum powder to baby's body to prevent chafing and skin irritation?

Also tell us how you like the smoothness, feel and delicate scent of the Mennen Baby Oil which the druggist will give you as a sample and how would you use Mennen Baby Oil on your own body?

Name Contest Prizes

First Prize	*$500.00*
Second Prize	*250.00*
Third Prize	*100.00*
25 $10.00 Prizes	*250.00*
80 $5.00 Prizes	*400.00*
100 Mennen Baby Gift Sets at $1.50 each	*150.00*

RULES

(See Complete rules in Entry Blank wrapped around the FREE Sample.)

1. Entrants may compete in one or both contests as they prefer, but each entry must be mailed in separate envelopes.
2. All entries must be mailed in sealed envelopes postage prepaid, addressed —The Mennen Company, P. O. Box No. 1605, Newark, New Jersey. (No other correspondence concerning the contest can or will be given consideration.)
3. Entry Blanks must be obtained from your druggist, with a *Free* Sample.
4. Contest opens May 1st, 1930, and closes midnight June 30, 1930. (Entries post marked later will not be considered.)
5. In submitting names for Mennen Baby Oil in the "Name Contest," the contest blank enclosed with the sample bottle must be used and not more than three names submitted.
6. All letters in the "Letter Contest" must be written with pen or typewriter, on one side of the sheet only and not longer than 300 words.
7. All letters and names which are submitted become the absolute property of The Mennen Company, and by entering the contest and submitting a name or names or a letter, each entrant thereby consents and agrees that his or her name and address, together with the names or letter so submitted, may be used by The Mennen Company in any of its advertising matter, at its option, at any time or times, without any obligation to any entrant.

THE MENNEN COMPANY,
Newark, N. J.

Letter Contest Prizes

First Prize	*$500.00*
Second Prize	*250.00*
Third Prize	*100.00*
25 $10.00 Prizes	*250.00*
80 $5.00 Prizes	*400.00*
100 Mennen Baby Gift Sets at $1.50 each	*150.00*

MENNEN
BABY OIL and BORATED TALCUM

SPECIAL OFFER: For a limited time. 1 Can Mennen Borated Baby Talcum Free with 1 Bottle of Mennen Baby Oil—Price 50 cents. At your druggist.

THE TWO ORPHANS

THERE is nothing more wistful and pathetic than a helpless, motherless little dog, whose owner doesn't know about Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Sergeant's Dog Book. Did you know that all puppies and dogs *must* be wormed? Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules for dogs and Sergeant's Puppy Worm Capsules for pups is the safe, effective treatment. Your dog needs an occasional tonic. Use Sergeant's Condition Pills. You can know how to care for your dog, diagnose his troubles and treat his diseases. This information may save your dog's life. It costs a two-cent stamp. Surely your dog is worth that.

Famous Dog Book *Free* ↑ ↑ ↑

Write at once for your free copy of Sergeant's Dog Book. It contains interesting articles on raising, feeding and caring for dogs. In clear, everyday language it explains the symptoms of dog diseases and tells the best treatments. It has saved the lives of thousands of valuable animals. A new edition is now ready. Use the coupon.

Sergeant's Dog Food ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑

In addition to the famous Sergeant's Dog Medicines, your dealer now has Sergeant's Dog Food. This balanced ration contains a large proportion of freshly cooked beef. A splendid food for all dogs and pups. *We guarantee your dog will eat it.* Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food are sold by dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write us direct.

Please Mail This Coupon

Polk Miller Products Corp.
1493 W. Broad St.
Richmond, Va.

Please send me a free copy of Sergeant's Dog Book.

....

....

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"
Sole Canadian Agents; Fred. J. Whitlow & Co., *Toronto*

[JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page thirty-five]

and blamed herself for letting the child be taken from her, and talked of leaving immediately to attend the funeral. But she did not go.

Mrs. Claire told everybody in the company, and they decided to comfort Jeanne in the only way they could. They gave her a party. There was plenty to eat and plenty to drink. There was always plenty where Richard Carle was. Everybody told funny stories or did funny things. And, although Jeanne did not drink, she was the merriest of all—the life of the party.

The baby was not dead. Perhaps he was merely ill, and Jeanne believed that he was dying. Perhaps Jeanne was merely dramatizing herself.

Sam Forrest was another of her confidants. He was directing rehearsals for A Gentleman's Mother, when Jeanne came to him in tears.

"This is a story out of my own life," she said. "I had a boy, too, when I was little more than a child—just like the woman I play. Like her, I let people take him from me. And I don't know whether he's dead or alive. I don't know whether he's a gentleman or a burglar. He may be a tramp—and I would see him somewhere and would not recognize him."

Forrest patted her golden hair and dried her eyes on his handkerchief and made her smile again. He thought she was merely romancing, as, in regard to certain details, she undoubtedly was.

She told Clifton Webb about her romance; but when, teasing, he called her "Mrs. Dubinsky," she flew at him furiously and ordered him never to speak to her again.

Maurice and Jeanne are both dead. The boy is a grown man, and though he has seen Jeanne Eagels many times, he believes her merely an old friend of his mother's. The name Dubinsky means nothing to him. I don't know that he has ever heard it.

IT was impossible, of course, to take an infant along the roads through Iowa and Kansas and Missouri and Oklahoma and Nebraska and Illinois, to carry him on wagon or on train, to leave him in hotels. Jeanne had to give him up—or stay alone with him in Kansas City.

It was hard to part with him, to intrust another woman with his upbringing, to give him another name than his own, to place him in an environment that would always be strange to his parents. But it would be intolerable to live alone, away from Maurice, away from the tent show, away from the cornlands and the wheatlands.

It was better for the boy that he grow up knowing nothing of the gypsy life of his parents, nothing of the theater, nothing of the one-night stands, the sleepless nights, the indifferent food; better that he grow up like other boys, with his own friends, his own home, his own school, his own church. It would be impossible to keep him healthy on the road, to educate him.

And it was better for Jeanne. She realized that she could never be a real mother to her son. She was not meant for motherhood. She was meant for a career. She must give herself only to the drama. Something in her would not let her quit the theater. She was what she was, and she could not help it.

She gave up her child, but she kept in touch with him always. She saw him as often as she could. She saw that he wanted for nothing.

Many times Jeanne Eagels wept because she was not like other women, because she was not a woman with a husband and a child, because she was only an actress who must go on and on until she died, lonely, tired, disillusioned with illusion, spending her emotions on strangers.

"What have I out of life?" she would ask.

She had everything she ever dreamed of having. Not one wish was left unfulfilled.

But there are millions and millions of women who would not have traded places with her.

III

IN 1918 Handsome Ed Dubinsky came to New York on business, bringing with him a banker from Cedar Rapids. Jeanne Eagels was playing Daddies in the Belasco Theater, and they went to see her. She was not a great star then, or had not been recognized as such, but she was "Belasco's newest find," and on her way to stellar honors.

Jeanne was delighted to see Handsome Ed, and gladly accepted his invitation to supper.

She asked about Maurice, and Marcella Hamilton, and Eva Craig, and Barney, and many of the canvasmen and ushers and pop-corn boys. She remembered their names and what they looked like. She mimicked some of them for the banker's amusement, and she talked for hours of her tent-show days.

She pictured the dollar-a-day hotels—"with meals, unless you ate the food set on the traveling salesmen's table, when it was a dollar and a quarter." She talked of the waitresses and their invariable "Beef, chicken, pork, or mutton? Beef's good today. Tea, coffee, or milk?"

She spoke of floods, and of horses dragging the wagon out of mudhole and morass, of winds that threatened to upset the tent, and of times when actors quit spouting lines on the stage to grab a hammer or a mallet or a rock and drive the tent stakes deeper.

She talked of the week when the tent was marooned in a little Oklahoma town because of swollen rivers, and of the six new plays written in that time by Lem Parker, the playwright who traveled with the show.

"We had run out of our repertoire," she explained, "but as long as we couldn't get out we had to give a new play every night. We rehearsed them as soon as Lem finished them, and gave them the next night."

"Give Lem a bottle of whisky and an idea," Dubinsky said, "and he'd have a play finished before the bottle was empty. One of his plays, The Elder Brother, is still being produced in the Middle West, and still getting a big hand."

Jeanne talked of the baseball team made up of actors and canvasmen that played with local nines—as an ad for the show more than for pleasure.

"WE were playing a tough team in Shawnee, Oklahoma," said Ed, "and we were losing, 1 to 0 in the ninth. There was one man on base when I was up to bat, two out, and two strikes on me. I got to thinking that if I happened to make a home run and win the game we'd pack the tent that night. We'd been playing to bad business all week, and needed one good night to set us even.

"The ball came right down the groove, and I knocked it out of the lot. It was a homer, of course. We won the game. And that night we played to the rottenest business of the season. There wasn't eighty dollars in the house."

They talked of the band concerts held after the Saturday matinées, with the actors doing specialty numbers and the musicians watching the clock for dinner time.

"We sold pop, peanuts, chewing gum, candies, and pop corn at first," Jeanne said, "but we found the peanuts made too much noise. We couldn't compete with them. I'd be saying, 'Stand back, you cu-uh, foah mah trigguh finguh's itchin' bad,' and the audience would be listening to some oaf cracking peanut shells."

The old days had rushed back into Jeanne's remembrance. She was living them again, loving them, talking of them with a voice that caressed each memory.

"And the costumes. You wouldn't believe it—how we bought them at the bargain counters in the little frame stores, and made them over. The Dubinskys never hired anybody who didn't have a trunk full of their own costumes that could be used in emergencies; and we didn't put on a costume play if we could get something like Blue Jeans. But when we had to have costumes we bought the material and made them, or bought what gowns we could and made them over.

"You should have seen Marcella Hamilton's costume when she played

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Blended for a taste that wins *friends* Possessing a character that keeps them

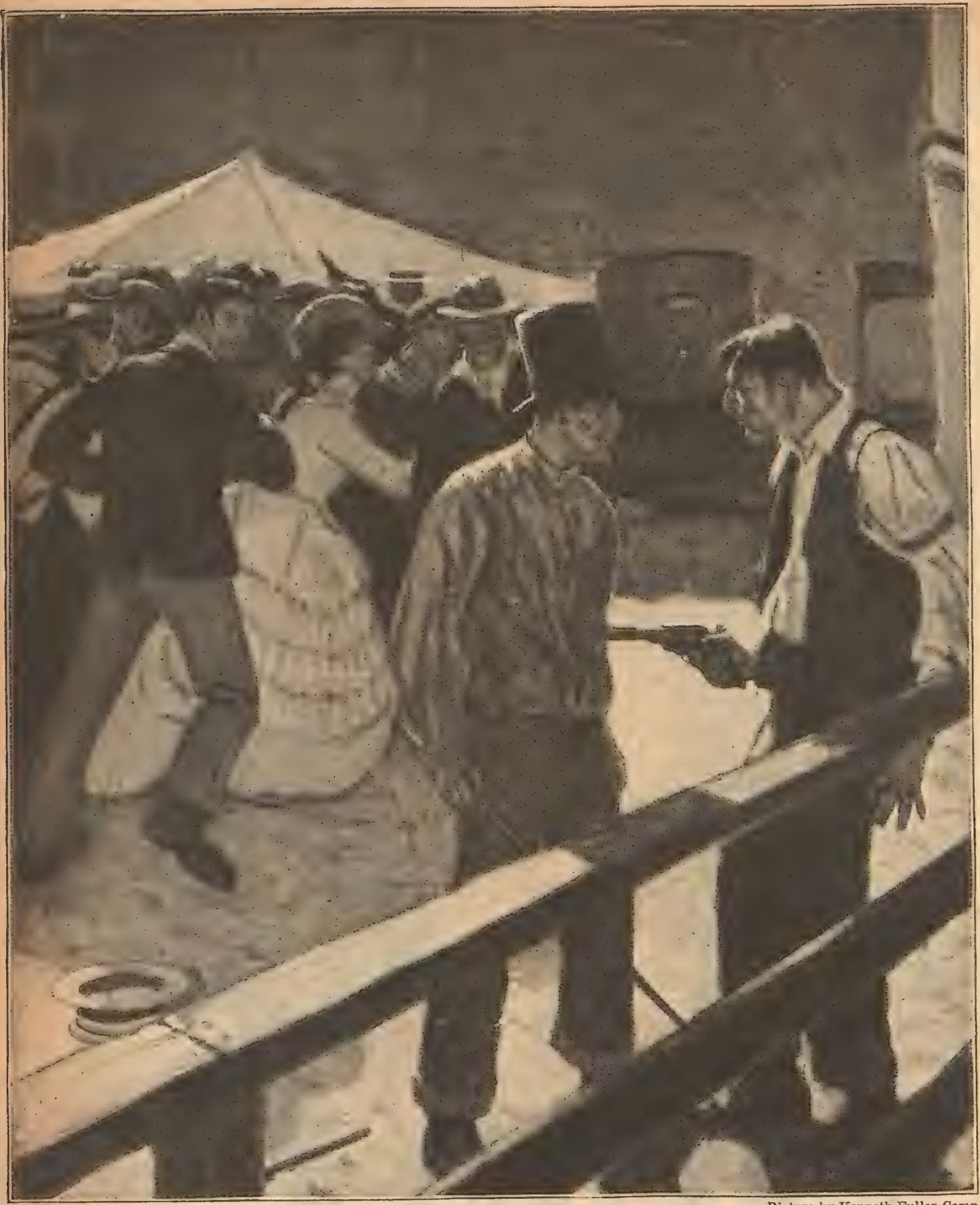
Old Briar

15 cents

TOBACCO

YOU have never smoked anything quite like Old Briar . . . . Smoke a full pouch of it . . . . See what skillful Blending of the Choicest Grades of Burley and other fine, flavory tobaccos has done to give *you* a better tobacco . . . . a different kind of a Pipe Smoke.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.



Picture by Kenneth Fuller Camp

There was one editor, more courageous than prudent, who started to the tent with a gun.

[JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page thirty-seven]

Cross Bar Kate in Buffalo Bill, Jr., the King of the Cowboys; and you should have seen the way she strutted across the stage.

“And, oh, tell him about the young actor who played one of the cowboys, and how he fell off his hired horse in one of our street parades, and almost disgraced us.

“And tell him of the men we saw killed in Oklahoma, right out in the street in front of our hotels. It was nothing to see a man dropped out of his saddle, or to wake up in the night hearing revolver shots. We got used to it.

“And the ground of Oklahoma, Ed—tell him how solid it is, how hard to hammer tent stakes into it. Tell him about the bleacher seats that might have collapsed and killed a lot of people because nobody knew how to fasten them. Tell him about the cyclone—”

“We've had all sorts of near accidents,” Ed interrupted, “but never a real one.”

“And the plays we played—The Littlest Rebel, East Lynne, all the shows of New York, all the hits of London, all the dramas Bernhardt played, all the things Lem Parker wrote, and Shakespeare and Ibsen and Molière and Clyde Fitch, trimmed into eight parts and played sometimes without rehearsals. Tell him about the night you almost froze to death.”

“I used to go ahead of the show,” Ed said, “carrying a suitcase, a typewriter, and a mimeograph machine. This night I fell asleep in the smoker. We never traveled in Pullmans, anyway. I fell asleep and rode past my station. The conductor put me off at the next stop, three miles away. It was a little after midnight, and cold enough to turn a brass monkey into ice. I couldn't get a rig. There wasn't any telephone. There wasn't any hotel. I walked back along the tracks, three miles, with the suitcase and the typewriter and the mimeograph growing heavier with each step, slipping on the ties, falling, getting up again, wishing I had a drink, running now and then to keep warm.

“After hours and hours I got to the station. It was dark, deserted. The town was down the road somewhere, and there were roads leading four different ways. I picked one and walked and ran, and walked, falling asleep, waking up, falling, carrying the damned suitcase and typewriter and mimeograph machine that now weighed tons. My hands were almost frozen to the handles. And if you don't think I cried with happiness to see lights, and find the hotel, you're crazy.”

“I'll bet you slept like a top that night,” said the banker.

“Sleep? I slept on the train. I had to stay up all night making handbills, and I had to get out early in the morning and paste them up all over the town.”

They talked, the three of them, until the dawn came stealing in. When they rose from the table the banker took Jeanne's hand and kissed it.

“What a life you've led!” he said. “How I envy you!”

IV

FOR more than six years Jeanne Eagels played with the Dubinskys, through the corn and wheat lands—Shawnee, Osceola, Marysville, Tick Ridge, Bethany, Algona, Strawberry Point, Salina—all the little towns one sees only on county maps, and all the college towns, and all the big towns in five states and part of a sixth.

In the spring, the summer, and the early fall, she played in the tent. In the late fall and the winter she played the town halls and the "op'ry" houses and the little theaters. They paid her eighteen dollars a week when she came to the troupe. When she left she was getting twenty-five.

And all during these years, traveling by wagon or by train, walking through cornfields or scarlet-and-gold woods, playing in the tent or the town hall, she dreamed of Broadway, and her name in electric lights, and smartly dressed people stampeding the box office to get tickets, and newspaper men besieging her for interviews and photographs.

She slept in fusty, airless hotels, and dreamed of a home where brilliant men and women would be glad to visit her and pay her homage.

She looked at a field of corn, or buckwheat, or oats, or rye, and saw a metropolitan audience swept into a frenzy by her acting. She listened to the thunder of a waterfall, and heard the clapping of hands. She quarreled with Maurice and with Handsome Ed when they talked of her talent and her beauty.

"MUST I play all my life in the tank towns?" she cried. "Must I grow old in warmed-over plays? Oh, yes, it's great to call me the Bernhardt of the sticks—but I am the greatest actress in the world, and I don't belong in the sticks."

The time was coming when she would be called "the Réjane of America" and "the Yankee Bernhardt." But nobody watching Jeanne pack her battered trunk would believe it.

The vision of Broadway was too tempting to resist, the life of the tent-show actress too prosaic longer to endure. Her trunk was tossed into a wagon. She brushed off her blue serge suit—the uniform of the one-night stand and the tent-show actress—jammed her hat over her unruly brown hair, wept a little, laughed a little, gave Maurice and Ed and Barney each a little kiss, hugged and kissed Marcella Hamilton and Eva Craig, and hurried to the depot and the train for Kansas City. She must go home to see her family before she tried New York.

In next week's installment Mr. Doherty will tell how Jeanne landed with Richard Carle and became a teaser of "stage-door Johns"; how she hunted a millionaire husband; how she crashed the Ziegfeld ranks, got a free trip to Europe, and met Julian Eltinge, who picked her for a real part in Al Woods' show, The Crinoline Girl.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—How many red stripes in the American flag?
2—Where is Cape Race?
3—Who commanded the American armies in the war with Spain?
4—What is the plural of genus?
5—What is a scalpel?
6—What is the largest city in Africa?
7—What is Piccadilly Circus?
8—Where is Miami University?
9—Who are the Bedouins?
10—With what branch of art is the name Hans Holbein associated?
11—What land is sometimes called the Island Continent?
12—Who is the leader of the present revolt against British authority in India?
13—What is the national legislative body of Norway?
14—What is fealty?
15—In what states are the Ozark Mountains?
16—What is chauvinism?
17—Which extends farther south, Missouri or Virginia?
18—Who is called a lame duck, in American politics?
19—What does postprandial mean?
20—What is a suture in surgical terminology?

(Answers will be found on page seventy-four)

A nurse ought to know—

[and Mrs. Russo knows from her own experience, too!]

Mrs. Helen Russo, practical nurse, 58 First Ave., New York City

STANDING side by side with the physician in his constant warfare against disease, a nurse knows the importance of the right laxative at the right time. Mrs. Helen Russo, practical nurse of 58 First Ave., New York City, particularly appreciates this importance because of her own personal experience.

"As a result of an operation I was troubled with constipation terribly," says Mrs. Russo. "I tried many laxatives until I found Ex-Lax. It doesn't gripe or pain when I use it—and I'm very fond of its chocolaty taste."

The laxative ingredient of Ex-Lax has the endorsement of highest medical authority. Ex-Lax is safe, gentle, effective. Ex-Lax doesn't create a habit, doesn't embarrass and is not absorbed by the system. 10c, 25c and 50c sizes—at all druggists. Or send for a free sample to The Ex-Lax Company, Dept. L. 620, P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

The safe, gentle laxative that tastes like chocolate

Soft Shoulders

A Story of Love's Young Wisdom

By LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

Pictures by ROBERT W. CROWTHER

"ANYWAY," Mark Partridge was saying, "a fellow named Red McChesney—and a pretty tough brisket of beef he was— There's the telephone, Skipper."

"Let it ring." Skipper Partridge was supremely comfortable, hunched up in the basket chair with his feet on the veranda railing.

"Skipper, the telephone," his mother called from the library behind him.

"Man or woman?" Skipper inquired before moving.

"Oh, female! She asked for Mister Partridge, so I knew it must be for you. None of your father's young women would be so formal." Her voice had bubbles of fun in it.

"Thanks." Skipper unfolded his lean length with catlike deliberation; his golf brogues clattered away on the tiles.

Mrs. Partridge eased into the deep-cushioned comfort of the chair her son had quitted.

"Have you and the Skipper been getting acquainted, Mark?" She was tapping a cigarette on the chair arm. Mark Partridge flicked his lighter and held the flame for her as he answered:

"Making a gallant effort, but I think I bored him."

He grinned broadly. "Do you know, Henrietta, the boy makes me feel juvenile—even frivolous."

"And me," she admitted. "But a woman is always grateful for that boon, even from her own son. He told me yesterday I was still quite a spankable woman."

"What in hell did he mean by that?"

"It's his new word. Last summer it was 'slick.'"

"Who's the 'spankable woman' calling him up at ten o'clock at night?"

"Her name is Hazel Dameron; one just calls her 'Dammie.' She is a damsel of about nineteen summers and practically no winters at all. They're having a heavy affair. We've had the pleasure of his company this evening because he's been waiting for her to call him, I think."

"Who is she?"

"She's a honey! Again I quote your son. Over at the Blair Binneys'. Lois brought her home for Easter. She's from the Eastern shore of Maryland. An ash-blonde little thing with wide grown eyes and a husky drawl. Unselfish as a horseleech. Rather ultra evening dresses and lets the strap slip off the shoulder as she dances. But I'm being a cat. She's much the loveliest thing in Connecticut right now. Blair's been using her as a model, illustrating a serial. The Skipper met her Monday, and she collected him."

"Well, he goes back to school Sunday night. Two days more and I'll offer myself for consolation."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Partridge, but she and Lois are going back Sunday, too, to that hyphenated female college. If Dammie's a fair sample, the curriculum may not be so modern there, but it certainly is practical."

The clack of the Skipper's hobnails was resounding on the hard wood in the library. His six-foot bulk loomed in the door.

"Hennie," he asked, "do you mind if I take your car?"

"Won't you take mine?" his father suggested.

"The coupé will be quite big enough, thank you, Mr. Partridge," the lender answered for the borrower.

"Thanks," said the Skipper without appearing to notice the banter. He started back through the library. They pushed the chairs back and went in.

Presently the coupé whirred past the library windows, going out.

"Do you know, Hennie, I don't think we ought to kid the Skipper the way we do." Mr. Partridge was absently earnest as he turned the newspaper page. "He'll be twenty-one next month."

"He asked me again today if we'd mind calling him Asa, and I suppose 'Skipper' *is* painful to one so mature."

"I wish I knew how mature he is, inside," his father puzzled. "You might as well attempt to tell the age of a clam by engaging it in conversation."

"I think he's going to be a smart lawyer, Mark."

"He's a lot like his mother."

She blew him a kiss off the tips of her fingers, and retire into her book.

. . . . .

MR. ASA PARTRIDGE stopped the tan coupé opposite th field-stone pillars at the entrance to the Blair Binneys driveway.

Parked cars, dance music, and uproar within denoted a party He held down the horn button.

A girl came trotting down the driveway and climbed i alongside him without a word. By the time the car ha crossed the wide bridge beyond the curve the speedomete was indicating 50—55—

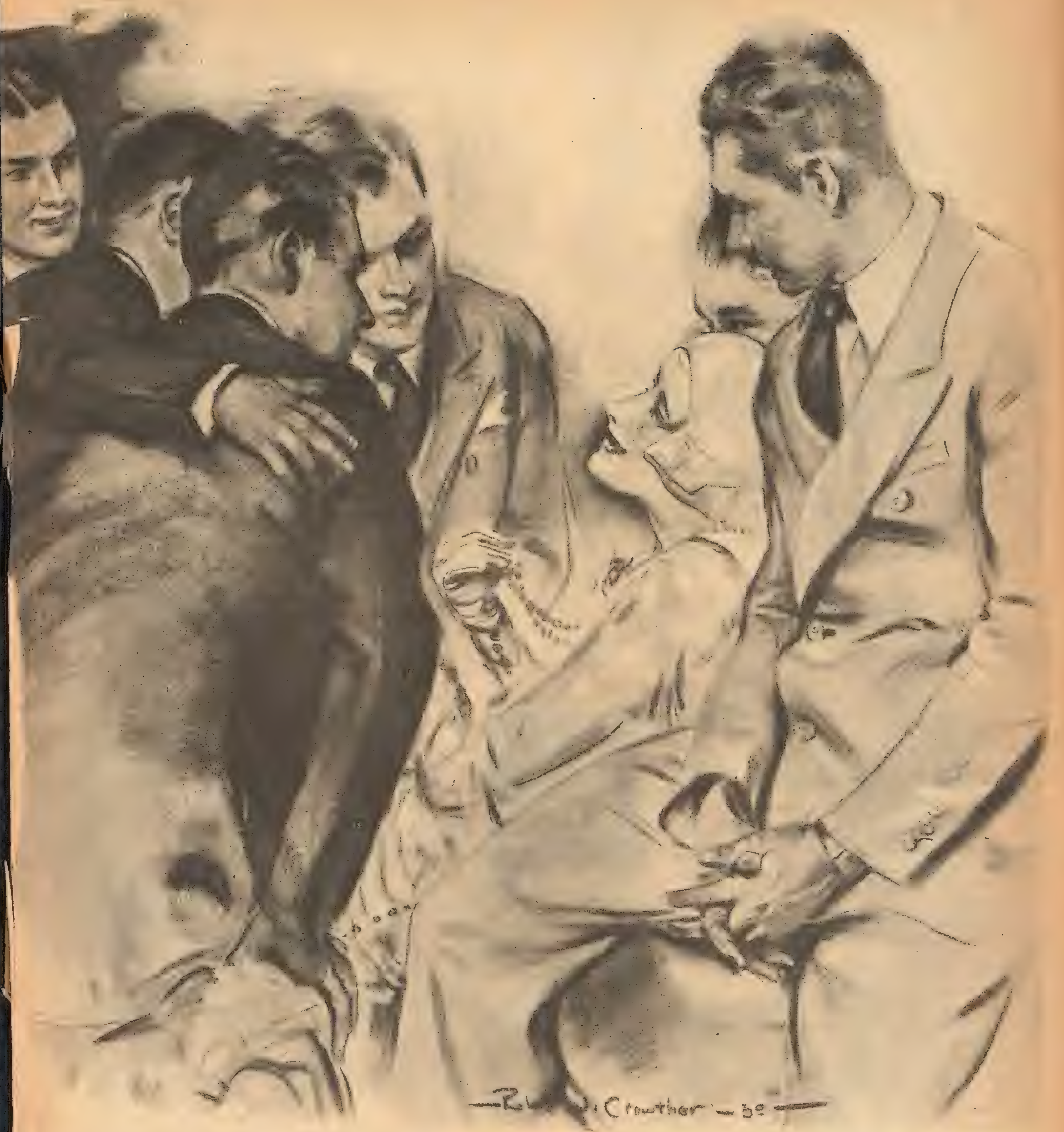
Centrifugal force on the curve moved Miss Dammie Dam eron into intimate contact with her rescuing knight and sh stayed there.

Asa curved the car off the concrete into a graveled lane nursed it down a winding and bumpy grade, and brought i up in a grassy glade concealed from the road by a clump o cedars. A little river, brown with spring rain, went lashin through black boulders in the glare of the headlights. He kille the engine and turned off the lights.

Miss Dameron sighed. "Isn't it lovely. I'm sort of gla there isn't any moon."

She drew the silver-fox collar of the brocaded green evenin cape around her throat.

"That's a beautiful cape," remarked Mr. Partridge, mea



There were about twenty men in and out, of all ages and dispositions, and Dammie collected them almost to the last man."

hile grinding up the window on his side of the car until it as closed. He did this with his left hand while his right was oving up over Miss Dameron's ash-blonde hair, drawn back silken smoothness over her small ears and knotted low on er entirely perfect neck. The arm now rested along the back the seat, casually.

"Yes, isn't it," assented the small person dreamily. "It's atherine's. I snatched it out of the hall. Nobody knows I'm t. Good gracious, that's a warm party! Everybody's ginned the eyes but Blair and Katherine, and they're not exactly er. And, of course, Lois—"

Mr. Partridge nodded. Lois just didn't like gin. Neither did he, really.

"I hope you understand why Lois didn't ask you. She thought it would bore you, all those old fogies. It's bored me terribly. I certainly did wish for you, Mr. Partridge. There aren't any really nice men—just writers and illustrators and editors and stockbrokers, and they drink too fast and dance too tight." She wiggled in disgust.

"I know. High-school stuff. Trying to preserve the native arts in alcohol."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SOFT SHOULDERS
Continued from page forty-one

The lady deigned to smile.

"Lois spoke as though your folks had lived here a long time." She turned her wide brown eyes up as she inquired.

"We've been here only three years, but our house has belonged to dad's mother's people for generations. The Partridges were all sea captains—whalers and clipper-ship men. Dad broke the line, being an engineer, but his work has taken him around the world so much he might as well have been a sailor, too. They were a hard lot of Yankees. I'm supposed to take after them—don't say I haven't warned you."

"That's where you get your lovely dignity," Dammie decided. Her voice was like a bumblebee buzzing around a hollyhock. Asa covered his embarrassment by pulling around the small, sleek head with his irresistible right hand until he could reach her lips. He liked what he found a great deal.

She pulled away presently to study him.

"Got lipstick on its great-grandfather's chin," she chided. She dabbed at the Partridge mouth with a wisp of a handkerchief that smelled of the seventh garden of Paradise. The result of this housewifely gesture was that it got more lipstick on its great-grandfather's chin immediately.

The brocaded cloak with the costly fur had fallen away like a cast-off cocoon. The pink-and-white cameo beauty emerging from it was perilously disturbing, even to a Partridge. Dammie finally withdrew to the corner, and curled her feet up on the seat.

"Now let's behave," she suggested, making it a command. "I want to talk to you seriously about something, Mr. Partridge, and I can't stay out too long."

"All right," said Mr. Partridge urbanely.

"Do you know, you seem so grown-up sometimes it's hard to believe you're just—you're still in college."

"Two more years academ. Then law."

"Oh, why didn't you tell me? My father's a lawyer. We live in a small place—just a county seat—and there's nobody young that you haven't known since you were knee-high to a duck, and the boys go away and never come back. If I have to stay there much longer I'll just die. Of course, I've been at school for two years, but they're very strict about dates and chaperons. I came up here meaning to go back and finish this term, but I just don't think I will."

"Why?"

"Well, that's what I want to talk to you about." The drawl had an edge of excitement. "I've had an offer of a position in New York."

"What sort of position?" His tone was faintly hostile.

"A position on the stage!"

"No?" Now he was politely incredulous.

"WELL, I've been posing for Mr. Binney, you know. It's very tiring, but he does make such pretty things out of little dumpy me. He's *so* talented. Well, a man came out yesterday and wanted him to make some costume sketches for a play he's putting on in New York. His name's Thackeray. He asked me if I had ever thought of going on the stage, and of course I *had*—I reckon all girls do, daydreaming. So he offered me a part in his play. Only just a small part, of course, but I'll declare, Mr. Partridge, I'm almost tempted to accept it. I just wanted to know what you thought about it."

"Who is this Thackeray?"

"Mr. Binney said that he had been a very high-paid press agent for some of the best producers, and now he's got somebody to back him with a lot of money—they call him an angel; don't you think that's adorable?—and Blair says that while you never can tell how a show is coming out, he thinks Mr. Thackeray will probably clean up right from the start."

"And how do you feel about it?" He was trying to be impersonal.

"Well, Mr. Partridge, I really don't know." This was almost a wail. "You hear such terrible stories about girls on the stage and the way the men— Well, you know what they say about Broadway. But this Mr. Thackeray is such a clean-looking young man, and a gentleman, or at least he seems—"

"What will your family think of it?"

"Oh, they'll just . . . blow . . . straight . . . up!" The drawl was packed with impending disaster. "I don't think papa would let me come back home if I wanted to."

Asa crossed his arms on the wheel and gazed darkly ahead at the rushing river. When he turned to look at Dammie Dameron she had thrown back her head and closed her eyes; her forehead was marred by a spider web of perplexity. Reason deserted him; he only knew he wanted to kiss her throat under her brave little chin.

If he were only five years older and out of law school! He'd have money enough from Grandfather Partridge's trust fund to carry him over the lean years, and even to support a wife. . . . There was such a thing as love at first sight. And the Partridge men had all married young.

There wasn't anything to prevent his asking Dammie to marry him. She could go back and finish her year at school and so could he. They could get married and he could even take her to Europe on a honeymoon if they went in a cabin ship.

HE started to gather her up and tell her she couldn't go away . . . she shouldn't go away . . . to be pawed and soiled and slandered and hardened. . . . But he drew back.

What was he, after all, to her? Just a college boy! Just a sophomore!

But he was not just a sophomore! In another six weeks he'd be legally a man. He sat up, rigid with resolution. She opened startled eyes.

"Well, really!" She was embarrassed. "I must have fallen off to sleep. I was awake so long last night, and gin drinks always make me sleepy. I'm so sorry."

"It's all right." Asa was gruff but courteous "I didn't notice. I was thinking."

"Are you ready to tell Dammie what to do?"

"How long have you got to make up your mind?"

"Mr. Thackeray is going to call me up from New York at noon tomorrow—tomorrow's Saturday, isn't it? If I don't take the part he has to find someone for it right away. They're rehearsing now. What time is it, honey?"

Asa snapped on the dash light. The clock showed ten minutes past eleven.

"Good gracious, child! Dammie's got to go home. We've been gone an hour."

Asa backed the car around and took it up the hill in leaps and lurches. Dammie had retreated into her green cocoon; but she gave no sign of disapproval as he drove to the Binneys' at an illegal and indefensible speed. When he slowed up, with a scream of brakes, to turn into the driveway, she laid a restraining hand on his arm. He stopped the car.

"I'll try to get in without anyone's seeing me. It's been awfully nice to run off with you, Mr. Partridge."

"But not very helpful," he admitted gloomily. "See here, in a couple of hours I may have something definite to suggest, if I can think it over. Can I telephone you?"

"No, that wouldn't do. But I'll call you if you'll wait up. There's a phone in the little room under the stairs. I can call from there." She got out.

"Right," said Asa. "I'll be home at one o'clock, sitting by the phone."

He slid out of the car after her and whirled her around. She fought him off in a flare-up of instinct, and then let herself be crushed. Some of the fierceness went out of his grasp, but it went into his kisses. He kissed her cool throat, her warm, soft shoulders from which the cape had fallen away, gathering her up in his arms so he could reach the little havens of desire. When he let her go, the strength had gone out of him. He went back to the car unsteadily, climbed in and sat there, leaning on the wheel, face buried in his arms, until his heart stopped pounding.

He drove away slowly, turning from one dim road into another, avoiding the broad and busy highways. When he had driven for an hour, at random, he wasn't exactly sure where he was, except that he was north and east of home, up over the Ridge. He had practically memorized what he was going to say to Dammie.

He was sure, after those last kisses, that she wouldn't say no. He would ask her to wait for him until June or July, and go to Europe on the honeymoon. They would come back in September and he would go into old Bill Wrenn's advertising agency. Bill Senior had said, two summers ago, after that swell canoe trip through the north woods, that any time he decided not to waste his talents on the law he had only to whistle and the Wrenn Agency would make a place for him. And then he'd make a place for himself.

The unfamiliar road ended in a T junction; he turned west on the crossroad. Now he knew where he was, only half a mile back of home on the mill road. He put on speed.

Around a curve a black and yellow sign at the roadside flashed balefully at the headlights. He bore down on the clutch and the brake pedal until the car shuddered to a stop. He backed it until he could read the sign again.

When he drove on it was more slowly. Any one of the seafaring Partridges haunting that road at the time would have smiled into his beard.

When he had put up the car, Asa entered the house by the side door and crossed through to the library. He found his mother in the wing chair, reading.

She looked up, closing the book. "Hungry? There's a lot of loot in the ice box. Or shall I scramble some eggs in cream? I haven't cooked a thing for you this whole week."

"Thanks, Hennie. I'm not hungry."

"I don't believe it. There must be something wrong." She turned to look up at him quizzically, then seriously, studying his face. "Want to talk? I'm not sleepy."

"I think I do." He stretched himself out on the divan.

"HENNIE, you've talked to Hazel Dameron, who's visiting Lois Binney."

"Yes, I have."

"What do you think of her?"

"Why, I think she's a very attractive girl. Really exquisite physically. Mentally she seemed—well—Just what do you want to know, Skipper? Even an oracle must have clews."

"What do you think of her character?"

"Well—I'm judging on an observation of about three hours, and I'm not infallible. But I did study her closely, because of what Katherine Binney said about her."

"What did she say?"

"Remember, Skipper, this is all under the rose. She said I ought to watch the young woman work: that she had the smoothest way of handling men that had ever been seen in Fairfield County."

She saw the boy's jaw tighten.

"Don't resent that. You know Katherine is not a cat, and you know she is canny. That was on Easter Sunday, when she had her omnibus tea you stayed away from. There were about twenty men in and out, of all ages and dispositions, and Dammie collected them almost to the last man. She wasn't in the least crude about it, or she couldn't have succeeded so well. She is one of the most complete and subtle coquettes of her age I ever had the privilege of watching. I think you're another of her conquests, aren't you?" She twinkled at him, but without malice. "I'm not meaning to pry or make fun of you. I'm sure she's an enchanting armful. But don't take her seriously, Skipper."

He chose to ignore the question. "Is it anything against a girl that she's charming to all kinds of men?" he demanded. "If a girl like that fell in love—really in love, I mean—and married the man, wouldn't he be all she'd want?"

"It could happen. But the odds are pretty long against it. The collecting habit is hard to eradicate, whether you collect antiques, money, or men."

"Then it all comes down to this: You don't think a spoiled beauty, who is—well, a little greedy about atten-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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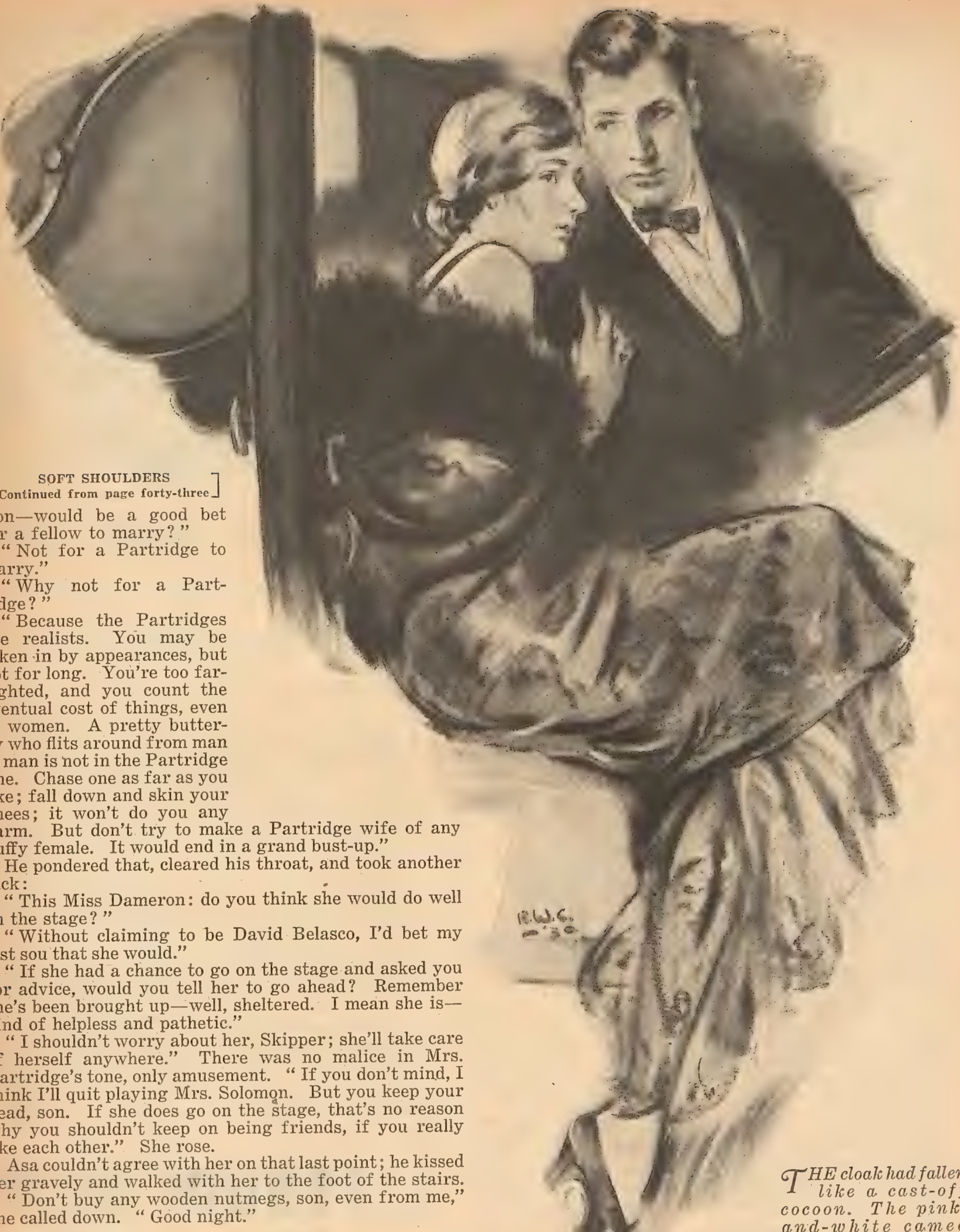

THE cloak had fallen like a cast-off cocoon. The pink-and-white cameo beauty emerging from it was perilously disturbing.

SOFT SHOULDERS
Continued from page forty-three

tion—would be a good bet for a fellow to marry?"

"Not for a Partridge to marry."

"Why not for a Partridge?"

"Because the Partridges are realists. You may be taken in by appearances, but not for long. You're too far-sighted, and you count the eventual cost of things, even of women. A pretty butterfly who flits around from man to man is not in the Partridge line. Chase one as far as you like; fall down and skin your knees; it won't do you any harm. But don't try to make a Partridge wife of any fluffy female. It would end in a grand bust-up."

He pondered that, cleared his throat, and took another tack:

"This Miss Dameron: do you think she would do well on the stage?"

"Without claiming to be David Belasco, I'd bet my last sou that she would."

"If she had a chance to go on the stage and asked you for advice, would you tell her to go ahead? Remember she's been brought up—well, sheltered. I mean she is—kind of helpless and pathetic."

"I shouldn't worry about her, Skipper; she'll take care of herself anywhere." There was no malice in Mrs. Partridge's tone, only amusement. "If you don't mind, I think I'll quit playing Mrs. Solomon. But you keep your head, son. If she does go on the stage, that's no reason why you shouldn't keep on being friends, if you really like each other." She rose.

Asa couldn't agree with her on that last point; he kissed her gravely and walked with her to the foot of the stairs.

"Don't buy any wooden nutmegs, son, even from me," she called down. "Good night."

HE wandered back and settled himself in the wing chair. It was two minutes after one. For fifteen minutes, hunched up in the chair, he sat and thought; then he reached for the gaudy book his mother had been reading. At five minutes of two he came to the realization that Dammie hadn't telephoned him. His slow anger began to rise.

He got up stiffly, went over to the telephone stand, and called the Binneys' number. Some jovial and hilarious fellow who answered couldn't understand him, and finally said he'd fetch Blair. Blair was rather gruff.

"May I speak to Miss Dameron? This is Asa Partridge. I'm sorry to bother you, but it's important."

"Oh, not at all, Skipper. But I haven't seen her for a couple of hours. I'll beat the bushes. Hold it."

Asa held it for tedious minutes. Then a girl's voice greeted him. It was Lois Binney's.

"Skipper, I'm sorry," she informed him. "But Dammie's gone out somewhere with a Mr. Thackeray, I believe, in his car. Shall I tell her you called?"

"You must be mistaken," Asa objected before he thought. "I mean she was out for about an hour, but she got back a little after eleven, didn't she?"

"I don't know anything about that." Lois was congealing. "I didn't notice. But I do know she went off with this Thackeray man about half an hour ago. I saw her take mother's cloak from the hall, so I suppose they went driving. He wants to give her a part in his play—he's on Broadway—"

"Yes, I know," Asa cut in. "She told me about that. But I didn't know he was there tonight."

"I didn't know he was, either. He simply rolled in about midnight. He said he was at his week-end place over at Silver Mine, and was just out driving. I think Dammie'd called him up and suggested that he come by. But that's all right. He's a friend of father's."

Asa tried to put gratitude and nonchalance into his voice when he thanked her. The result, he knew as he hung up, was pretty sorry.

His throat was dry; he wandered through the breakfast room into the kitchen and drank deep. There was nothing but water to drink; the buffet was locked, as usual, against the cook, who had a weakness.

He sat down heavily in a kitchen chair and studied the pattern of the embossed linoleum. His mind had broken into two pieces which seemed to be floating around inside his skull, never touching. He had liked girls before. But nothing like this that had flared up between him and Dammie. Only about two hours alone together in five days—and then tonight!

He couldn't sit here; he'd go out and walk.

He tiptoed to the front hall, got a sweater and a pair of basket-ball shoes from the closet under the stairs, and put them on. He padded around, locking up the house, went out the side door, locked it, and pocketed the key.

A FEW minutes pounding the concrete at a punishing pace brought him to the corner of his father's acreage, where the lane turned off downhill to the Saugatuck. For no particular reason, except that he wanted to get off the highway where he might meet Dammie, he turned into the lane. It was uncertain going, down the winding hill in the dark, even though the stars were shining in an almost cloudless sky.

When he turned the last corner of the twisting road before it came to the river he saw a ruby light through the cedars. It was in the little glade where he had parked to talk to Dammie. He moved off the gravel and walked along the grass at the far side of the road; he didn't want to disturb whoever was necking in there.

A girl laughed. It was Dammie Dameron; it couldn't be anyone else. He felt queer inside, took two steps and halted, listening. He couldn't hear plainly, so he crossed the road and stalked closer to the car, keeping always behind the ruby light. To a fleetingly awakened conscience he excused this on the grounds that he wanted to protect Dammie.

He couldn't understand anything that Dammie said, but he could hear almost every word the man spoke.

"Well, it's just this way, baby. Either you do or you don't. Either you marry this local cranberry . . ."

Dammie said something.

"Well, granted he's good-looking and his old man is lousy with dough and that he's got money of his own and thinks you're Cleopatra doubling for the Nun in The Miracle, what do you do? You marry him. You're eighteen and he's . . ." Dammie supplied the age. "He's nearly twenty-one. You marry him. Next year there's a blessed event. Couple of years after there's another . . ."

Dammie interrupted again, but he brushed it aside.

"Yes, I know, but he'll want 'em and you'll have 'em. You're not that kind of a cheater and you know it. By the time you're thirty you're an old woman, and he's

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"For thou hast magic beyond wine
to unlock natures each to each."
—J. R. Lowell

Yes, all men are brothers — *at the first wholesome puff!*

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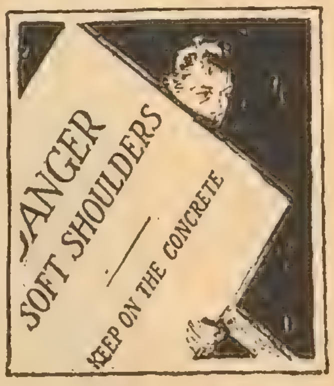
A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE

SOFT SHOULDERS
Continued from page forty-five

chasing butterflies all around the Connecticut scenery and coming in nights all plastered up with gin and lipstick. I know my suburban swains."

The gentleman under discussion, plunging forward into battle, pulled himself up, and froze in his tracks with cold fury.

They hadn't heard him; Dammie was talking. The man broke in.



"All right. Take it if you want it. But I'm telling you, you don't want it. You're not the type. Fix yourself up all hotsy-totsy for life and you'd kick it all over in six months, just for a little excitement. Listen, sweetheart, I've been dealing with dizzy dames for eight years now, back stage, where they hang up their false fronts with their street clothes and strip down to the essential female. I know women: a dame is a dame, whatever her name. You're just a type to me, kid. I will say I never saw a sweeter . . ." There was a tense pause. "All right, then, don't. Just because I've been talking to you like a Dutch uncle. What I'm telling you is for your own good, and some day you'll admit it—but not to me. I'm not trying to lure you into a life of sin or get your picture in the tabloids as Blonde Slain in Love Nest. I told you you're a natural for show business, and I repeat it. And this is the last time I repeat it.

"Maybe you're not an actress, but I'm ready to bet sixty dollars a week—and it'll be seventy-five while the show's on the road—that you are. If I'm wrong, you can always come back and hook yourself a commuter. . . . Now, Miss Dameron, do you or do you not want to make the effort to learn a simple part, just a few sides, mind you, and see what sort of an actress you might be? I've got to know by noon tomorrow, anyway; I may as well know now. Make up your mind."

Dammie said something, waveringly.

"Oh, to hell with the John! Tell him you're too young to marry. Tell him to go back to college and you'll let him know in June. By June you'll be in Hollywood or I miss my guess."

Dammie answered indistinctly, and then she laughed. Whatever she had said appeared to amuse her and the big ape from Broadway a great deal.

"You're a great kid," was the last thing Asa heard him say, when the laughter died down.

The boy walked home swiftly, cut across the lawn to the garage, unlocked it, started the car with a minimum of racket, and drove out, first tossing into the back seat a heavy claw hammer.

ABOUT twenty minutes later he ran the car into the garage, locked up, entered the house, and tiptoed up to his room. He had disturbed none of the family, evidently. His clothing was clammy with cold perspiration. He took a warm shower, donned pyjamas, put out the lights, and heaved his long frame wearily into the bed on the sleeping porch. He was through with thinking; he had taken a definite step. He went to sleep almost at once.

Asa arose at eleven, breakfasted alone and heartily, and drove to the South Norwalk station to meet the 1:16 express from New York, by arrangement with his father with whom he was to play golf. Sitting in the car, parked on the south side of the tracks, he was able to see, without being observed, a sedan drive up on the north side and discharge a young woman in blue-gray tweeds with a couple of bags, accompanied by Katherine Binney and Lois. The 1:15 to New York carried off the tweeded young woman. It was Dammie Dameron.

If that was a shock to Mr. Asa Partridge, it did not affect his golf game. Mark Partridge, Esquire, was forced to extend himself to turn in low card in the foursome. Father and son beat George Leggett and old man Rutledge three up and two to play, and Mr. Partridge called the Skipper "Asa" all that evening.

While they were at breakfast Sunday morning a boy on a bicycle brought a telegram from Norwalk for Asa Partridge.

It was a night letter from New York:

SORRY HAD TO LEAVE WITHOUT SEEING YOU BUT DECIDED THAT I SHOULD COME IN AND LOOK THINGS OVER IT IS PERFECTLY FASCINATING AND I HAVE DECIDED TO TRY IT THIS WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US WILL IT DARLING I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING YOU IN JUNE IF NOT SOONER YOURS ALWAYS

DAMMIE

"Answer?" the boy asked.

"No answer," said Asa suavely, giving him a half dollar.

Asa was to take the 3:10, so Sunday dinner was served early. Before dinner he had called upon the maid and commandeered all the heavy wrapping paper and stout twine in the house. He spent some time in the garage, hammering for a few minutes of it, came in, went upstairs, changed into his traveling clothes, finished packing, descended to the back terrace, read the sporting sections of two Sunday newspapers, looked at the headlines of the news sections, exchanged pleasantries with his father. Dinner was announced. The family lingered at table until it was time to drive to the station.

Mr. Partridge drove, with Asa and his mother wedged in alongside him, for the rear seat of the big car was taken up with Asa's bags and a thick, flat parcel, perhaps four by three feet, wrapped in brown paper and securely tied.

"What on earth is that?" Mrs. Partridge demanded, when she got into the car.

"It's a board I want to use for the top of a sort of worktable in my room," Asa replied. He appeared to be both amused and embarrassed.

"Couldn't you have bought a board up there?" his father suggested.

"Not one like that," Asa declared with finality. "It's a honey."

. . . . .

MONDAY morning at half-past nine the road supervisor stopped his runabout in front of the Partridge house and came up the flagstone walk to the side door. Mrs. Partridge, reading the paper in the breakfast room, heard him ask the maid if he could telephone to Norwalk on road business and reverse the charges. She went through the dining room to greet him.

"Good morning, Mis' Pa'tridge," said the supervisor. "I'd like to telephone the sign painter down to Norwalk."

"Good morning, Mr. White. Just help yourself; the telephone is in the library."

The maid showed him the way to the telephone and Mrs. Partridge returned to her paper. The old man's voice, however, penetrated to the breakfast room through the open window on the library side. Someone had stolen a sign from the mill road half a mile back of the Partridge place. The painter was to deliver another there before night. Mr. White called it "one of them four-by-three soft shoulder signs, black letters on yellow, post and all."

He came by the breakfast room to thank Mrs. Partridge.

"I couldn't help overhearing," she confessed. "I'm curious to know what sort of sign it was."

Mr. White drew an envelope from one hip pocket and a pencil from his vest, laid the envelope on the table, and lettered roughly and rapidly, while she watched:

DANGER
SOFT SHOULDERS
KEEP ON THE CONCRETE

"Some of them college boys took it, I reckon," he said, straightening up. "They ain't two pounds of sense into the hull lot of 'em. Fellow could get off the road onto one of them shoulders and smash himself up proper. And sue the town for damages. Good day, Mis' Pa'tridge." He left the envelope on the table.

As he walked spryly out to his car he wondered what could have struck Mis' Pa'tridge to make her bust out laughing. Maybe a joke in the newspaper. A fine, hearty woman, Mis' Pa'tridge.

THE END

Well, Folks! How About a Little Vacation Money?

Liberty will pay

$500 a week

for the good old game

Limericks

MAYBE you could use a few shekels to help pay for those summer trips you have been thinking about. Here's a chance to get some coin, and at the same time play a game that's lots of fun. Old-timers among Liberty readers have played it before. They liked it so well then that we have decided to have it all over again.

It couldn't be simpler. Each week we shall print a Limerick, with the last line missing. You supply the last line—and that's all there is to it!

You know the famous Limericks, of course—like the one about the pelican, whose bill can hold more than his belly can. Well, these will be in the same form, and your last line must rhyme with the first two. It's an easy, fascinating game, and everyone can play it.

For the best last lines sent in by readers, we are going to pay

$500 a Week in Five Big Cash Prizes

And the prizes will be divided as follows:

First Prize, $250
Second Prize, $100—Third Prize, $75
Fourth Prize, $50—Fifth Prize, $25

Now read the rules on this page, study the Limerick that needs a last line, get out the old pencil, and GO TO IT!

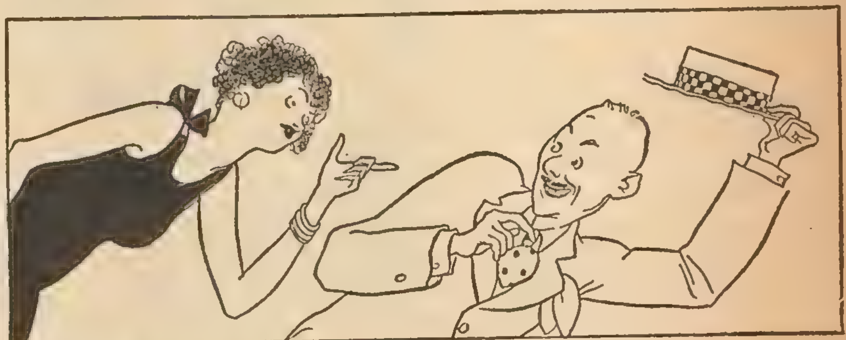
The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families.

Here Is This Week's Limerick:



Bill Smith was just rarin' to go,
But he found that he needed some dough.
So his girl said, "Why, man,
Be a Limerick fan!"

All last lines for this Limerick must reach us before midnight, June 14. The results from this Limerick will be printed four weeks from today.

ANOTHER UNFINISHED LIMERICK AND $500 MORE IN PRIZES NEXT WEEK

Run of the Mill

A Group of Pictures Not So Very Good and Not So Very Bad

Two Pages of
Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

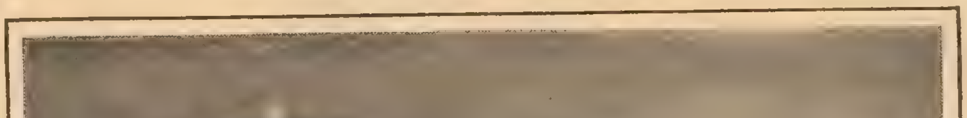
Two featured players in Song of the Flame: Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ SONG OF THE FLAME

When I saw Song of the Flame on Broadway nearly four years ago I wasn't greatly impressed by it. I thought the music stirring, but the book was poor material for a musical comedy. I still think it is poor material, after seeing it as a Vitaphone production. It is done entirely in Technicolor, and Director Alan Crosland, with the expert work of Lee Garmes, the photographer, has obtained some beautiful pictorial effects. But what can even as good a director as Alan Crosland do with a deficient story?

Noah Beery's singing of the drinking song was one of the high spots of the picture, although Mr. Beery is supposed to have reached depths in the tonal register never before plumbed. Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire sing the Cossack Love Song beautifully together, but I thought Miss Claire's singing of the Flame Song uninspiring.



More Chinese villainy: Warner Oland, Jean Arthur, and Neil Hamilton in The Return of Doctor Fu Manchu.

★ ★ THE RETURN OF DOCTOR FU MANCHU

This picture opens with the funeral of Dr. Fu Manchu and ends with his death. It's enough to make your blood run cold and your flesh creep, to watch the sinister figure of the infamous Chinese escape from a sealed coffin, which he does in The Return of Doctor Fu Manchu. But you heave a sigh of relief when, just before the fade-out, you see him dashed to his death in the Thames. But maybe Rowland V. Lee, who directed this and The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu, is fooling us again and he isn't really dead, but at this very moment swimming the Thames!

Warner Oland again plays Dr. Fu. O. P. Heggie is the Nayland Smith of Scotland Yard, and Jean Arthur and Neil Hamilton are seen again as the lovers.

★ ★ CLANCY IN WALL STREET

Somehow or other I expected Clancy in Wall Street to be a side-splitting farce. There are one or two laughs-

A group from Clancy in Wall Street. Back row, left to right: Miriam Seegar, Reed Howes, Aggie Herring. In the foreground: Lucien Littlefield, Charles Murray.

out-loud in it, but on the whole its humor is of a subtler kind than one would expect from a plumber turned plunger. Charles Murray is good as Clancy, and he is well supported by Lucien Littlefield as his Scotch partner, Aggie Herring as Mrs. Clancy, Miriam Seegar as Katie, and Edward Nugent as Donald McIntosh.

★ THE SHIP FROM SHANGHAI

Dale Collins wrote a melodrama of the sea and called it Ordeal. It was written about a group of rich idle people who, for a thrill, chartered a yacht to cross the Pacific. They got their thrill, but not quite as they had pictured it. The crew, under a half-mad steward, mutinied. After a harrowing experience the passengers got the upper hand and were rescued.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made this into a picture under the direction of Charles Brabin. It should have been a good melodrama, and would have been if a little reserve had been used in the direction. But it turned out to be something that made you laugh instead of gasp. Conrad Nagel, Louis Wolheim, Kay Johnson, Carmel Myers, and Holmes Herbert are in the cast.

Kay Johnson and Louis Wolheim in the film melodrama, The Ship from Shanghai.

Do you know that—

Joan Bennett has become a United Artists star and is to be in Smilin' Thru, her first starring vehicle? . . . It won't be long, now, before we can see Charlie Chaplin in City Lights, and while the star will be silent the film will be synchronized to sound effects? . . . Anita Page is an all-around artist? She is busy in her spare moments studying sketching and painting, and when moving pictures no longer attract her as a career she will devote her time to creating stills? . . . Fred Niblo, the director, used to lecture on travel, using lantern slides to illustrate his talks?

Four- and three-star films of the past month

★★★★—All Quiet on the Western Front, Paramount on Parade, Journey's End.

★★★—King of Jazz, Free and Easy, High Society Blues, Hold Everything, The Divorcee, Ladies of Leisure.

Schmeling in the 5th

says

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

P. & A. photo

Max Schmeling.

This picture gives an advance idea of how the Schmeling-Sharkey fight will look at the start of the first round.

AUGUST FUCHS was born in Pommern, three hours by train from Berlin, in 1846. He was a farmer, a thick-wristed, wide-shouldered, heavy-footed tiller of the stingy acres his ancestors had left him. He married a neighbor's daughter and they produced a numerous brood of children who resembled their sire. Among them was a daughter named Amanda. August died last year *ætat.* eighty-three.

Amanda was a tall, powerful, slow-moving girl. She plodded about the farm. In 1904 she was married to Max Schmeling, a house painter who hailed from Darschau in a region which now belongs to Poland. He was a huge man, strong and tireless and more alert of mentality than the kinsfolk of his bride.

Max moved to Klein-Luckow, a tiny village not quite a league north of Berlin, and three children sprang from the marriage. Max was born on September 28, 1905, Rudolph a couple of years later, and Edith in 1909. Rudolph today is an auto mechanic in Berlin. Edith is dead.

When Max was a baby the family moved to Hamburg, where the father got a job as a helmsman on vessels of the Hamburg-American line. During the World War he served in the coast guard and saw numerous engagements with roving British cruisers. He died in 1926 at the age of fifty-two.

The story of little Max, now alien contender for a boxing title held by Americans, with one exception, since 1882, is, curiously albeit naturally enough, the story of nearly every heavyweight champion.

He was a big boy, strong and courageous and swift of hand. From some remote progenitor—they say he descends from the savage Wends of the Black Forest—he

P. & A. photo; Associated Press photo

Needless to say, the picture is a composite, as these two heavyweights have yet to face each other in a ring.

inherited exceeding celerity of movement and alertness of brain when fighting is involved. He went to school in Hamburg, which has the reputation of having the best public schools in Germany, and by 1914 when the Kaiser launched his mad march toward the English Channel Max was nine years old and quite the little dictator of his kindergarten.

The years passed crimsonly and the gray troops poured endlessly west through Hamburg and the cropped-skulled sailors walked idly through the streets of Hamburg and Kiel and Wilhelmshaven, where the Schmeling family would journey to meet the coast-guardsman when his ship put into port.

Early in 1919, when the Kaiser's soap bubble had exploded and young Max Schmeling was fourteen years old, the lad was forced to quit school to go to work. Today, in New York, he likes to reminisce aloud, in broken English, of the years when he was goal keeper for his school soccer team, when he wrestled and boxed with his classmates, and when he fought other kids on his way to and from his home.

His first job was an apprenticeship to the advertising department of a Hamburg newspaper. He stayed there for nearly three years, and says he liked the work but was chafed by an indoor job that kept him bent long hours above an office desk. He needed the outside air and freedom and adventure, but since his mother needed the nearly worthless marks he was being paid he stayed with it.

In the spring of 1922 Max grabbed his cap and quit. He became a hobo, wandering afoot and stealing train rides to every part of the country. He worked at many things: in an iron foundry, in open coal mines, in garages, on farms, in railway shops—outdoor work that called for strenuous days and months and years of physical development. He grew tall and stalwart and self-confident.

Max wound up in Cologne-Mülheim when he was a little past his eighteenth birthday. He got a job as one of a crew of pumpers at the municipal waterworks and he joined the Mülheimer Boxing Club and the Benrath Club. At the latter he became so adept at wrestling that he decided to become a professional. But at the former he donned the gloves for the first time—and went quite mad about this new pastime.

By 1924 Max had whipped every man in his division in the city who tried to enter the club tourneys. He was awkward and ignorant, but he was fast and strong. Hugo Abels, a local sportsman and patron of boxing, offered to become his manager if he would quit the amateurs. Max couldn't believe that people would pay him money for doing the thing he liked most to do. He turned Abels down.

P. & A. photo

Jack Sharkey.

In the summer of 1924 all Germany watched the progress of a great amateur boxing tournament at Chemnitz. Lads from every club in the country fought their way to their local finals and went to the scene.

Max represented his club and town in the middleweight class. He fought triumphantly through until he met Otto

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

© P. & A.

Here's Max Schmeling surrounded by juvenile idolaters at his training quarters near Bernau, Germany.

SCHMELING IN THE FIFTH
Continued from page fifty-one

Nispul in the finals, and Otto proceeded to lace him to an artistic finish.

"Well, it's something to have finished runner-up," Abels consoled him when he returned to Cologne-Mülheim. "You're pretty good now; how about turning professional and letting me manage you?"

The young German agreed. A local middleweight named Czapp was Max's first opponent in a fight for money. They were a pair of mediocre boxers, but the referee stopped it in the sixth round, and Schmeling was launched on his career with a knockout to his credit. Abels got him nine other fights that first year and Max won all except one; he was disqualified in two rounds after he and Jimmy Lyggett, another preliminary boy, had put up so miserable an exhibition that the crowd walked out of the hall. Max says he was trying but didn't know how!

In 1925 Abels' wife died and he quit the boxing racket. Willie Fuchs, another minor-league manager in Cologne-Mülheim, took Max over and handled him for about a year. Fuchs, however, had another middleweight who seemed more promising than the swarthy tyro from Hamburg, so Max quit in a rage when Fuchs put his favorite in some good spots and kept Max in the cheap preliminaries.

It was in 1925 that a critical peak was scaled by the new fighter. Jack Dempsey was touring Europe and stopped off at Cologne. Straightway the young German angled for an introduction to the great champion, who had long been the idol of his novice heart and whose fights he had attended a hundred times in the German movie theaters.

Dempsey was startled when Schmeling stuck out his hand.

"Good Lord," he exclaimed, "you're enough like me to be my brother!"

Max grinned joyously. He nodded when Dempsey asked him if he was much of a boxer.

"Well, let's find out if you are," said Jack. "Let's put the gloves on this afternoon over at your gym."

MAX almost fainted from pleasure. They boxed a couple of short rounds later in the day—and the spectators marveled at the resemblance. As they unlaced Dempsey's gloves he said to Max, via an interpreter:

"You're pretty raw yet, but you've got possibilities. I've only one tip for you: when you leave your corner, start out with the idea of getting it over quick. Never mind sparring and fiddling around sizing up the other fellow; turn it loose, and remember that one good sock is worth a dozen rounds outpointing your opponent."

Max has remembered. He remembered it vividly when he again saw the movies of Dempsey's historic contest with Firpo—where they both socked so swiftly and furiously that to this day one holds one's breath at the recollection of that grapple of the Titans. And his subsequent opponents will bear evidence that Max has remembered that heroic advice, because even if he has lost and been knocked out, he has none the less climbed steadily higher.

In 1926 Max went to Berlin and there signed a contract with a new manager, Arthur Bülow. Their quarrels since have just about ruined Schmeling; certainly they have retarded his progress and interrupted his popularity.

By the time he moved to Berlin Max had become a light-heavyweight. Bülow got him numerous matches, most of which he won but none of which paid very much. He won the light-heavy title of Europe by stopping Max Diekmann with one punch; and he became heavyweight champion of that continent when he whipped Franz Diener in Berlin in fifteen rounds. That was on April 4, 1928.

There was nobody left to battle in Europe, so Max thought of the golden treasure Paolino Uzcudun was garnering in America. He had received $7,000 for defeating Diener but he had crippled his left thumb. Without an opponent in view and unable to fight anyhow, he and Bülow discussed a trip to America. Their rows started there. According to Max, Bülow wanted to stay around Germany and fight local pugs.

Eventually the pair arrived in New York, wrangling over personal matters and professional relations. Max went to Bey's training camp at Summit, New Jersey, and visited Dr. Fralich, the celebrated surgeon resorted to by disabled athletes. He hadn't much money and Bülow's eloquence hadn't much effect on American promoters, so Max was pretty blue. Fralich cut the thumb open and removed some fragments of bone, and presently the German was ready.

His first American fight was with Joe Monte, a third-rate warrior, and Max stopped him in eight rounds. The knockout wasn't sensational, but the newcomer's resemblance to Jack Dempsey in features and build and ring mannerisms at once attracted attention among sports writers and sportsmen.

BÜLOW had had dealings with Jess McMahon, a promoter, but after another hot quarrel with Max a match was finally arranged with Joe Sekyra, whom Max outpointed. By this time there was a demand for his services in Madison Square Garden, Promised Land of boxing. Johnny Risko, the tough Cleveland heavyweight, was brought in to mop up the foreigner, and Max proceeded to spring into the headlines by doing something no other heavyweight had been able to achieve: he knocked Risko cold.

Meanwhile Bülow and Max had clashed so bitterly that Bülow went ahead with contracts right and left, accepting purses which, Schmeling maintains, were so unfair that he declined to fulfill the agreements. Bülow signed for a bout with Phil Scott, the British champion, and Humberto Fugazy, a promoter, planned to put it on in Ebbets Field, Brooklyn.

Max flatly refused to go through with it, and thereby brought down on himself the enmity of the New York Boxing Commission, which ruled that he could not fight again in New York until he had met Scott.

Joe Jacobs, a New York manager, had approached Max and propositioned him, and Max accepted his advice and managerial help. The commission and the Garden promptly excommunicated all of Jacobs' stable of fighters, and Joe and Max ducked out of the mess by making a tour of the country.

A benefit boxing card was put on in New York by the Garden and Max received a special dispensation and was permitted to meet Paolino. This bout had an unexpected and spectacular ending when Schmeling proceeded to "murder" the Basque for fifteen gory rounds. Never had anybody punished the woodchopper as the German did.

The New York sports writers waxed ecstatic; their search for a colorful heavyweight contender to occupy the throne vacated by the colorless Tunney was rewarded at last, and the Black Uhlan of Hamburg, as they dubbed Max, was suddenly in great demand.

The Bülow troubles, however, kept Max on the griddle, and though the Garden tried to promote a bout between the German and Scott in Detroit, Jacobs refused, and that seemed to finish Max as far as New York, the Golconda of boxing, was concerned.

THE outcome of the Uzcudun fight revealed an interesting situation: Max received $47,000 for his end, and only he and Jacobs know what the latter got. But it developed that Bülow, recognized by the commission as Schmeling's manager of record, got $14,000 for doing precisely nothing. Bülow, to get eating money while he and his charge were scrapping, had sold part of his contract, Charlie Rose getting six per cent of Bülow's thirty-three and one-third per cent of all Schmeling's purses, and Fred Kirsh getting two per cent out of Rose's six! All Rose and Kirsh and Bülow had to do to earn these respectable sums was to sit at ringside and watch Schmeling annihilate the Spaniard!

Then Max went home to Germany. He bought his mother a little home in Berlin, put his brother Rudolph in the garage business, made a motion picture, and toured the republic whose idol he had become. When the annual Milk Fund Benefit boxing program was arranged by Mrs. William Randolph Hearst and Damon Runyon, the ace of the Hearst sport pages, another special concession was obtained from the commission and Schmeling was matched with Jack Sharkey, the outstanding American heavyweight. This bout is to be decided on June 12, a few days after this article appears.

Max returned from Europe early in May, made a temporary truce with the boxing authorities, and went on to Endicott, New York, to train for the contest. While I talked to him of his past and his expectations, so far as they relate to his battle with Sharkey, I asked him a number of intimate questions. Here are his answers, with no attempt made to reproduce his strong German accent:

"I've never had a sweetheart," he said, grinning. "Oh, yes, a little

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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pats Beauty into the skin !

At last—it is all pleasure and no work to take the best of care of your complexion.

The **Velvetskin Patter** brings a tireless beauty expert right into your home.

Its strong, gentle fingers pat the creams in and out of the pores—pat out the wrinkles and lines of fatigue—tone up the sagging muscles and stimulate the circulation that brings health and beauty to the skin.

The Velvetskin Patter

Just push a button and the **Velvetskin Patter** taps the skin gently, firmly and ten times as rapidly as human fingers could possibly move.

It is **not** a "vibrator"—it does just what beauty experts recommend—it pats—it does not rub, stretch pores or pull the skin.

See this marvelous little aid to beauty next time you go shopping. Look for it at Beauty Shops, Department Stores, Drug Stores or Electrical Stores. If you don't see it, mail the coupon for the Beauty Book or enclose $5.00 for the **Veletskin Patter.** If you are not delighted with it in 30 days, return it and receive your money back.

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Gentlemen: I enclose $5.00. Please send **Velvetskin Patter** with privilege of return for refund within 30 days.

Name..........

Address..........

Dealer's Name..........

I want: ☐ Jade Green; ☐ Orchid; ☐ Primrose

SCHMELING IN THE FIFTH!
Continued from page fifty-three

friend here and there, but nothing of a constant nature.

"I'm a Lutheran Evangelist, but I don't go to church.

"I never tasted alcohol in my life and I have never smoked.

"The title, should I win it, means just this: boxing is my life work and I will be accepted as the best in my line. There are so few champions in the various lines in life, and to be one is a rare experience. The money that goes with such prominence is, of course, delightful. I like money. I hope to make a great deal of it. You see, one quits my business while one is very young, and unless you have a lot of money and have it well protected there may be many long years of poverty and hardships to come. Knowing this, you may be sure I'll never be broke again, and after the Sharkey fight I expect to make a couple of million before I retire.

© P. & A.
And here is Max bidding his mother good-by as he leaves for the United States to fight Sharkey for the title.

"My hardest fight was with Paolino. He is a brave, resourceful man, and was as dangerous the last ten seconds of our contest as he was when the first bell rang. But I studied him closely for a couple of rounds and then took him. My most provoking fight has been with Bülow, but our contract ends in October and, thank God, he won't be able to annoy me any longer.

"As to the fight with Sharkey, of course I expect to win. Sharkey was very nice to me the first time we met. It was in Dr. Fralich's reception room, and I was a poor newcomer, somewhat ragged and very lonesome and unhappy. He talked with me a while and I have always been grateful to him for noticing me. Of course, he never dreamed that some day we'd fight for the world title, but such is life. While I'll never forget how nice he was to me, I shall, naturally, try to knock him out. And I expect to win."

It is a picturesque coincidence that Jack Dempsey was long an idol of Jack Sharkey's, also. The "Jack" part of Sharkey's chosen ring name is copied from Dempsey's; the "Sharkey" part, from the indomitable Sailor Tom's. But Dempsey's style of fighting is a thing that Jack Sharkey hasn't copied—and that Max Schmeling has.

AFTER I had talked with Schmeling, it occurred to me that while Jack is far better known to the American public, it would be interesting, anyhow, to ask him exactly the same questions I had put to Max.

So I ran up to Boston and had a long talk with him. His responses to my queries—and he waxed somewhat short-tempered at times as he reflected on his lack of popularity and his efforts to rid himself of his previous reputation for toughness and gabbiness—were somewhat along these lines, no effort being made to reproduce his scarlet and emphatic expletives and adjectives while in his fury:

"My father's name is Ben Cuckoshay. He was born in Lithuania, which, if you don't know any more than the ordinary sports writer knows about it, is an independent country lying on the Baltic Sea. It used to belong to Poland and then to Russia, but is now free. He was a laboring man. He was five feet ten inches tall and strong as hell.

"My mother was Agnes Palilonia, and she came from the same part of the country he did. They were married over there and came to this country about 1900. She weighed about 215 pounds when I was born and was a big, powerful, muscular woman. She was a hard worker, because she also was from a poor family.

"When they reached America my father went to work in the Endicott-Johnson shoe factory in Binghamton, New York. I was born there on October 26, 1902. I have a sister, younger than myself, and her name is Mary. She is married.

"I attended St. Patrick's parochial school and went through eight grades. I wasn't particularly bright, but I could fight. I used to lick all the kids around my size and age and presently went after bigger game. I took a couple of good trimmings from two big boys. But I never forgot them. After I left the navy and was just a big tough gob I went home for a visit, and I looked forward eagerly to meeting those two birds.

"WELL, I met them. They were standing together on a corner, and I walked up to them, reminded them of the lacing they gave me years before, and told them I was going to get even on my life. I guess I forgot that they had grown up, too, because they joyously teamed on me and gave me one of the worst lickings I ever got. I caught hell because my uniform got torn in the scrap.

"When I was about fourteen I had to quit school and go to work in the shoe factory. I was a good shoemaker and I made about thirty-five dollars a week. My mother took it all, because she needed it, and let me have a dollar or so for spending money. Then it was me for the pool room, and the boys there got my dollar pretty quick. So I'd be broke the rest of the week.

"When the United States got into the war I was fifteen years old, but I was a big, husky, two-fisted kid. So I told them I was eighteen and tried to enlist. They chased me out. I went to several nearby towns and tried to join up, but didn't have any luck. So I went to work at Dunn & McCarthy's shoe factory and because of war wages was making good money. My mother, however, took most of it, and I was glad to be able to help out. And I never got so big and hard that she wouldn't punish me for fighting. If I tore my pants rolling around the street battling some chap, she would buy me a pair of pants of another sort, trying to make me ashamed of having a coat of one suit and the pants to another.

"On June 15, 1920, I joined the navy in Brooklyn. I had to walk across the bridge because I didn't have carfare to the navy yard. I was on the ships for three years and eight months. I've touched every country in the world except Asia and South America.

"And I used to battle in every port. I got a good line on how the different nationalities fight, and if it's of any interest to you in connection with the big fight, I don't mind telling you I never saw a squarehead Dutchman who knew what to do with his fists. And besides they've got no moxie. What's that? Why, moxie means guts.

"To finish up with my family story, I married Dorothy Deane Sugden in 1924, when I got out of the navy. She comes of an old New Hampshire family. She was a poor, hard-working girl, and she has been the finest influence in my life. Today she has everything that money can buy, and the coin I make means just one thing to me—an opportunity to repay her for her devotion and self-denials while I was trying to clout my way to the top.

"I have three children: Dorothy, five years old; Marilyn, a year younger; and Jack Junior, who will be two in August, about two months after his daddy is accepted as heavyweight champion of the world.

"I have one of the finest homes in Chestnut Hills, the finest suburb of Boston. I like my neighbors and hope they like me. At any rate they've got a lot more manners than some of the rubbernecks that drive through our suburb.

"I'LL be watering the lawn and I can hear 'em talking in the street.

"'Oh, yes,' one will say, 'that great mansion there belongs to Liggett, the famous billionaire. And that lovely house over there is where Whoozis lives—the great stockbroker. And over on that corner, in that gorgeous home, is where Whoozat lives.'

"Then they'll see me watering my shrubs. 'And who lives there?' one will ask. Nobody will know and they'll sit staring till I take off my hat to rub my forehead. Everybody knows the way my hair grows, so then they'll know me.

"'Hello, you big Polack!' one of 'em will scream.

"Well, that's a hell of a way to yell at an American who's going along fighting and tending to his business, isn't it? And it's all the fault of you writing birds on the papers. You've got me billboarded around as a Lithuanian roughneck. What the hell, I'm an American, ain't I? I was born in this country and I served my country in the navy and I tried every way I knew as a kid to get into the big scrap in Europe.

"And yet some lousy, garlic-gobbling, unbathed tramp from Spain or Germany or South America or Italy will come mooching over here after our dough and get in the ring with me, and they get loud applause and I get the Bronx cheer. They shove their pockets full of our dough and they can't fight any better than some local preliminary round-heel, and they go back to their lousy countries and spend the rest of their lives sneering at America and Americans.

"And yet the mob cheers them and boos me! Well, what in hell do I care? I was poor all my life, and now I've got it. I've got plenty, brother, and it's all in trust in the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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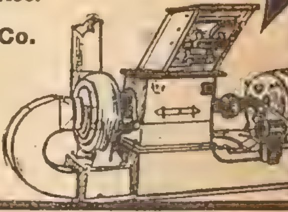

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SCHMELING IN THE FIFTH
Continued from page fifty-five

strongest bank in Boston where I can never touch it. They'll never have to give old Jack Sharkey a benefit, or feel a lot of pity for him, or shake their thick skulls and say they knew me when I had it. I've got it and I'll always have it. And nobody made me a present of it, and I didn't steal it. I got it by hard, honest fighting.

"They say I'm a temperamental, high-strung boxer, and talk about me crying in the ring. Well, maybe I am. I cry because I've had such a tough time getting to the top and trying to stay there. I'll go along and whip a couple of chaps, and then some fouler like Dempsey will knock me out with a left hook to the groin, or some bum like Risko will decision me, or some palooka like Scott will pretty near ruin me by claiming my right to his belly hit him low.

"Then I've got to start all over and work up again. So when I drop a great boxer like Delaney or a marvelous dancing master like Loughran, or kayo a famous foreign fighter like Scott, it's just too much for me. My nerves give way and I say to myself, 'Well, Jack, here we are at the top again. Now let 'em boo and hiss a good American fighter.'

"So I bust out crying. I can't help it, and I don't want to. It's me, Jack Sharkey, and I can't pose and try to be something I ain't. I expect to bust out crying sometime before midnight of June 12, because I'm going to take that Dutchman Schmeling apart and see what makes him tick.

"Then I'll be champion of the world and they can all come and take a bite of that. I'll meet 'em all and beat 'em, too. Anyhow, I've got mine in the bank, and the bond salesmen and the oil-stock boys and the rest of the slickers can keep out of Chestnut Hills, for the bank gets mine, brother, and then I know it's safe for me and the wife and kids as long as we live."

Well, I've seen Sharkey fight, and I regard him, when he's inspired by rage or a sudden mad desire to win, as one of the best heavyweights of all time. The trouble is that, though on form he ought to win this fight—and form is the only thing in life you can judge anything by, assuming that it's on the level—one never knows when the first gong rings whether one is to watch a great Sharkey or a bum.

And I've seen Schmeling in his fights against Risko and Paolino. Without knowing how either man comes through his training period, and basing my prophecy solely on the effect each of these two contenders has on me, I now venture the prediction that Max Schmeling will win by a knockout in the fifth round.

THE END

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Not Telling

The small and only child was told by his mother that if he were good the stork might bring him a baby brother, but not to tell. So he went to his grandmother and said:

"I have a secret."

She asked him if he could keep a secret.

"Yes," he replied, "and roll it in a baby carriage."—Mrs. E. C. Hall, Box 343, Rockingham, N. C.

Ted Stayed Home

Mary Lou's pet kitten disappeared and she didn't know its fate until one morning at the breakfast table, when father said:

"I guess I'll take the little boy with me who can keep a secret."

Ted the redhead jumped to his feet and said: "That's me, daddy. You know I never told about your running over Mary Lou's kitten yet!"—Betty Tufts, Ferrysburg, Mich.

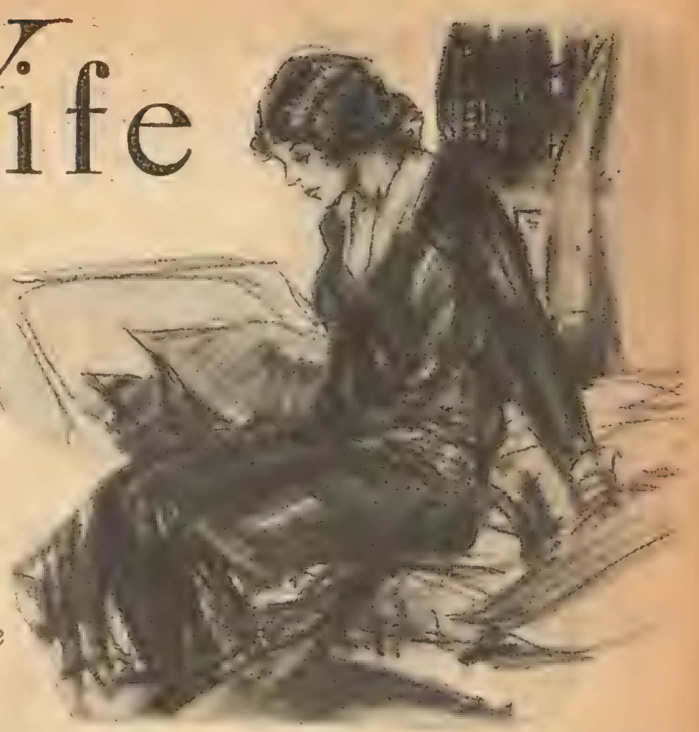
Sky Hero's Wife

A Short Short Story

By

PEGGY JENSEN

born in Richmond, Virginia, twenty-some years ago; married. Always asking herself what it would be fun to work at next, she says. After music, parachute jumping, wing walking, and selling soap, she has come to writing.



She could not live with him after the heartaches of the last years.

THREE years of marriage to Jim Barron had left Mollie feeling like the tail end of a comet, a reflection of the light ahead. He hadn't been a hero when she married him, but a regular fellow who worried about such things as the length of her skirts, the way she wore her hat, and what she had for dinner. Now he had flown himself into fame, had become front-page news with his exploits in the air, and increasingly unbearable at home, for as he went forward into the light, Mollie was forced back into the obscurity of his shadow. It had made her first angry, then resigned, and now rebellious.

She was through and was now writing the inevitable note to prove it. She hoped it would shock him, bring him out of himself for a last look at her, away from his praise sounders; his myriad toadying friends.

The women who chased him for the reward of a few minutes in the limelight; the crowds that bore him away from her, physically and mentally, until he was married, not to her, but to his fame. She winced at the thought of her utter exclusion, the public receptions where she became one of the crowd, another to stand gaping or cheering to Jim's smile of acknowledgment.

Jim the hero, whose dirty shirts she had to wash.

Now when he came back from his trip to the coast with that Van Ander woman, for which he was getting $4,000 and she a spot of publicity as Jim's passenger, he would find the note. Would he even read it? Momentary anger flared in her as she pictured his casual acceptance of it. Perhaps it was what he wanted. She wondered if she were acting too hastily. Jim had done nothing in the air now for some time, and new heroes were springing up to replace him. It was even possible that he would descend to normalcy, become again the man she married, a good pilot among a thousand good pilots. The public, making and breaking its gods with the indifference of slothful power, might break Jim by neglect. Then she could sit at her own table with him.

It didn't matter. She was through with him. She could not live with him again after the humiliation and heartaches of the last years. She wasn't sure she didn't hate him, having loved him.

When she finally signed her note she was conscious of an immense feeling of relief, the sense of a decision made, the thought of untrammeled freedom ahead. She felt as though emerging from the crush of some sweaty mob into fresh air and space.

AS she slowly packed she definitely decided to return to her southern home where flights and flyers were things read about and wondered at, where wives adorned a home and only schoolboys formed a cheering section. Perhaps Corky Dale was still waiting where she left him, with hope in his eyes. Poor, safe, derided Corky, who puttered with auto engines and went to bed at nine o'clock, had worshiped her. How different from the strident, domineering Jim.

She would go back to where Corky was, back to his mute admiration, to where she was a goddess and there were no gods. And she knew she would find him waiting.

The messenger from Western Union interrupted her thoughts. Mechanically she opened the envelope. Jim was probably not coming back for a week or two, wiring, decently enough, to tell her. But then it must only mean to forward his letters and fan mail.

Not until she had read every word of the message again and again did she fully realize that it was not from Jim, for Jim was dead. Jim had crashed in flames and he and his woman companion were dead. The message was from a postmaster in a small town in Montana and gave scant details. But Jim was dead, her Jim. Jim the hero. And she was Jim's wife. No, she was the hero's widow.

Jim had crashed in flames, but lived long enough to explain that the woman wouldn't jump when the ship caught fire at 3,000 feet. Oh, Jim could have saved himself, but he had stayed with his ship as a good pilot will under the unwritten law of the skies, stay until the last passenger is over the side. And the woman had refused. Scared. And Jim had given his life, had passed on, the dare-devil of the skies, a reborn hero. And she, Mollie, was his widow.

MOLLIE, sitting amid her half-packed trunks, tried to readjust herself, tried to think back to the moments before all this happened, back to Corky, and shuddered. For now that it was all gone and force of its loss was creeping upon her, flying and fame did not seem so terrible after all. Jim who used to be a great flyer, her Jim, when he was alive. Already he was becoming a memory, helped by the fact that of late she had not been so close to him, and as a memory she began to revere it. How the crowds used to cheer him after one of his exploits. Once he had flown nonstop in a small job from Montreal to Mexico City! That was flying.

He had died a hero. Her thoughts began to clear. She was going to leave him, had left him, for there was her note staring up at her like something unfaithful. She tore up the offending document and made a fire with the scraps. With it went the southern time-table. The tiny flames seemed like a holocaust to Jim's memory. Jim who would never again breeze in with a dozen shouting friends. The admirers would come, for Jim was still alive in her, his widow. And they would now come to her. She was the widow of the great Jim Barron.

She gathered herself together. She would have to change all this. No one must see this evidence of final departure. She must compose herself, bear up when the news reporters and cameramen came to her to record her bereavement. They would be coming this time, but for her, not for Jim. Jim was dead. She told herself again in the mirror that Jim was dead, and fixing the effective curl of her golden head, she told herself again that she was his widow, the sorrowing widow of a great man. They would be here soon, for the big news was flashing over the news tickers of the continent.

At length Mollie sat down to wait for the men who were to take her from obscurity into the sunlight to the place that Jim had made for her.

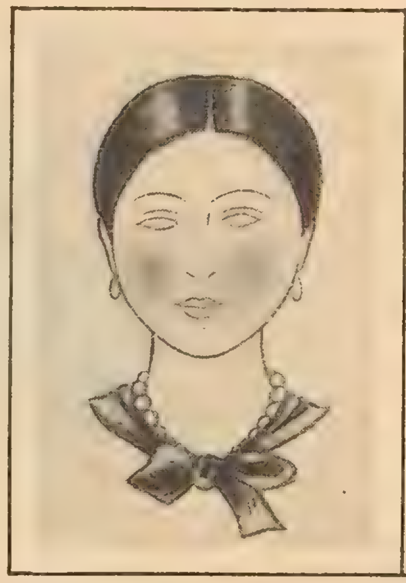
THE END

The Cosmetic Urge

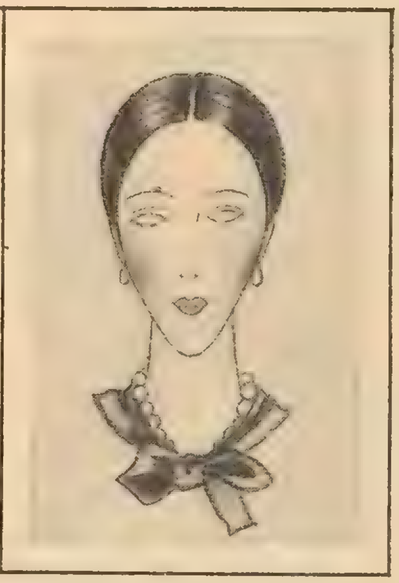
By
EILEEN BOURNE

THE idea of trying to fool oneself or anyone else with cheek, lip, and eyelid tinting is just too quaint for modern use. The same frankness of purpose that characterizes other forms of feminine expression today should be extended to make-up.

Instead of taking a cheek by the hand and admonishing it to let no man (or woman) know the secret of its royal flush, the proper approach now is that you are about to proceed with a wholly legitimate performance; that you are simply going to try to make the most of your good points and to minimize the effects of your bad ones.



Deeper rouge shading near the nose narrows a broad face.



The thin face should be rouged way back on the cheek.

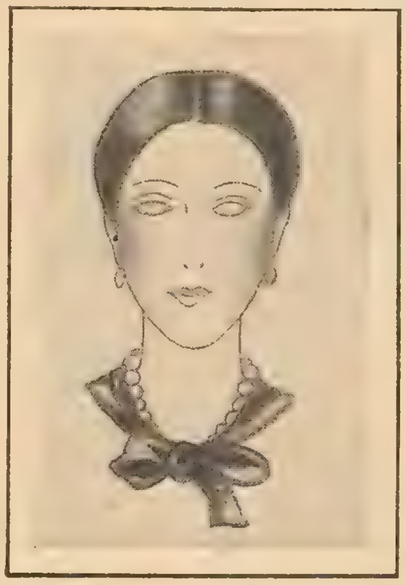
First, you must know what are the good points and what the lesser ones. Fling up the blind and face the daylight, or screw a life-size bulb into your dressing-table lamp and confront yourself with honesty.

In spite of the opportunity that lies in the pots and jars, vanities and lipstick on a woman's dressing table, there are still a number of our sex with whom make-up remains something to slap on as a last-minute rite.

A shade more care, an ounce more thought, a moment more of study of her points, good and not so good, and—*voilà!*—the woman who is a bit slipshod now would have cause for rejoicing, and her world would glory with her.

Though frankness is advocated for make-up approach, the cardinal principle of good make-up is moderation.

The one inviolable rule is light—daylight for daylight wear and electric light for the face you turn to the evening. Study yourself at every angle as you proceed. From the front you may be a brightly tinted rose. In profile you may seem quite badly colored.



A rouge crescent on the upper cheek for oval faces.

COSMETICS will not conceal skin blemishes unless of a very minor order, as sallow skin, and so on. Some blemishes are exaggerated with cosmetic addition. The perfect make-up appears always on a surface that in itself is pleasing. Blackheads, for one thing, are not concealed by powder. Acne treads close on the heels of blackheads, and an acne-ravaged skin overlaid with rouge is, at best, an obvious failure at camouflage.

Before making up, let that nice face of yours be just as clean and clear as soap and water, cleansing cream, oil, or whatever you use, can make it.

A dry skin, or one not overly young, usually profits by the use of a foundation cream used immediately before the application of make-up. A vanishing cream, or a film of your regular face cream, helps appreciably toward a smooth, natural color effect. This is particularly so in the case of the woman who is inept in the use of rouge. An oily skin, however, should be treated to an astringent lotion before rouge and powder are applied.

Compact rouge is held to be the easiest to apply, and certainly it is the easiest to overdo.

Liquid rouge upon a cream-film base begets a pleasing result. It must be blended rapidly while wet, however, so that there will be no hard rim of color.

Paste rouge, which may be used on both lip and cheek, spreads easily and blends neatly into the surrounding flesh tints. Paste or liquid, therefore, serves the purpose of the basic toilet. Your powder rouge is a handy emergency tool.

In shaping your rouge, begin delicately, deepening the tone where needed and blending the outer edges into the flesh. Avoid the vivid circle perched high on the cheek bones—the flaming brand of an amateur hand.

IF you are experimenting with liquid or paste over a cream base, apply the color in small, unconnected dabs, working it quickly with the finger tips so that the center is deeper in hue and the edge invisible. But be sure not to carry the deep color above the cheek bones or high on the temples. On the other hand, if the center of color is placed too low, the effect is distinctly drawn and aged.

Liquid powder and paste rouge are used before powder. Compact rouge is used after the face is powdered, followed by a second touch of the powder puff to tone it down. For evening, a trick that lends depth and brilliance to the eye is a discreet touch with a lightly rouged finger to the flesh directly beneath the eyebrows.

A broad face is granted the effect of narrowing by bringing the deeper rouge shading near the nose. High cheek bones should not be rouged at all. A thin face should be rouged well back on the cheek. An oval face should be rouged in crescent form; the center of the curve should be on the cheek bone at the outer corner of the eye. Apply the color in dots, the center one being the darkest, and blend carefully.

A safe general ruling about rouge-laying is to follow the "path" idea rather than to apply color in the eternal circle, beginning near the nose, outward and upward.

Remember always that rouge accentuates the point or feature to which it is most closely applied.

A touch of color upon lobe and rim of the ear will add distinctly to the charm of an aural appendage.

A method recommended by an outstanding beauty to determine a rouge color most natural in shade, also to show the normal position of color in the cheek, is to slap the face and watch how and where the color rises.

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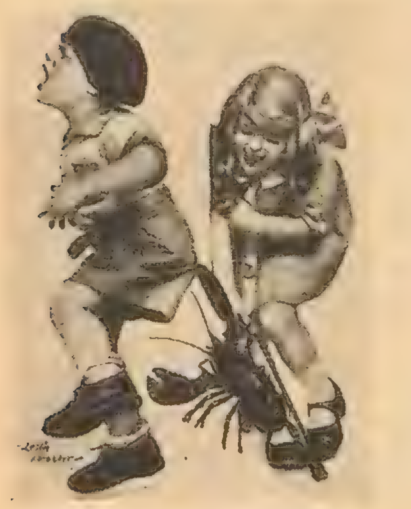
No Sense of Humor

A New For the Love o' Lil

WHEN Lil's neighbor, Mrs. Smithers, entertained at dinner, she entertained with nine courses including licorice-colored coffee served in the sitting room. By the time the guests had speared their first forkful of peas, they felt dizzy. And when the cherry pie came on the table, they were ready to bust.

"Tess," she told her cook the morning of her dinner party for twelve, "we're going to have French sardines, olives, celery, oysters—"



This week's cover picture.

"They're out," Tess said. "Watery ersters is worse then bum hooch. D'you want to kill the people?"

"Oysters," Mrs. Smithers repeated, yawning and scraping a tobacco stain on her negligée, "tomato soup, cold broiled lobsters—"

"Lobsters?" Tess asked. "Who'll cook 'em?"

"You," her mistress yawned, "and don't ask me how." She handed Tess a twenty-spot and went upstairs.

"I should be a housekeeper on a bid's wages," Tess mumbled, going to the telephone. And she called up Rooney's Fish Market, Fritz' Meat Store, and the cheap Scotch Bakery. "She don't know the price of pies," she told the telephone hook. "I'll be spry an' keep the change. Ho-ho-ho for the graft in the kitchen!"

By two o'clock the Smithers' kitchen looked like the poultry and vegetable booths at the county fair. Poor Tess was sliding around on tough outside lettuce leaves and she did a figure eight on some juicy beet tops. Duck legs pointed to the ceiling and every square inch of table space was taken up by strewn celery, bottles of olives, canned sardines, tomatoes, and peaches.

"Keep out! Keep out!" Tess shouted as Gwendolyn and Ulysses appeared at the hall door. "Keep out or I'll tell the cops." She was stringing beans.

"Cops?" Gwen giggled. "Where are they?"

"Gather up me rubbish," Tess ordered.

"Rubbish? You mean garbage," Gwen said.

"Answer me doorbell," she was told.

When Gwen turned the door handle, she jumped back into the kitchen screaming: "Look, look, look!"

Tess looked. She said: "Glory be, glory be!"

U. looked. He said: "What's them?"

"Them?" a brawny man without hat or coat grinned, planting down a tray filled with ice and seaweed. "Them's lobsters. And their nippers can nip."

"New toys?" U. said, getting down on his knees.

"Get the fire tongs," Tess ordered excitedly.

Gwen ran for them. "I'll pick 'em out!" she said, reappearing. "You'll get nipped an' yell."

"Keep your mouth shut!" Tess grabbed the tongs. She filled a pail with water and dropped in the lobsters which had traveled hundreds of miles to Lil's home town and didn't have much pep left. "Where's me cook book?" she asked, setting aside the tongs.

Gwen snatched them up and removed a lobster from the pail. Its claws semaphored wildly.

"You'll get spanked," U. whispered.

"See the cat?" she asked him, nodding toward the window. And she held the wriggling lobster at his back. Its legs marked time. Claws waved in space, then gripped the seat of his pants.

"OUCH!" he screamed. "OUCH! MAMMA! HELP!"

"Ninny!" she yelled in accompaniment to his cry of pain. "You're bein' nipped by a big lobster, but you got no sense of humor!"

(Next week's cover adventure: Garden Party)

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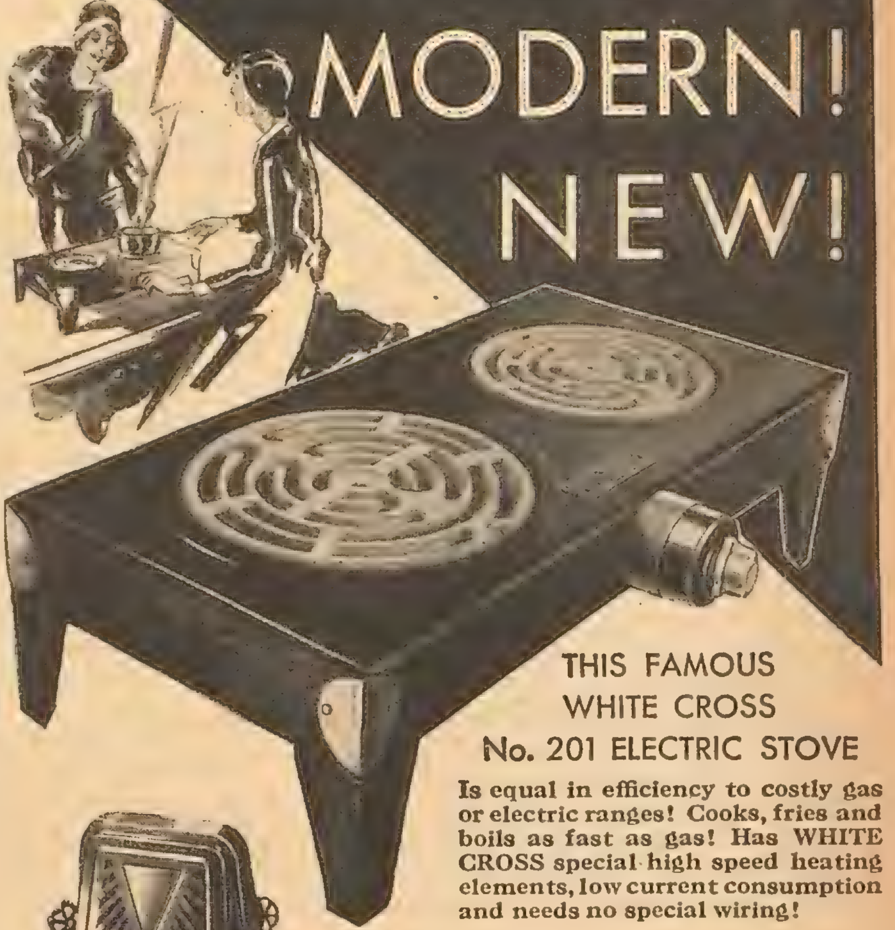

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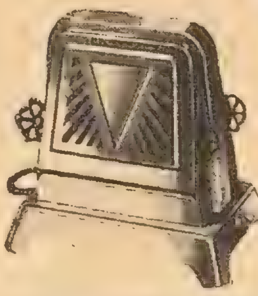

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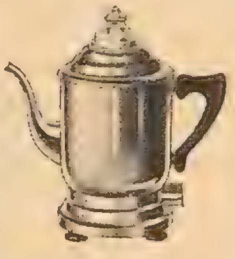

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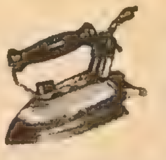

No. 249 Automatic Iron
Many new features! Automatic heat control. Clear vision. Beveled edge sole plate, stream line tapered point and rigid heel rest lighten work. Weight 6 lbs. Price only $6, nickel plate finish; $7, chrome plate. Other styles, $2.90, $3.50, $4.

Here's great news for thrifty housewives! Thanks to WHITE CROSS, the pioneers in electric stove development, you can now enjoy the savings and conveniences of modern, carefree cooking. For the new No. 201 WHITE CROSS SUPER-HEAT Electric Stove at last brings you the efficiency of the most expensive units at a new low price well within your means!

You can't fully appreciate this remarkable stove value until you see it! Actually cooks, fries and boils as fast as gas. Meets your heaviest cooking needs efficiently and economically. Needs no special wiring. Operates from any convenience outlet. And beautifully finished, too—in triple baked black enamel, nickel trimmed! Yet only $5.50 brings it to you complete! Also finished in pure white vitreous porcelain enamel at only $7.50.

See this marvelous electric stove creation at your nearest WHITE CROSS dealer at once! And let him show you many other time and money savers of "quality that never disappoints." Coupon brings helpful suggestions without obligation. Mail it today!

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Vox

A Postscript or Two on Wine, Then and Now

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I have just read your editorial, " Oinos," in the number for May 10, 1930, concerning wine in the Bible. In this connection I call attention to the Hastings Dictionary of the Bible, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, edition of 1900, which, at page 34 of Volume Two, first column, says:

" An attempt has been made to obtain a textual support for total abstinence by differentiating intoxicating from unfermented wine in the biblical terminology; but it is only special pleading without adequate foundation. The teaching of Scripture as to the pernicious effects of intemperance in any form is clear and explicit, and the Apostle Paul has stated the case for total abstinence in Ro 14 in a way which does not require the treacherous aid of doubtful exegesis for its support."

Is not Mrs. Boole in danger of being tried for heresy? It is a law of God that, by a natural process, grape juice becomes wine. Certainly the Son can do what the Father does.—*Arthur S. Browne.*

CONWAY, ARK.—In regard to your editorial on " oinos," in May 10 Liberty. The incident was Christ's first miracle, done at a wedding. The supply of wine ran out. Christ was notified. He had the servants fill six water pots with water. This He converted into wine.

Note that the material He used was water. It would hardly ferment under any kind of process. Mrs. Boole seems to have had some ground for her contention that the wine was not fermented. —*W. T. Martin.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—You have some good things in your paper but your editorials are punk.

Take a look at yours on the subject of " oinos," the Greek word for wine.

You are right in saying that what this Greek word means has nothing to do with the prohibition question but when you say we ought to have free booze in order to make strong men stronger and to kill off the weak and unfit you are as crazy as an anarchist.

Why not abolish all laws and let the strong come to the top where they belong and the weak go to the bottom where they belong?

Think of the number of men of superior ability and usefulness that have been ruined by booze, and of the far greater number of leather heads who can take it or leave it alone and would not get drunk if booze were as free as water.

And suppose you were riding in a cab whose driver was one of these booze slave weaklings and crossed the railroad at the wrong time. He would be extinguished as he ought to be—and so would you.

Clear your mind of these idle theories and be practical.

Prohibition is necessary; as necessary as taxes.—*D. Davidson.*

Speaking as One War Bird to Another

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. — General Mitchell's article on Rickenbacker in your May 17 issue repeats an error of former articles in your magazine acknowledged by him.

I have a letter from the War Department stating that the first enemy plane destroyed by the A. E. F. was brought down on March 6, 1918, by Captain Paul F. Baer.

Rickenbacker is a good personal friend of mine. I have wired General Mitchell as above.—*William Thaw, 2nd.*

We Just Wanted You to Write

CHICAGO, ILL.—Would like to ask what the purpose of " Her Paris Divorce," by Micheline Keating, was. My objections follow:

1. No moral.
2. No plot of any interest.
3. No climax of any interest.
4. Nothing of any interest.

—*A Reader.*

Well, Make Up Your Minds, Gents. Who Produced Them?

LAKELAND, FLA.—In your February 15 issue, Lil's cat, Tony, was a " he." On the cover of your May 10 issue, this cat goes and has six kittens!

For cat's sake, let's put this cat in a museum!—*Worried Reader.*

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—It is not difficult to explain the rapt expression on the faces of the two kids as they gazed upon the litter of kittens which Leslie Thrasher so thoughtfully produced on your cover entitled " Gee! " More tails to pull!—*SeeEllSee.*

The Plot Behind the Cover

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Thrasher is clever. If all these irate readers would stop bellyaching long enough to think, they might realize it. He's giving out, in regular weekly doses, good advice as to what influences tend to build the character of a child.

Now, we have Junior, a lovable, wide-awake, but naturally gentle youngster too young to distinguish, as yet, right from wrong.

He is the result of a well-regulated household with an exacting and careful mother; a proud, yet not overindulgent father.

Gwen, on the other hand, is nothing less than a mischievous little brat. And in the brief but intimate glimpses Thrasher gives us of her home environment, do you wonder?—*Sandra Soneen.*

Slight Discussion of Literary Sources, and What Not

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I was rather surprised to read the short short story, " The Feminine Touch," by Frederic Arnold Kummer.

After reading this story through I remembered that I had read a similar story in another magazine, so I dug up my back issues that I had on hand, and found a copy of a publication called Racketeers, and the story, " The Aristocratic Crook."

" The Feminine Touch " and " The Aristocratic Crook " are similar all the way through with the exception of the endings.

I have never found any case of plagiarism in the previous stories appearing in Liberty, and I hardly believe that you would knowingly approve of such ethics.—*Leatherneck.*

MANSFIELD, OHIO—It seems to me that Liberty and its readers would be infinitely more pleased if you would pay an author five hundred dollars for a readable short story in place of spending your weekly one hundred dollars for steals and poor stories.

If you are interested, or if you doubt my word, you may find yourself a copy of a magazine called Racketeers, and in that magazine you will find the pages from which the " successful " Mr. Kummer purloined his " successful " little story.—*R. F. F.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—I have never read or seen a copy of the magazine, Racketeers, and hence could not possibly have taken anything from it, even had I been so inclined.

It goes without saying, I think, that reputable writers do not make a practice of appropriating plots.

The particular swindle used in my story was described in a newspaper clipping, now in my possession, as an actual happening, and as such would be open to use by any writer who saw in it material for a plot. Since the Racketeers article seems also to be a record of actual happenings, possibly the incident related in it may have come from the same source.

The swindle in question, I am informed, is not a new one, so far as the police are concerned, having been practiced in various forms by clever crooks for years.

The twist at the end of my story, from which it derived both its name and its value, was, of course, fictional, and entirely original with me.—*Frederic Arnold Kummer.*

Not on This Page

CUMBERLAND, MD.—If ever there was a better mag. than Liberty, won't someone tell me which one it is?—*" Boots " Heintz.*

Pop

He Says Horse-Radish, Mazo

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Must Mazo de la Roche, in "Quartette," make a fool of an American girl and an Italian count in order to preach against intermixed marriages?

We should like to ask of Mazo, just why did she plaster together the absurdity of a nobleman who was an officer of the cavalry (therefore had passed an intelligence test—even in Italy, Mazo!); who spoke French and Italian fluently; yet was "too stupid to learn a word of English"—in the opinion of his American wife, six years after their marriage?

Horse-radish, Mazo! Your story must have been translated into English by mistake—from the Zulu, surely!

Furthermore, the American girl in the story is degraded beyond recognition. Psychologically and morally inconsistent; a woman who had no scruples in talking like she did about her husband would have none about her child, and therefore would have taken any steps in order to liberate herself from an unworthy husband.

Only the American visitor (ex-sweetheart of the woman) and the little girl of the "Quartette" were normal human beings.—*J. M. Fuoco.*

So Now We Know Exactly What to Do About the Macks

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Enjoyed reading Bert Green's story, "The Macks." Let us have more of Bert Green's stuff. It is just all right.—*Alice Pillsbury.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Since Bert Green has left Marge to the mercy of the "squawkies" and started off on the Mack family, he is just about as interesting as the late Naval Conference.—*An Ex-Nurse.*

Several Little Things from Nebraska

LINCOLN, NEB.—I have several little things in my system that I want to get out:

First—Your editor is certainly liberal in his views. You are publishing the most unusual mixture of filth, high-class literature, and trash ever offered to the reading public. Some of it isn't fit for a child under sixteen to read, some of it isn't fit for anybody to read, and some of it ought to be used as text in English classes in our public schools.

Second—As to prohibition. The real question seems to be whether we should continue letting people kill themselves quickly by drinking poison substitutes when they can't get hooch, or go back to the old system of letting them kill themselves slowly by the process of alcoholism.

Third—This muss you have stirred up about doctors and their ethics is one of the best things you have ever done. Now for a similar airing of the legal profession—and I am a lawyer, too.

As a whole, the profession is clean, but we have a few shysters who give the business a black eye.

Bar associations and other organizations which ought to remedy the situation are entirely too inactive. Publicity would help.

Can't you stir up such a fuss that the public will rise up on its hind legs and demand sterilization of the putrid spots?—*M. A. T.*

A Flower for Florabel

CULVER CITY, CALIF.—Congratulations to Florabel Muir and Liberty for an intelligent summary about screen stars, entitled "New Faces for Old."

Instead of indulging in superlatives and attempting to analyze personalities, she assembles such facts and figures as salaries and box-office returns to prove her contentions.

So few fans realize pictures are primarily a business and secondarily an art.—*A Reader.*

You Should Always Obey a Wild Thought

WILMINGTON, CALIF.—You know I really had some wild thought of staying out of this Vox Pop business, but when Liberty started throwing its money around, as it did in the Wet or Dry department of April 26, I had to break out.

The thing that is destroying my sweet slumbers just now is, why does an editor pick eight good letters, a couple of them very good, and then pick two duds without rhyme, reason, or what not? For example, one guy writes, advocating the repeal of the ten commandments—and here I was thinking all the time that Congress had repealed them.—*W. G. Hancock.*

This Sutherland

BOSTON, MASS.—Hurray for Sid Sutherland and his great articles! In this age of rackets and pineapples it sure is great to see some writer keeping up with the times.

Whenever I hear an automobile backfire, now, I think maybe one of your writers has been taken for a ride.

But, no kidding, this Sutherland is the berries. Keep him writing up these exciting and interesting stories.—*Leo M. Kennedy.*

Ah

TRAVERSE CITY, MICH.—This Liberty—a—ah—motor? . . . Oh, I see—a—ah—magazine! . . . Well, the difference is slight. Both are run by gas, more or less.

How satisfying if, some time, we back-seat drivers should wake up to find the magazine as well as the motor—ah—missing!—*Innocent.*

That Editorial Had to Do with Russia

TAMAQUA, PA.—Upon reading your readers' opinions concerning your editorial on atheism, a feeling of satisfaction swept over me, for I realized that the number of people whose minds are free from superstition is constantly increasing. It is beyond me how a person, living in the twentieth century—a scientific age—having some knowledge of history, also the ability to read and the habit of paying a little attention to everyday happenings, can still believe in the myths of religion.

Certainly, whatever improvement the world has known has come through science alone. Religion, on the other hand, has been the cause of more bloodshed, barbarism, poverty, and suffering than any other thing I can think of.

It has kept and still is striving to keep the people in ignorance, restraining their full joy in living this life—their *only* life—for a hereafter that does not exist.—*George Mikalop.*

—Not with What You Believe

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Just a word with that atheist that signs himself a U. S. Soldier. I guess it'll have to be a word because I can't get any closer to him.

That letter of his made me so mad my shoe leather burned a hole in the rug. I am a devout believer in God and a hereafter. Of course, that is no reason for everyone else to follow in my lead, but I would just like to know how the heck this egg knows there is no God or future life?—*A Christian.*

Bad News from Abroad

BERLIN, GERMANY—What is the matter with Liberty's international relations? I have tried in vain to procure a Liberty in Berlin—at any price within reason. I paid 35¢ the issue for the one copy I managed to capture during three weeks in Paris—and though Liberty's older cousins, The Saturday Evening Post and Collier's, are obtainable everywhere, after I've perused them I do make attempts to get your magazine. But no. Can't you do something about it?—*A Yank Liberty Searcher.*

Even Sally? How Could You!

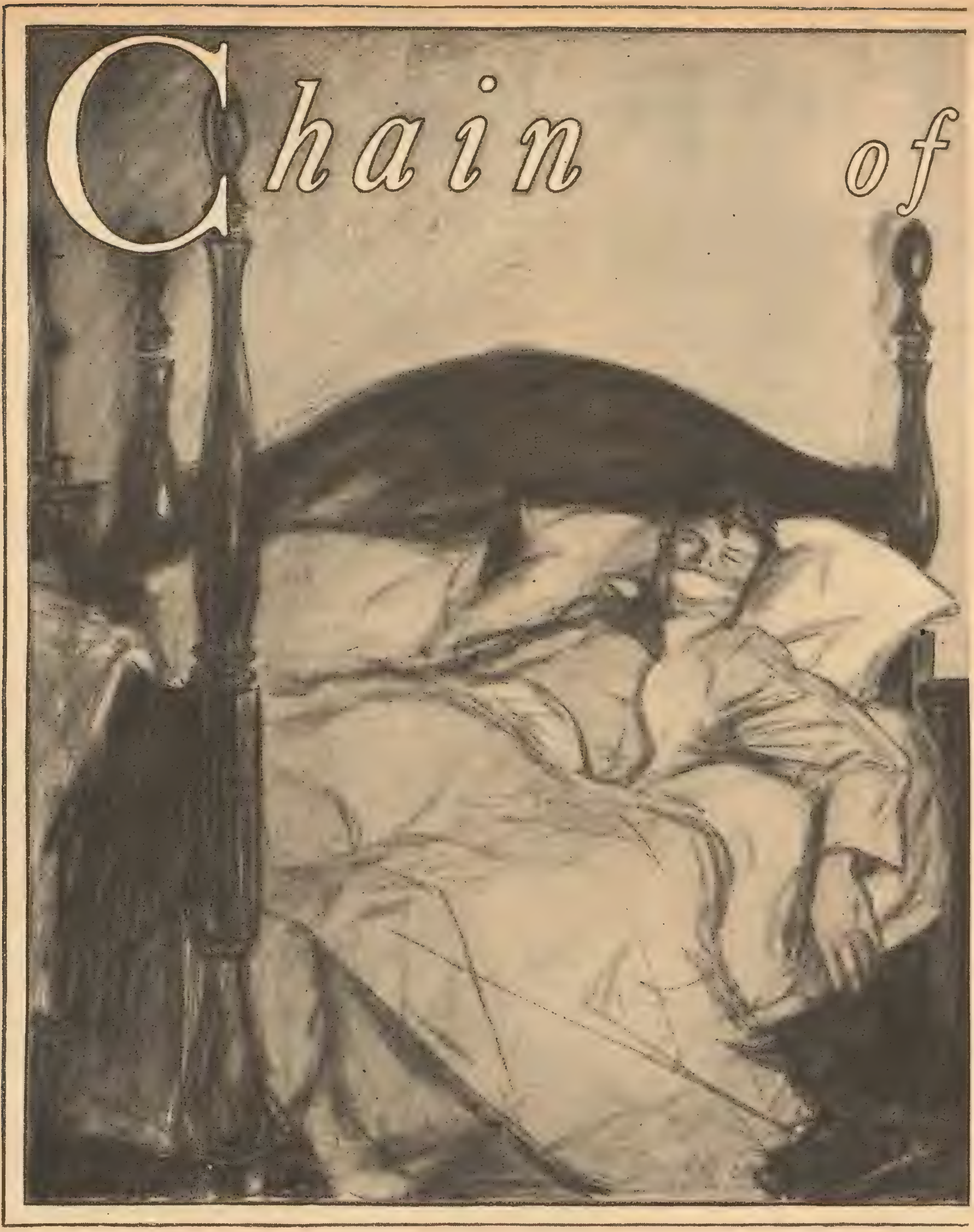
BALTIMORE, MD.—After suspecting everyone connected with "Smoke Screen" I'm glad to find out who really did murder the old man and two girls. I even suspected Sally at one time.

If you have any more like that, let's have it.—*Just Me.*

Maybe He Will

ANDOVER, MASS.—I wish Ralph Barton would draw a cartoon depicting the immense perplexity of Liberty's editor wondering how a story with only three moiders in it got into Liberty.—*A Reader.*

The Chain of



Pictures
by
RAYMOND
SISLEY

The Story of a House of Mystery

What Has Gone Before:

STEVENS, the Emery chauffeur, drove a big car into its home garage. On the seat his sole passenger was propped up stiffly, face chalk-white, eyes closed. This was Duncan Sommerfield—dead.

Stevens reported that, while driving, he had seen a hat near the roadside and what looked like an arm, that he had got out and found the body, which had been run over.

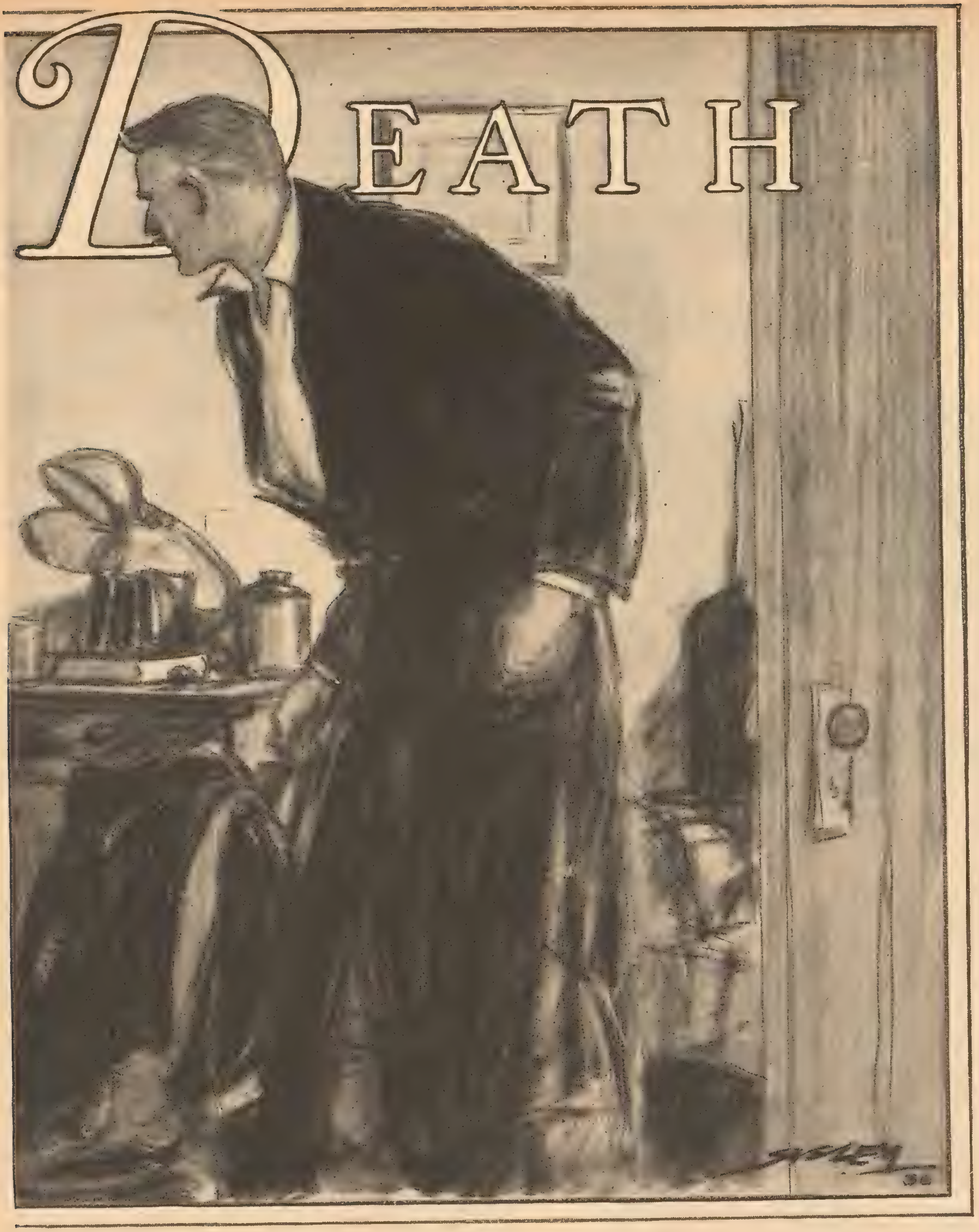
Agnes, the chambermaid, coming into the garage, saw the dead man, and fainted. Lois Emery, Duncan's fiancée, saw him, and a fear that had haunted her became a certainty in her mind: the fear that a killer was at large on the Emery place.

Duncan's death had followed that of her father. Gilbert Emery was shot at night in his own dining room. The police had called it a burglarious assault. Lydia, Lois' stepmother had accepted this theory, but Lois did not believe in the burglar. The night before the finding of Sommerfield's body she had brought her "Uncle Barty" out from the city—Clement, his name was; "Old Portland" his friends called him—and his keen mind had attacked the problem of Emery's death.

First, Old Portland considered the possible guilt of Jack Barrow, Gilbert's secretary. Clearly, Jack was smitten with Lydia, and, moreover, silver which the burglar was supposed to have stolen was found in his possession.

Then there was the house guest, Marcus Snow. Mar-

DEATH



He groped for the light, and turned it on. He saw Barrow lying on the bed with his eyes closed and a towel tied over his mouth.

By

ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

cus, according to Elsie Evans, a queer young person, was also enamored of Lydia.

On the other hand, to the self-possessed Lydia, the going out of the objectionable Gilbert might have proved too tempting.

But clews must be sought for everywhere, and Stevens' manner had, at times, seemed suspiciously evasive to Old Portland. After Sommerfield's body had been removed, Clement had an opportunity to examine Stevens' room in the garage. He opened the door and entered. Now go on with the story.

PART FOUR—WHAT LOIS TOLD

CLEMENT found himself in a neat and somewhat austere bedroom, with nothing in the least remarkable except a row of squirrel skins pegged out on the wall, like a line of headless little victims with arms raised to cry "Kamerad." Half smiling, he stepped forward to examine them—and saw, on the chest of drawers beneath them, a green purse.

It was undoubtedly a woman's purse, and, he thought, a cheap and tawdry article.

"None of my business," said that part of him which disapproved of detective work.

"Everything's your business," said the other department. "If you find that Stevens is involved with some woman, it may give you just the clew you need."

He stood looking down at the purse for a few moments.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-THREE]

Then he took it up and opened it. He found in it a perfumed handkerchief without any initials, and six hundred dollars in bills of large denominations. There was nothing whatever to identify the owner.

He knew this was a clew, all right. But a clew to what? He had no idea.

Perhaps it was Stevens' own money, his savings. Then why put it in a woman's green purse? Well, why not, if he wanted to?

Perhaps it belonged to some friend of Stevens. But why should she leave so large a sum of ready money in this careless way?

What was more, he did not see how he could decently ask Stevens any questions about it. He had no evidence of anything against Stevens, nor had he any authority for his snooping. He put down the purse, and after a more careful examination of the room he descended the stairs and went out of the garage.

On his way to the house he suddenly remembered the squirrel skins. It was something more than probable that the skins were trophies of Stevens' own prowess. And if Stevens could shoot squirrels . . .

"I'll have a talk with him," thought Old Portland. "I'll get something out of him—if I use my wits. In the meantime I might find out something more about him from the other servants."

It occurred to him then that the staff was very small for a house of that size—only a cook and a housemaid. He was sure that in his sister's day there had been another servant—a parlormaid.

"I hope there's one now," he thought. "I'm not going to tackle that Agnes again.

Nor could he possibly go into the kitchen and ask questions of the cook. He thought it over for a moment, then he went up to his own room.

"I'll ring my bell," he thought. "If Agnes comes, I'll tell her I want to speak to the other girl. And if there isn't any other girl I'll have to think of something else."

He rang, and stood waiting. He heard a light step in the hall outside, and a knock on his door. Stepping forward, he opened the door, and found Lydia there.

"I heard you ring," she said, smiling. "The parlormaid left last week, you know, so I came myself. Please don't mind telling me what you wanted!"

He was silent for a moment, very much taken aback.

"The agency is sending out two girls this afternoon," she went on. "Sisters. They have wonderful references."

"But—that girl Agnes?" he asked.

"Oh, she's gone!" said Lydia casually.

"Gone?"

"Yes. She wasn't very strong, you know, and all these—horrible things upset her badly. So I let her go."

"But she's wanted at the inquest tomorrow, Lydia!"

"NO one told me that," said Lydia. "And, anyhow, it can't make much difference, can it? She only saw poor Duncan there in the garage, and you and Lois both saw him too."

"Lydia, you shouldn't have let her go! It's—it may lead to trouble. Where has she gone?"

"I'm awfully sorry," said Lydia. "I don't know. But it can't make such a difference—"

"Where did she go?"

"I really don't know. She took an early train, after lunch," said Lydia. She was polite, as usual, but evidently not at all impressed with the wrongness of what she had done. "I believe she told me where she was going—to her sister; but I really don't remember."

He decided to say no more until he had done more thinking, and he wanted to get rid of Lydia for a moment.

"What was it you wanted, Barty?" she asked in her gentle way. "Please tell me."

"I only wanted to know what time you have dinner," he said.

"I'm afraid it may be rather late tonight—with two new girls. But you'll have tea, won't you, Barty? They'll be here by five."

"Thanks," he said. "Sorry to have troubled you, Lydia."

"You don't trouble me, Barty," she answered. "I'm so very glad you're here."

For a moment her dark eyes regarded him steadily; then, with a smile, she withdrew and he closed the door.

"That girl had some reason for going," he thought. "Her behavior was—queer—altogether. Apparently Sommerfield was interested in her. She fainted when she found him dead—or did she faint because she saw us? She shouldn't have been allowed to get away! Lydia shouldn't—"

But he could not find it in his heart to blame Lydia.

"She doesn't suspect that there's anything wrong," he thought. "She's not the sort of woman to suspect things like that. . . . The thing is, how will the police take this?"

He walked up and down the room in a sort of rage, trying to piece together the things he knew into some logical entity. He could not. Barrow, Snow, Stevens, Agnes, Sommerfield—they all flitted through his mind now overshadowed by suspicion; the very house seemed filled with a brooding shadow.

"This isn't getting me anywhere," he thought angrily. "I've got to act. There are still these two things to do—test Stevens' alibi, and find if Snow was out of the house last night. I'll try the garage again; the fellow's back now, perhaps."

A new idea occurred to him: Very likely he took Agnes to the station. She may have told him where she was going.

He went out of his room, closing the door behind him, and descended the stairs. And in the lower hall he met Lydia coming from the door that led to the kitchen.

"They've come," she announced. "Stevens has just brought them from the station—and they seem like very satisfactory, capable girls. It's such a relief!"

HE looked down at her with a smile, and she, raising her soft eyes, smiled back at him, so gentle and fragile a creature, so pitiably ill adapted for any rôle in this ugly tragedy. She was thinking of nothing but her little domestic problems, innocently unaware of what was going on about her.

"I'm very glad," he said. "Now you'll—"

He stopped short, almost with a gasp. For he noticed that in her hand she carried that green purse.

"I mustn't startle her," he thought, and pulled himself together. "What's that?" he asked, touching the thing with his finger.

"That's my purse, Barty."

"Pretty gaudy, isn't it?" he pursued, smiling again.

"Oh, I wouldn't take it out anywhere, now that I'm in mourning!" she cried, shocked. "But I thought that just in the house—"

"Of course! I was only joking," he said.

But never in his life had he been farther from joking; never had he felt so bleakly dismayed. It was not possible for him to believe that Lydia, in her quiet fastidiousness, had ever owned or used that cheap, tawdry purse of imitation leather with its big brass clasp. He had seen it last in Stevens' room, with six hundred dollars inside it; he saw it now in her hand. He was certain that she was lying—and lying so easily and adroitly, with no trace of confusion in her pretty manner.

He managed to smile again as she passed him, but he was utterly sick at heart. A great desire seized him to stop here at this point—to find out nothing more.

"If I can persuade Lois to come back to the city with me tonight!" he thought. "I could get hold of young Martin—or someone else—take them out—to a theater—to dance—"

He remembered Lois' face at lunch; not much disposed for dancing just now. And he knew, too, that she would not come away now. She wanted to know the truth. She was not afraid of anything that might happen.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

WITH THE PRECIOUS TEETH OF CHILDREN

trust only the finest dentifrice

SO widely known are the benefits which Forhan's brings to mouths marked by the effects of age, that another important function of this dentifrice is sometimes overlooked.

It is so pure, it is so mild and cleansing, that this "dentists' dentifrice" is ideal for children.

Young teeth need exceptional care. Fully 85% of all molars coming through the gums contain tiny surface cracks or fissures—the breeding place of future trouble unless they are watchfully cleaned with a safe dentifrice, and checked also by your dentist.

Health authorities also recommend that you clean and massage the gums, even of infants, and urge that children's gums receive regular care.

And care of the gums is the other function of Forhan's. This dentifrice was developed by a dentist, R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

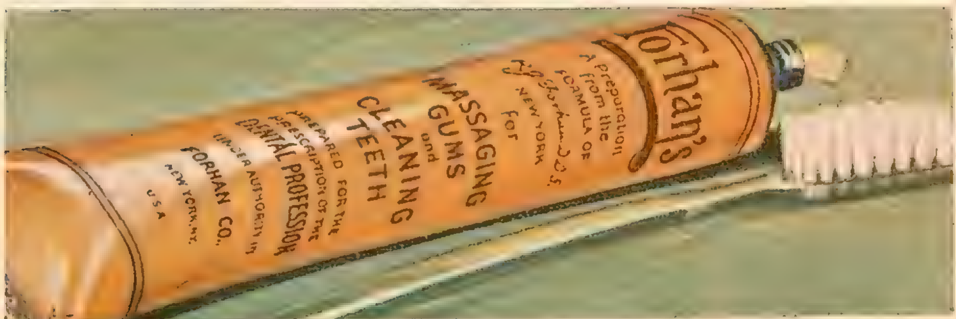
He prepared a dentifrice which gives the teeth a wonderfully gentle and thorough cleansing—and claims to do nothing more for the teeth. But he added another benefit which his practice had shown him was important—the benefit of a preparation used everywhere by dentists in the care of the gums. In fact, this treatment for the gums, also originated by Dr. Forhan, was the starting point of his excellent dentifrice.

Use Forhan's in the mouth of youth—and to keep the mouth of youth into middle age. When teeth are sound and gums are healthy is the time to adopt this excellent dentifrice. Let it cleanse the teeth and add its help to the care of the gums. Used with massage at the time of brushing, it livens circulation, and aids the gums to stay young and firm.

You can buy Forhan's with assurance that no finer dentifrice is made. Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢—a few cents more than ordinary toothpaste and well worth it. Forhan Co., Inc., New York. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

Any mouth may have pyorrhea
and at forty the odds are

4 *out of* 5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A preparation from the formula of R. J. Forhan D.D.S. New York
For Massaging Gums and Cleaning Teeth
Prepared for the prescription of the dental profession
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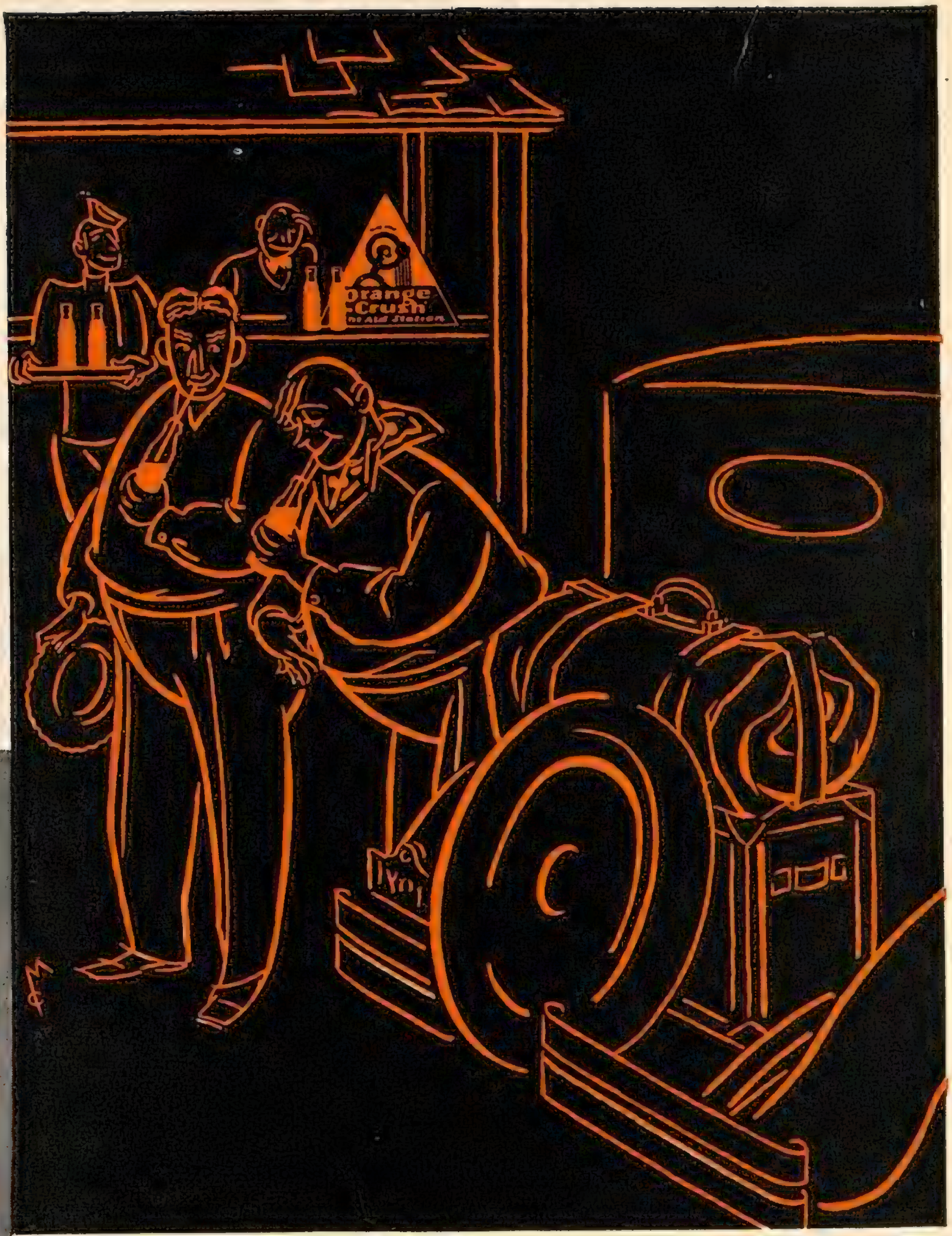
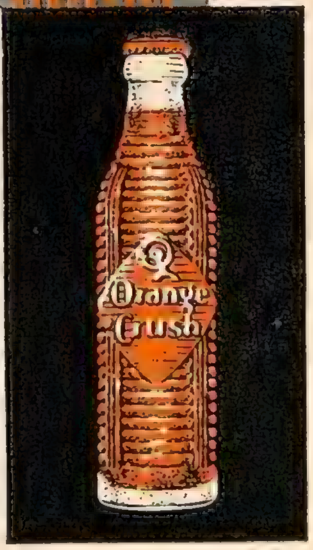
Forhan's

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DRINKING



MEET "CRUSHY" —he identifies THIRST AID STATIONS where Orange-Crush is sold, always icy cold—



—At stands in this "Krinkly" bottle

—and at all fountains by the glass

—ALONG THE ROAD

STOP—where you see the Orange-Crush sign—for the drink you know is pure and fresh and delicious: the golden juice of luscious oranges, gloriously **fresh** . . piquant with a taste of peel . . filled with tasty vitamin-laden flecks of pulp. Nature's own beverage, **fresh** from fragrant orange groves—made doubly refreshing with a tasty dash of lemon juice acid . . a hint of sugar and pure food color. Carbonated with sparkling water . . to give it that exhilarating, thirst-quenching tang. Green drinks—pink drinks—purple drinks—"pops"—but only **one** Orange-Crush, the glorious golden hue of the fruit itself . . and twice as refreshing!

Orange-Crush

Made from **FRESH** Oranges

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

"I've got to go on with it," he thought. "Even if *I* don't—it'll go on by itself now."

So once again he set off for the garage. And all the way he could think of nothing but Lydia with that green purse in her hand.

He did not want to know anything more about that purse; he did not wish ever to think of it. But he had to think of it.

"She may have left it in the car," he thought. "And Stevens found it and kept it until he had a chance to return it."

Only, Lydia had not been out in the car that day; and if she had, she would surely have missed a considerable sum of money like that at once, and moreover he could not believe it was her purse at all.

There was in him a terrible smoldering rage against Stevens which he knew he must control. He found him in the garage, cleaning the car, and whistling over his work.

"Stevens!" he said.

"Sir?" said Stevens cheerfully.

"I'm still worrying about that burglary," said Old Portland. "I want to know more about it. You said Sommerfield wasn't with you when you heard the shot. You were here, upstairs—"

But he did not catch Stevens so easily.

"No, sir," said Stevens. "I was out by the road, talking to two fellows."

"Did they hear the shot?"

"I reckon they did," said Stevens.

There was a moment's silence.

"I suppose they were the same men—the same friends who saw you in the garage last night—when you had that tire trouble," observed Old Portland.

"No, sir," said Stevens. "They weren't."

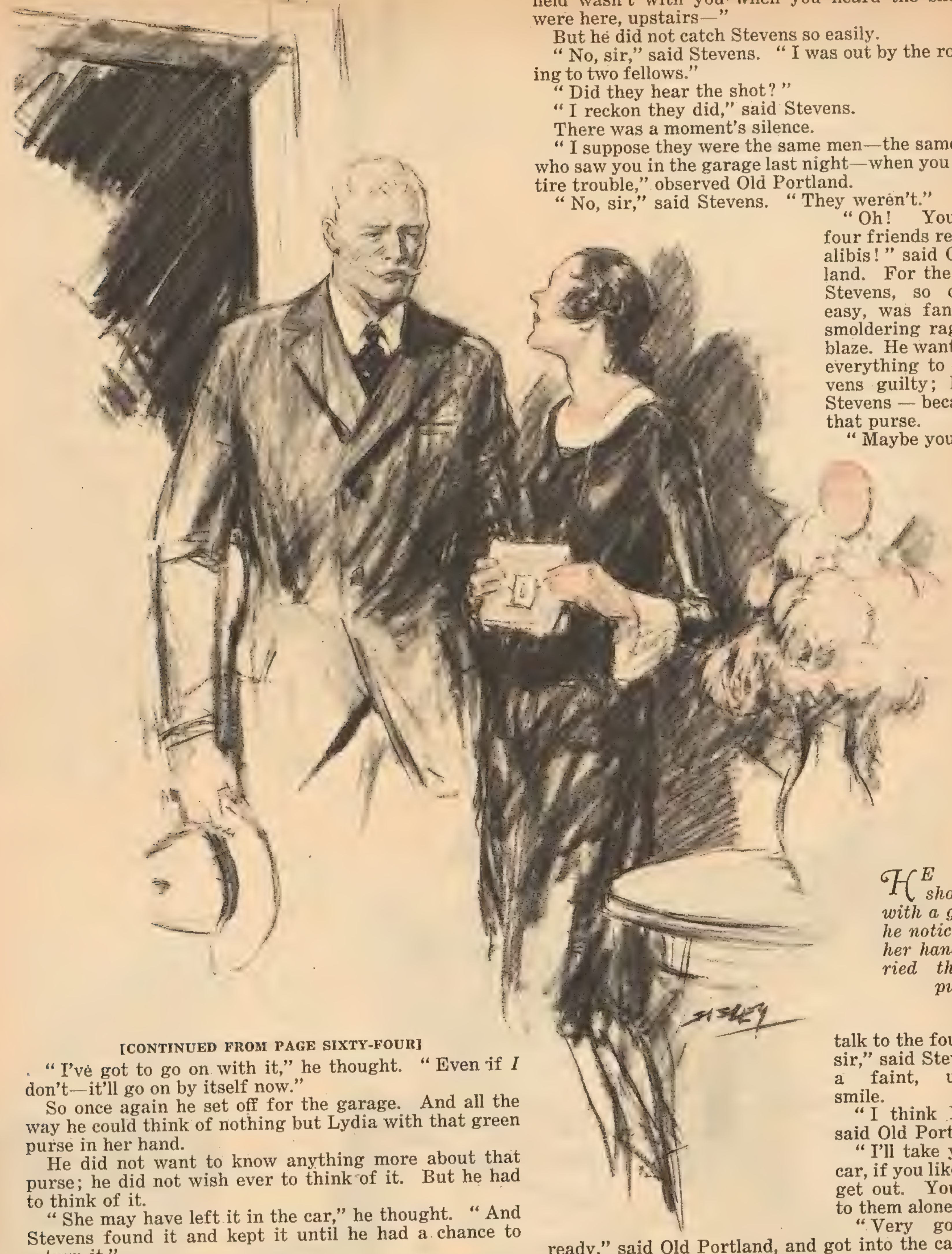
"Oh! You've got four friends ready with alibis!" said Old Portland. For the sight of Stevens, so cool and easy, was fanning his smoldering rage into a blaze. He wanted above everything to find Stevens guilty; he hated Stevens — because of that purse.

"Maybe you'd like to talk to the four fellows, sir," said Stevens, with a faint, unpleasant smile.

"I think I should," said Old Portland.

"I'll take you in the car, if you like. I won't get out. You can talk to them alone."

"Very good! I'm ready," said Old Portland, and got into the car.



HE stopped short, almost with a gasp. For he noticed that in her hand she carried that green purse.

But as soon as they started he saw things in a new light. Suppose he found these alibis questionable? Suppose he found Stevens guilty of shooting Emery? Then what would follow? What would be made public?

He forced himself to face a supposition that sickened him. He knew Lydia's marriage had been a wretched one for her. What if she had, in her unhappiness, been led to think too much of Stevens? Things like that did happen. That purse was the sort of thing Stevens might have given her. . . . She might have put the money into it for him. . . .

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Continued from page sixty-seven

"She's not like that!" he cried to himself.

But she had lied to him. And she had let Agnes go away. Because Agnes knew too much to be allowed to appear at the inquest?

Again he thought—better to stop here, to learn no more. And again he realized that, even if he stopped, the course of events must inexorably continue. One death had already led to a second—it was like a chain; and the next link was even now forging.

The beginning of it all was Emery. He had sown evil, and evil was being reaped.

Stevens stopped the car before a little stationer's shop near the station.

"Just ask for Joe Borelli," he said. "He was one of the friends I was talking to when I heard the shot."

"I've got to go on," thought Old Portland, and entered the shop.

Joe Borelli was a serious young Italian with a wooden leg, more than willing to talk. He described, with gestures, the events of that night.

"We was driving home from a wedding, me and Tony Scori. We see the light in Steve's winder, and we holler. Steve comes out. We wanner tell him about the wedding. He stands there, talkin'. All of a sudden—crack!

"'Sounds like a shot!' is what I say, and Steve he begins to run. I got one game leg. I can't run so good. And Tony he don't like any shooting. So we wait. By and by the police come along . . ."

FOR a long time Clement stood in the little shop listening to Joe, but with only half his mind. The man's words and manner had convinced him from the beginning; he believed now that Stevens had been, as he said, out by the road when the shot had been fired. But that did not mean that Stevens knew nothing about the shooting. He might know too much. That money might have been a bribe. . . .

As a matter of routine, he had a talk with Tony Scori, who had been Joe's companion. Then he went to the garage and talked to the mechanics there who had seen Stevens the night before. It was as if fate arranged for all these persons to be available, so that he need have no further suspicion of Stevens.

As they drove homeward he was aware for the first time of a great fatigue. It was less than twenty-four hours ago that Lois had come to his flat, and from that moment he had had no peace.

HE straightened his big shoulders and sighed, and once again set his mind at the miserable problem.

Stevens had not killed Emery; he had an alibi. And Sommerfield had not shot him, for he himself had been killed because he knew too much. Unless, thought Old Portland, he had had an accomplice, who had grown frightened. That idea offered new possibilities. Who was a likely accomplice for Sommerfield? Barrow?

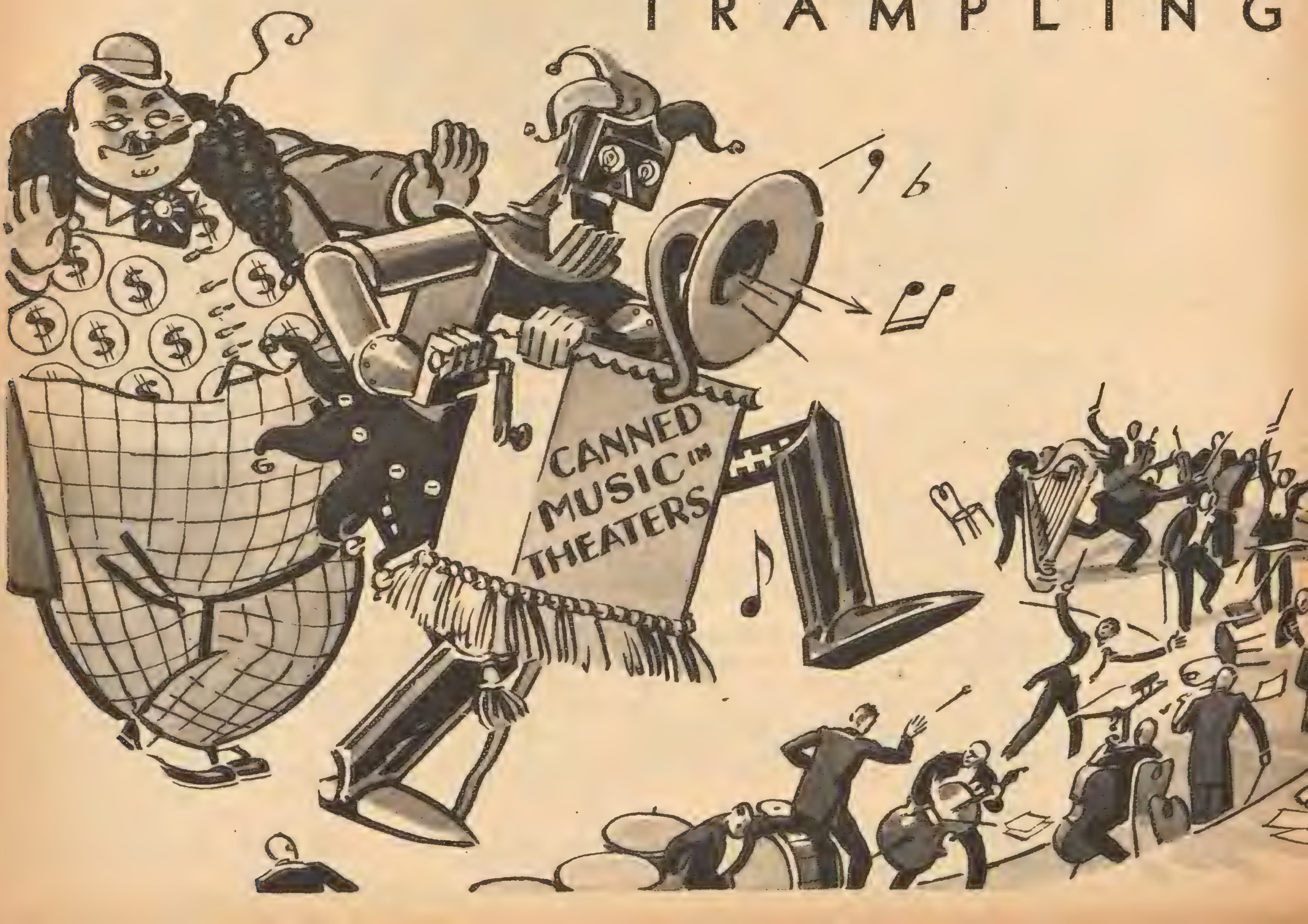
He began to think more deliberately, now, of Barrow's story. He admitted that he had stolen the silver; but when Elsie had accused him of the killing he had seemed genuinely startled and shocked. He had, on the whole, made a favorable impression upon Clement, in spite of that theft. Yet it must be remembered that if he were the murderer his own life was at stake, enough to make the most straightforward man develop a certain cunning. He had certainly been extremely anxious to get away. . . .

"My God! Perhaps he's gone!" thought Clement.

He was about to tell Stevens to hurry, but he checked himself. If Barrow were not the killer, let him go. And if he were—let him go. With him would go the vague menace of another tragedy.

But the facts did not fit in with Snow's threat. Snow

TRAMPLING



had warned the other to hold his tongue. Was that because Snow himself was the murderer and Barrow knew it? And Sommerfield had been killed because he too knew it?

They had reached the house now, and Clement got out. And when he entered the house he found a man waiting in the hall, to subpœna him to appear at the inquest the next afternoon. He put the paper into his pocket and went into the drawing-room, where Lydia was sitting behind the tea table. Barrow had not gone away; he was there; and so was Elsie Evans, and so was Snow.

"Oh, Barty?" said Lydia. "But isn't Lois with you?"

"No!" he answered, instantly alarmed. "Why—?"

"The man wanted to give her one of those papers, you know; but I couldn't find her anywhere, and I thought she'd gone out in the car with you."

"No," he said again. "When did you see her last?"

"I suppose she's gone for a walk, then," said Lydia. "She often—"

"When did you see her last?" he repeated, in so strange a tone that Lydia glanced up, startled.

"Why—after lunch," she answered. "She came up to my room with me and massaged my head until my headache was gone. Then she went—I don't know where she went. I didn't think of asking her. She doesn't like to be bothered—"

"Hasn't anyone seen her?"

HE looked from one face to another, but no one answered him. A cold fear rose and rose in him.

"She's got to be found at once," he said.

"But, Barty!" protested Lydia. "She doesn't care for tea. She often goes out by herself and doesn't come back until dinner time—"

"She's got to be found!" he repeated. "And if I can't find her—at once—I'll get the police in."

"Barty! But—why? Barty! You don't think anything's happened to Lois?"

Lydia had risen and faced him with terror in her eyes. He could feel sorry for her, even in the midst of his own overwhelming alarm.

"I think—she ought to be found," he said more gently.

"But *why?* You must have some reason. You must know—of some danger to her—"

He did not know how to answer, and was silent. It was Barrow who spoke.

"Is there any particular reason for upsetting Mrs. Emery this way?" he demanded.

"DAMNED inconsiderate," said Snow. "She's had enough anxiety as it is."

Not for the first time, it occurred to Clement that Lois, who must seem to the world a spoilt child, a pampered and indulged young creature, was actually, and had been all her life, neglected and disregarded. Snow and Barrow thought only of Lydia. And Lydia, though she was no doubt alarmed by his tone, would not otherwise have been alarmed. The girl had sat with her, massaging her head . . .

He turned away abruptly.

"I'll just see—if I can find her," he said curtly.

When he reached the hall, he glanced back into the drawing-room. He saw Snow pouring a cup of tea for Lydia, saw Barrow bending over her, saw Elsie Evans looking on at this with a singular expression on her face. He paused for a moment, with some dim idea that this scene had some significance, was somehow important. Then he dismissed it from his mind and went up to his room for his hat and stick.

The sun was going down; the last rays were shining into the tranquil and pretty room. He stood by the open window, looking at the sky swimming in soft colors, and he thought that if anything had happened to Lois his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ART FOR PROFITS

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300 musicians in Hollywood supply all the "music" offered in thousands of theaters. Can such a tiny reservoir of talent nurture artistic progress?

The true function of the machine is to *increase* the value of the product fed into it—not to *debase* it. Therefore mechanical music, *as a substitute* for Living Music, is a spurious form of "progress"—like a loom converting good wool into shoddy.

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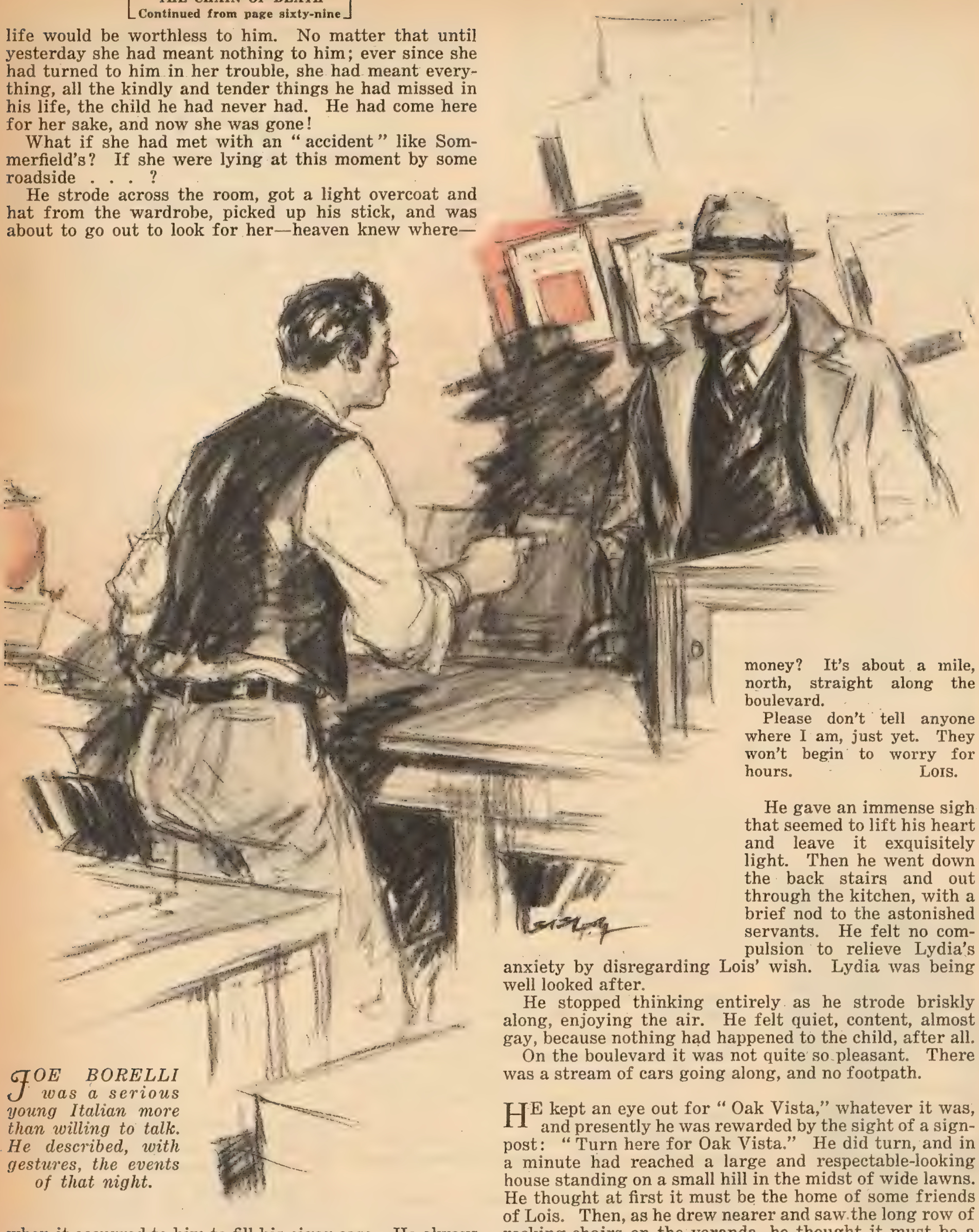
THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Continued from page sixty-nine

life would be worthless to him. No matter that until yesterday she had meant nothing to him; ever since she had turned to him in her trouble, she had meant everything, all the kindly and tender things he had missed in his life, the child he had never had. He had come here for her sake, and now she was gone!

What if she had met with an "accident" like Sommerfield's? If she were lying at this moment by some roadside . . . ?

He strode across the room, got a light overcoat and hat from the wardrobe, picked up his stick, and was about to go out to look for her—heaven knew where— when it occurred to him to fill his cigar case. He always traveled well supplied with his favorite cigars and enough cigarettes for emergencies. He had put them into a drawer. As he was in the act of pulling out the drawer, he noticed an envelope lying on the chest. It was addressed to "Uncle Barty."



JOE BORELLI was a serious young Italian more than willing to talk. He described, with gestures, the events of that night.

He tore it open. It began without any salutation:

> I find I haven't got a bean. I don't want to borrow from anybody. As soon as you can get away without anyone noticing it, will you come to Oak Vista and bring me some money? It's about a mile, north, straight along the boulevard.
>
> Please don't tell anyone where I am, just yet. They won't begin to worry for hours. LOIS.

He gave an immense sigh that seemed to lift his heart and leave it exquisitely light. Then he went down the back stairs and out through the kitchen, with a brief nod to the astonished servants. He felt no compulsion to relieve Lydia's anxiety by disregarding Lois' wish. Lydia was being well looked after.

He stopped thinking entirely as he strode briskly along, enjoying the air. He felt quiet, content, almost gay, because nothing had happened to the child, after all.

On the boulevard it was not quite so pleasant. There was a stream of cars going along, and no footpath.

HE kept an eye out for "Oak Vista," whatever it was, and presently he was rewarded by the sight of a signpost: "Turn here for Oak Vista." He did turn, and in a minute had reached a large and respectable-looking house standing on a small hill in the midst of wide lawns. He thought at first it must be the home of some friends of Lois. Then, as he drew nearer and saw the long row of rocking-chairs on the veranda, he thought it must be a boarding house of a superior sort.

He went up the drive, mounted the steps to the veranda, and looked for a bell. Through the screen door he could see into a lounge which had not the look of any superior boarding house, and then he saw Lois, lying back in a big wicker chair, smoking a cigarette. He pushed open the door and entered, and she sprang to her feet.

"Thanks!" she said briefly.

Immediately a waiter appeared and stood at his elbow. Old Portland looked at the waiter's face, glanced again about the lounge, and ordered a whisky; then he drew up a chair beside his niece and sat down.

"Father used to come here," she explained. "I knew they wouldn't mind my staying until you got here. And it's quiet enough until later in the evening."

"What are you doing, waiting here in a roadhouse?"

"I haven't any money."

"What do you want money for?"

The waiter returned with the drink, and assiduously turned on three or four little gold-shaded lamps. Old Portland could see the girl's face more clearly now, its pallor, its fatigue.

"I don't know whether I'd better tell you or not," she said. "I don't want to be treacherous. I guess you'd better just give me some money."

He took a wallet from his breast pocket, took out one bill which he kept for himself, and handed her the wallet.

"Forty dollars there," he said. "I don't carry much cash. I have a check book here. How much more do you want?"

"No more . . ." she said. "I just want enough to get into the city. . . ."

"I'll drive you in, Lois. No point in my staying after you go."

She shook her head.

"You've got a summons, or whatever they call it, for the inquest. I saw the man, and I dodged mine."

HE had forgotten his cigars, after all; he took one of her cigarettes and lit it.

"Now you'd better tell me the whole story."

"I don't know . . ." she said reluctantly. "I've been thinking about that for a good long while. I don't know if it's fair to you. I mean, you might think it was your duty to—to—take steps—if you knew. And if I made you promise beforehand not to take steps, then you'd think you were being dishonorable, and you'd be miserable. I knew you'd help me anyway, whether I told you or not. I knew you'd let me have some money. And I'd like to go and crouch in your flat until this inquest's over. I don't think the police would bother much about me. I'm not an awfully important witness. If Lydia just tells them that I couldn't stand being in the house and went away for a rest, I guess they wouldn't do anything."

"She's used that tale once already," said he. "About Agnes."

Her steady eyes rested on his face for a moment; then she glanced down at her clasped hands.

"Did she tell you?"

"Yes. Told me she'd let Agnes go because the girl was upset. If the tale is repeated—if another witness is too 'upset' to give evidence—" He paused, and again she looked at him.

"It's not the inquest I mind so much," she said. "I guess I could hold my own there. It's going back—to that house. I'd rather do—about anything else in the world—than ever go back there."

He wished that she would cry, wished that she would in some way relax the fierce hold she kept upon herself.

"You needn't worry about making me miserable," he said. "The only reason I came was to help you, and that's all I care about now."

"It wouldn't worry you—not to take steps?"

"It would not."

Her lips quivered, but in a moment she had recovered herself.

"Well, you see . . ." she said . . . "I've just found out—who shot father."

He got up, paced across the lounge, and sat down again.

"I think I know," he said.

For in his mind was a vision of that little scene—Lydia behind the tea table, and Barrow and Snow waiting upon her.

There was only one person whom both those men would shield at any cost.

"I don't want to hate her," said Lois. "I don't want to punish her. But I—" Her voice broke. "I don't think I could bear to see Lydia again."

The waiter reappeared. Old Portland had not touched the drink on the table beside him, and never intended to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Continued from page seventy-one

do so; but he ordered another, so that they should be left in peace.

"Then—you think . . . ?"

"I'm afraid—I'm pretty sure," she said.

"Let's get out of here!" said Old Portland abruptly. She rose without a word. He put down a handful of change for the untouched drinks, and a substantial tip, and they went out. It was twilight now, and it seemed to him that the wind had grown colder.

Instead of going down the boulevard she turned off into the woods, and he followed her. The quiet there among the dark trees suited him well. Their feet made no sound on the path strewn with pine needles.

"Lydia . . . !" he said to himself, with a sort of dull horror. "*Lydia* . . ."

It did not occur to him to protest against Lois' statement. In the first place, the girl was neither rash nor stupid; she did not talk at random. If she said this thing, she had reason for it. And in the second place, appalling as the idea was, it did not seem impossible. He found himself able to believe that that fragile and gentle creature, driven to desperation, could have done such a thing—could, with that dreadful weight upon her mind, have continued to behave courteously, graciously. Naturally, inevitably, Snow and Barrow would try to protect her. Any man would. He himself.

"See here!" he said. "Does anyone else know?"

"Agnes," she answered, "and Marcus Snow, and Jack Barrow, and possibly Stevens."

"My God!" he said, half to himself. "If all those people know—there's not much chance . . . I don't see . . . just what's to be done."

"No jury'd ever convict *her*," said Lois.

Her tone and her words shocked him. He thought of Lydia in the dock—Lydia stared at, photographed, examined, cross-examined, reëxamined, in the pillory; all the details of her wretched marriage made public. And Lois could speak of it like that!

"It's—unthinkable that she should stand trial," he said shortly.

"That's what generally happens, though, after a murder," said Lois.

"Good Lord, Lois!" he cried. "Haven't you any—natural feeling? Lydia's been so kind to you—"

"Well, you see," said Lois, "the man who was killed happened to be my father. He wasn't—a general favorite, but—I loved him."

Now Old Portland felt ashamed of himself. Lydia was not the only one who was suffering, who had suffering before her.

"Yes . . ." he said. "I know. I . . ."

THE girl stumbled a little over a root. He caught her arm, and kept his hold of it.

"Yes . . ." he said. "I suppose it's natural for you to feel—that you want justice—"

"I don't," she said. "I don't want her punished, or hurt in any way. I'll do all I can to help her. Only—I don't want to see her again ever."

"How did you find out?"

"By accident. After lunch I sat with her for a while. Then I went back to my room. And I got thinking about Duncan. . . . They've kept his body at the undertaker's in Morewood until after the inquest. And I thought . . . Duncan was awfully sentimental. I thought he'd like it if I—went to see him there, and brought some flowers. Only, I hadn't any money. So I thought I'd borrow some from Lydia.

"I was just going to knock at her door, when I heard Agnes in there, crying: 'Oh, I can't face that inquest, ma'am! I cannot!' I may not have got the words exactly right, but I guess it's pretty near. I heard Lydia answer: 'You needn't, my dear. Take this money and get away, at once.' Then Agnes said: 'It's *you* I'm thinking of, ma'am. I can't bear to think of you in such trouble.' And Lydia said: 'There won't be any trouble, Agnes, if you keep quiet.'

"Then Agnes began to cry about 'maybe Captain Snow or Mr. Barrow would let on,' and Lydia said: 'They won't, Agnes, ever.' Then she began giving her directions where to go, so that she wouldn't be found, and I went away.

"I felt then that I had to be sure, so I sort of jumped on Jack. It was rather mean—but I had to. . . . He was in the library, working, and I went in very quietly, and I said: 'Jack, what's the best way to protect her?' I thought he'd faint, or have a fit, or something."

She paused a moment.

"I'm sorry for him," she went on somberly. "He had such a crazy plan. He told me he'd stolen the silver to make it look like a burglary, and that if Lydia was accused he was going to say he'd done it."

"He was sure—?"

"He saw her," said Lois. "He'd told her that he saw her and that he'd never say a word."

"And Snow?"

"I think he only guessed. Anyhow, when Jack said he'd seen the burglar running across the lawn, Marcus said he'd seen him too. And of course Jack hadn't seen anyone out there."

They went on in silence for some time.

"What do you mean to do, Lois?" asked Old Portland at last.

"Nothing," said Lois. "Just shut up and go away."

"I'm afraid that won't do," he said. "Agnes' going may not make much difference, especially as the police seem to take the case as an unquestionable accident. But if you go too—if you leave the house now—"

She did not answer.

"About Sommerfield . . ." he said. "What is your opinion of that, Lois?"

"I THINK Jack did it," she said. "I think Jack met him, and knocked him down, and left him for dead on the boulevard. Perhaps he was dead. Or perhaps the next car that came by—finished him, and when the driver saw he was dead, he just dragged him to the side of the road and went on."

"Any grounds for thinking that?"

"Yes," she said. "When Jack told me what he'd done—about the silver—and how he meant to confess that he'd fired the shot, I told him that he was a fool. I told him that if he wanted to do a crazy thing like that, he'd better leave a written 'confession' and clear out. And he said there were other things. He said: 'I'm as guilty as hell, anyhow; I don't care what they do to me now.' So I—figured out the rest of it for myself."

Again they went on in silence. And now Old Portland was thinking only of his niece.

"If she could get away—before this thing breaks," he thought. "It can't be kept quiet. Too many people know. It's bound to come out, sooner or later. . . ."

It occurred to him suddenly that both he and Lois were guilty in the eyes of the law.

"Accessories after the fact," he thought.

The wind was bitter now, the little wood dark as an old forest. There was death and shame and heartbreak all about them. His fingers had unconsciously tightened on her arm. *She* was his responsibility, his own flesh and blood, like his own child to him. How could he protect her, save her from the atrocious ordeal that must inevitably come? Murder will out. . . . Lois would be a witness—against her stepmother for the murder of her father.

Unexpectedly they emerged from the wood and were facing the road which led to the Emery house.

"I'll go home—if you say it's best, Uncle Barty," she said.

"Lois!" he said. "My dear . . ."

She buried her head on his shoulder, both hands clutching his collar, and she cried, dreadfully and silently.

There was nothing he knew to say. He could only hold her in one arm, and pat her shoulder, murmuring:

"There, my dear. . . . There! I'm sorry! . . ."

In a few moments she recovered herself.

"Go slowly!" she said, with all her old imperiousness. "I don't want to get to the house looking like this."

They crossed the boulevard and went on slowly.

"What shall I do?" she asked. "Let them give me the summons to the inquest?"

"I'm afraid so."

"And what else?"

"Nothing," he said. "There's nothing to be done now but to wait. And to hope it will blow over. After the inquest we'll get away—travel, eh?"

"You bet!" said Lois.

His heart was like lead when the lighted windows of the house came into view. His very soul shrank from the thought of crossing that threshold, of seeing Lydia.

But Lois set him an example. As far as he could see, she was just as usual. The new parlormaid opened the door, and Lois stopped to talk to her.

Then he saw Lydia coming out of the drawing-room, and a sort of terror seized him. He turned away, that he might not witness the meeting between these two.

"My dear!" he heard Lydia's gentle voice. "We were wondering where you'd gone."

"I went up to Oak Vista," said Lois carelessly.

"Oh, but, Lois! Do you think you ought—?"

"I just went for the walk," said Lois. "There wasn't anybody there—and I didn't try any of Louis' chained lightning." They were speaking quite as usual.

"There's a man waiting in the kitchen with a paper," said Lydia. "For that inquest. I'm so sorry."

"Oh, well!" said Lois, with a sigh. "Bring him along."

Old Portland went upstairs then, and wished he might stay there. But that was impossible; there was dinner to be got through, and the evening.

It was all easier than he would have imagined possible. And that was due to Lydia and Lois. Lydia was exactly the same gracious hostess she had always been, and Lois was, if anything, a little more polite than was her habit.

After dinner, Lydia, Clement, Barrow, and Snow made up a table for bridge.

JUST after the clock struck eleven they finished a rubber, and Lydia suggested that it was time for bed. No one disputed that. It had been, Clement thought, the longest day of his life.

He did not much look forward to bed, though. Locked in his own room, he lit another cigar and began to think. He dreaded the inquest beyond measure. It seemed impossible that nothing would be revealed.

And into his weary brain there came a new and terrible idea. What if the police suspected already? They might have some sinister surprise to spring tomorrow. Even now they might be watching the house, where their prospective victims were neatly trapped and sleeping in their cruelly false security. . . .

But was anyone sleeping in this house? As he strained his ears, he thought he heard a board creak in the hall; he thought he heard a door close softly.

"I'm likely to keep on hearing things," he thought.

His imagination seemed out of hand. He did keep on hearing things. He even fancied he heard a groan.

He called himself a fool. But then he heard it again, and close to him. Then a door opened and closed, and he heard a hurried step outside. He got up and opened his own door quietly. And that groan was not imagination. It came from the next room to his—Barrow's room.

He thought instantly of suicide. He did not wait to knock. He tried the handle, and, finding the door unlocked, opened it and entered. The room was black. He saw a dark shape move.

"Who's that?" he cried.

The dark form was silhouetted against the pale square of the window. He sprang forward, but he was just too late. The man had disappeared—had jumped out of the window. He leaned out. Below him, on the grass, he saw a figure lying very still.

He stumbled and groped for the light, and turned it on. He saw Barrow lying on the bed with his eyes closed and a towel tied over his mouth.

He ran out into the hall, and then he met Lois, in her dressing gown.

"Whose door banged?" she began. "I—"

"Call Snow," he said. "And then go to Barrow. Some-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Try this! When the lather is washed away, next time you shave, splash on Aqua Velva! Here's what you'll find.

First, a sparkling tingle—livening—waking sleepy tissues. A real thrill that you'll look forward to each day.

Then, all day face protection. For Aqua Velva is scientifically blended to care for the newly shaven skin. Helps those tiny nicks and cuts, so many times unseen. Slightly astringent it makes for firmness of face tissue. And conserves the natural moisture of the skin that's necessary to a good complexion.

Aqua Velva gives a happy ending to the shave. That's where shaving happiness belongs. And its fine effects will stay with you all day long.

Aqua Velva is blended by the makers of Williams Shaving Soaps—Standard for 90 years. Together the Williams lather and Aqua Velva—*Williams Shaving Service*—are keeping millions of faces Fit!

5-oz. bottle 50 cents at all dealers, Or a Free Trial Size by addressing: Dept. L 30, The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.—Montreal, Can.

Williams
Aqua Velva
As a luxurious finishing touch to the shave, shake some into the hand and apply to the *moist* face.
The J.B. Williams Co.

Just notice the fine skins of men who use

Williams

SHAVING CREAM— —AQUA VELVA

Once more, Fashion has applied her scissors to SWIMMING SUITS

SNIP! The trunks grow shorter. Snip! The armholes get larger. Snip! The neck descends. Snip! The back goes down to daring depths.

As the suit grows briefer, it finds it harder to cover up even the tiniest defects in style or quality . . . it demands absolute *rightness* in every line and stitch! So this season, more than ever before, you should swim in a Spalding Suit!

Spalding Swimming Suits are right in style, right in cut, right in quality. For into every stitch, and seam, and curve, goes the experience that comes from Spalding's 54 years of outfitting the human body for play.

Spalding suits have that true athletic smartness that has made them the most admired suits at fashionable watering places throughout the world.

And they are designed to be a help, not a hindrance in the water . . . to let you cavort like a porpoise . . . to let you *swim.*

They're *lively*—they have 4 inches extra stretch. They follow every movement like the swimmer's own supple skin, yet always spring back into shape with never a sag, or wrinkle, or "hired suit" look. Yes, Spalding Suits, more than any other swimming suits in the world, are athletically *right!*

Naturally enough they cost more than cheap suits. But when you can get a Spalding Suit for only $4.50 or $5.50, why take a chance on the disappointment a cheap suit is almost sure to give you? Don't, sir! Don't, madam! This year, get the greatest possible pleasure out of swimming. This year, treat yourself to a Spalding Suit!

You can get a Spalding Suit, and see the new Spalding styles, at your Spalding Dealer's or at any Spalding Store.

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SPALDING SWIMMING SUITS

THE CHAIN OF DEATH
Continued from page seventy-three

thing—wrong there. Let me have your torch."

She handed him the torch she carried. In the dim light of the hall, he saw her dark little face alert and cool. Then he ran down the stairs, unchained and unbolted the front door, and went round to the side of the house, beneath Barrow's window. There was no one lying there now.

The house was built on a hillside and the distance to the upper window was no more than eight feet. It was possible for a man to make that jump unharmed; but he had seen the figure motionless there, as if stunned or hurt. He flashed the torch about him. Nothing to be seen but the lawn, the dark trees.

HE tried the back door, and found it locked. As he stood, thinking, he heard a car come out of the garage and down the drive.

He raced across the lawn. The door of the garage was open, and all the lights on. The big car stood there, and his own, but the two-seater was gone. He called Stevens, but there was no answer. He went upstairs. The room there was in disorder; the squirrel skins were gone from the wall. For a moment he stood there, dazed, not knowing what to do or what to think. Should he telephone to the police? No. Not until he learned what had happened to Barrow.

He turned toward the house again, with something like despair in his heart. He could not understand this—could not know if this were the last act of the tragedy, or part of some chain he had not yet suspected.

The Chain of Death has been moving toward a climax that reveals the real murderer. You may be as surprised as Old Portland is, when that climax comes in next week's conclusion of the story, and you learn the truth.

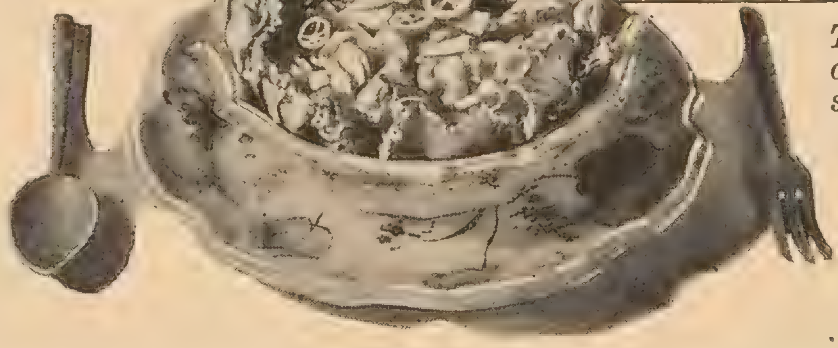
Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 39

1—Seven.
2—At the southeast point of Newfoundland.
3—General Nelson A. Miles.
4—Genera.
5—A small, straight knife used by surgeons.
6—Cairo, Egypt.
7—A plaza in London, England.
8—In Oxford, Ohio.
9—Nomadic Arabs of the Arabian, Syrian, or North African deserts.
10—Painting.
11—Australia.
12—Mahatma Gandhi.
13—Storthing.
14—Fidelity; constancy.
15—Arkansas, Missouri, and Oklahoma.
16—Exaggerated patriotism.
17—Missouri.
18—An officeholder whose term has not expired and who has failed of reelection.
19—After-dinner.
20—The stitch by which parts of a wound are united.

Secrets of WEIGHT Control

By ETHEL SOMERS

To cut down calories, mineral oil may be substituted for salad oil in making any salad dressing.



Generous salads should be included in any diet, whether the calorie content is high or low.

OUR bodies are the product of the foods we eat. Contributing factors, of course, are rest, fresh air, sunshine, and exercise.

If one feels well, works efficiently, and one's weight is fairly constant, the probability is that normal weight is being maintained. A decided change in weight is a more important consideration than the particular weight at a given time. A rapid change in body weight not accounted for by a radical habit change gives warning of a potential health menace.

There are times when nearly all of us need to control our weight. At such times the recipes given herein will be of service. If you want to become thin, confine your menus to the low-calorie recipes. If you want to add weight, eat plentifully of the high-calorie foods. It may seem strange to some that generous salads belong to both diets. If you wish to reduce, use low-calorie salad dressing. If you wish to gain weight, use high-calorie dressing in generous quantities.

Fruit-Juice Salad Dressing

(Made without oil)

3 tablespoons pineapple juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons orange juice
1 teaspoon to ½ tablespoon sugar
1/32 teaspoon (or a few grains) salt

HAVING put all the ingredients together in a bottle, chill and shake until thoroughly blended.

Low-Calorie Oil Mayonnaise

1 egg yolk
1 cup mineral oil or tasteless castor oil
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ teaspoon mustard
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
1/16 teaspoon cayenne pepper, if desired
2 tablespoons boiling water

TO the egg yolk placed on a plate or small platter add the mustard, salt, sugar, and cayenne, if used. Mix well. Beat vigorously with a fork while adding the oil a drop at a time. When the mixture thickens, add the oil one-half tablespoon at a time, beating vigorously with each addition. Continue beating and adding the oil until the mixture becomes too thick for beating. Thin out by mixing in a little of the lemon juice or vinegar, and then proceed to work in the oil. Once a thick emulsion has been built up, the oil may be added faster, two tablespoons at a time. Beat in the remaining acid and hot water. The addition of this hot water after the mixture has been thoroughly blended prevents the oil from separating from the other ingredients on standing.

Low-Calorie Bran Muffins

(Made without flour)

1½ cups package bran
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon India gum
1 teaspoon mineral oil
1 egg
½ cup water

MIX the dry ingredients until well blended. The India gum, which may be bought at the druggist's, takes the place of flour, acting as a binding agent. Combine the liquids, beating the egg slightly before adding it to the water. Grease the muffin pans with mineral oil, because this is a fat that has no food value. Fill the oiled muffin pans two-thirds to three-fourths full. This recipe makes four medium-size muffins. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) twenty to thirty minutes (depending on size). If sugar as a seasoning is missed, flavoring may be added; for example, one-quarter teaspoon of nutmeg, one-half to one teaspoon of caraway seed, or one-quarter teaspoon of cinnamon.

WARM weather is salad weather, whether you want a high or low calorie content. And Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks will provide you with a wide variety of both kinds, as well as instructions for the preparation of tasty dressings. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Send for them now. And please use the coupon.

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I inclose......cents in payment.
(Please write or print plainly in ink)

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City.................State.......... 6-14-30

High-Calorie Cocoa

1 ounce chocolate
2 tablespoons sugar
2 cups milk

GRATE or cut the chocolate very fine. Add the sugar and one-fourth of the milk and heat to boiling. Beat vigorously with an egg beater to thoroughly blend the melted chocolate. Add the remaining milk and serve hot.

Fattening Beverage

(One large serving)

6 tablespoons evaporated or plain milk
½ cup finely crushed ice
1 egg
1 teaspoon or more granulated sugar
⅔ cup orange juice
1/32 teaspoon or sprinkling of nutmeg, if desired

COMBINE the milk, crushed ice, beaten egg, and sugar until thoroughly blended. If the ice is crushed fine enough it may be actually beaten with a mechanical beater. Pour in the orange juice quickly, and continue beating vigorously until thoroughly mixed (quick and vigorous action is necessary to prevent curdling). Serve the beverage immediately with the nutmeg, if that is desired.

Low-Calorie French Dressing

Clove of garlic or slice of onion
½ teaspoon paprika
¾ teaspoon salt
6 tablespoons mineral oil
2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice

RUB a bowl with the garlic or onion. Add the remainder of the ingredients, and stir until well blended. Chopped parsley or mint may be added. Some find it convenient to put the materials for French dressing in a bottle or jar and mix the ingredients by shaking the bottle just before using.

SAFE LIQUID ENDS CORNS

Deaden pain instantly

ONE drop of this amazing liquid and soon any corn or callus shrivels up and loosens. Peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. Don't risk dangerous paring. Removes the whole corn. Acts instantly, like a local anaesthetic, to stop pain while it works. Doctors approve it.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

"GETS-IT" World's Fastest Way

WHAT ABOUT YOUR HAIR?

After all it is easy to have a comfortable, clean scalp and glowing healthy hair. Val-N-Cha pure vegetable oil scalp cleanser and hair conditioner adds to masculine smartness and feminine beauty. It puts your scalp and hair in such a healthy condition that Nature will do its own work.

America's foremost barbers and beauticians use Val-N-Cha Oil Treatment to conquer their customers' most difficult hair and scalp problems.

VAL-N-CHA

P. S. If your beautician, barber or druggist does not have Val-N-Cha Oil Treatment send one dollar with this ad and you will receive a full size bottle postpaid.

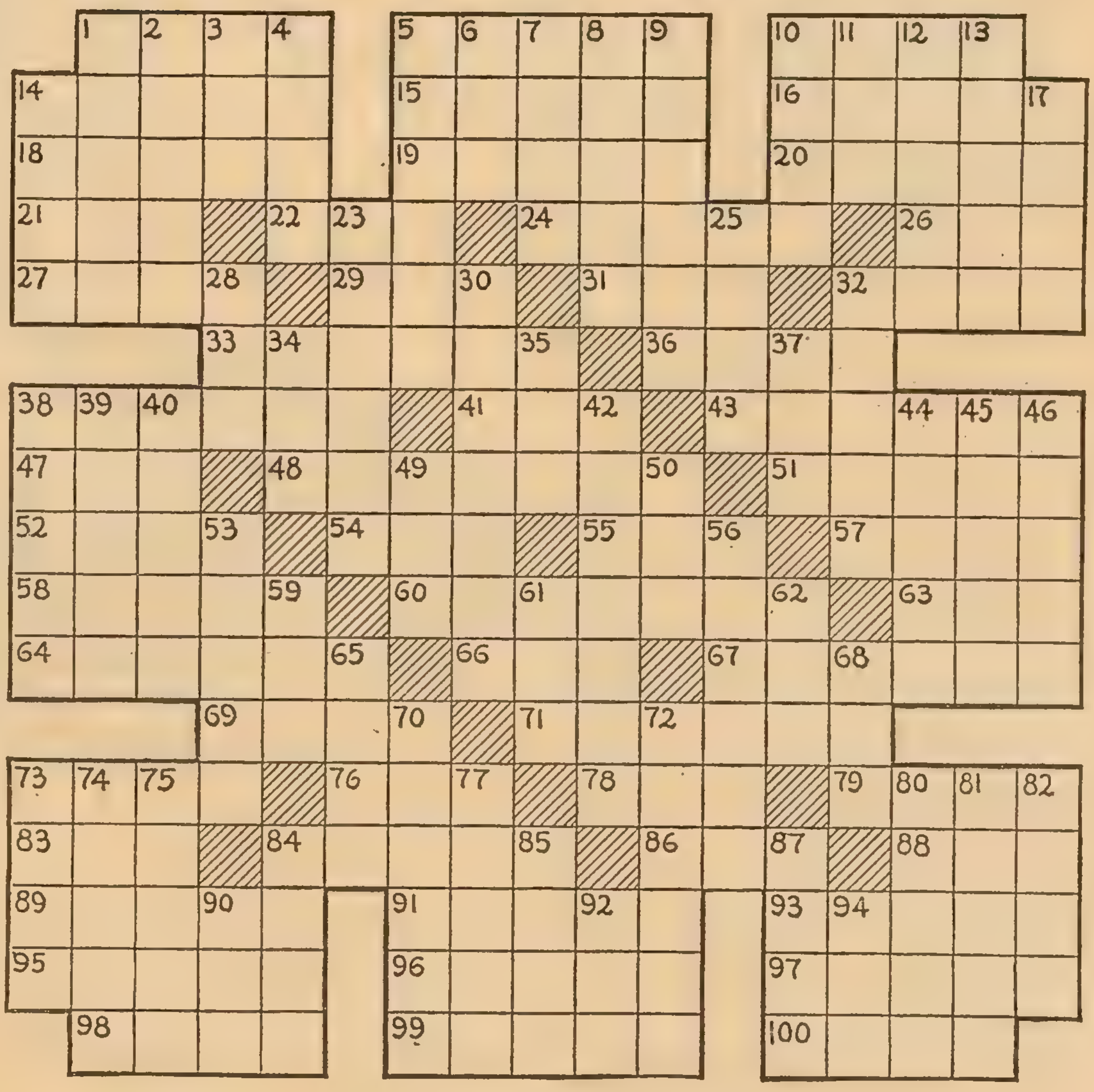
BANNER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Banner Building Detroit, Michigan

Cosmetics Can Never Hide the Truth

If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. A safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound that helps relieve constipation, cleanses the system, removes the greatest cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

Two Puzzles for

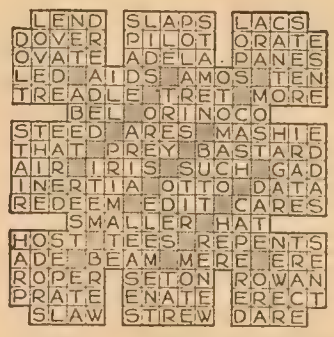


HORIZONTAL

1 To prepare for spinning, as wool
5 Form of polite address to a lady
10 Clayey earth
14 Grief (poetic)
15 Sphere of action
16 Wind instrument
18 Angry
19 Route across an ocean (plural)
20 Diminish
21 Cooking vessel
22 Small, compact mass
24 Silk fabric
26 Bind
27 Stalk
29 Couch
31 A color
32 Make crooked
33 Arranges in a row
36 Repetition of speech
38 Separated
41 A vehicle
43 Pope's representative
47 A pulpy fruit
48 Mocked
51 Woman's name
52 Principal
54 Turf
55 A swine
57 Containers
58 Beasts of burden
60 Deserved
63 Duration of life
64 Boiled
66 Performed
67 Free from tightness
69 Sheep
71 Marked with hollows
73 A swine
76 A simian
78 Observe
79 Comfort
83 Shoemaker's tool
84 White-flowered variety of tea rose
86 Skill
88 East Indian weight
89 Move sidewise
91 Forgive
93 Consumed
95 A joint (plural)
96 Fur-lined cape formerly worn by ecclesiastics
97 States to be true
98 Grate, as the teeth
99 More recent
100 A planet

VERTICAL

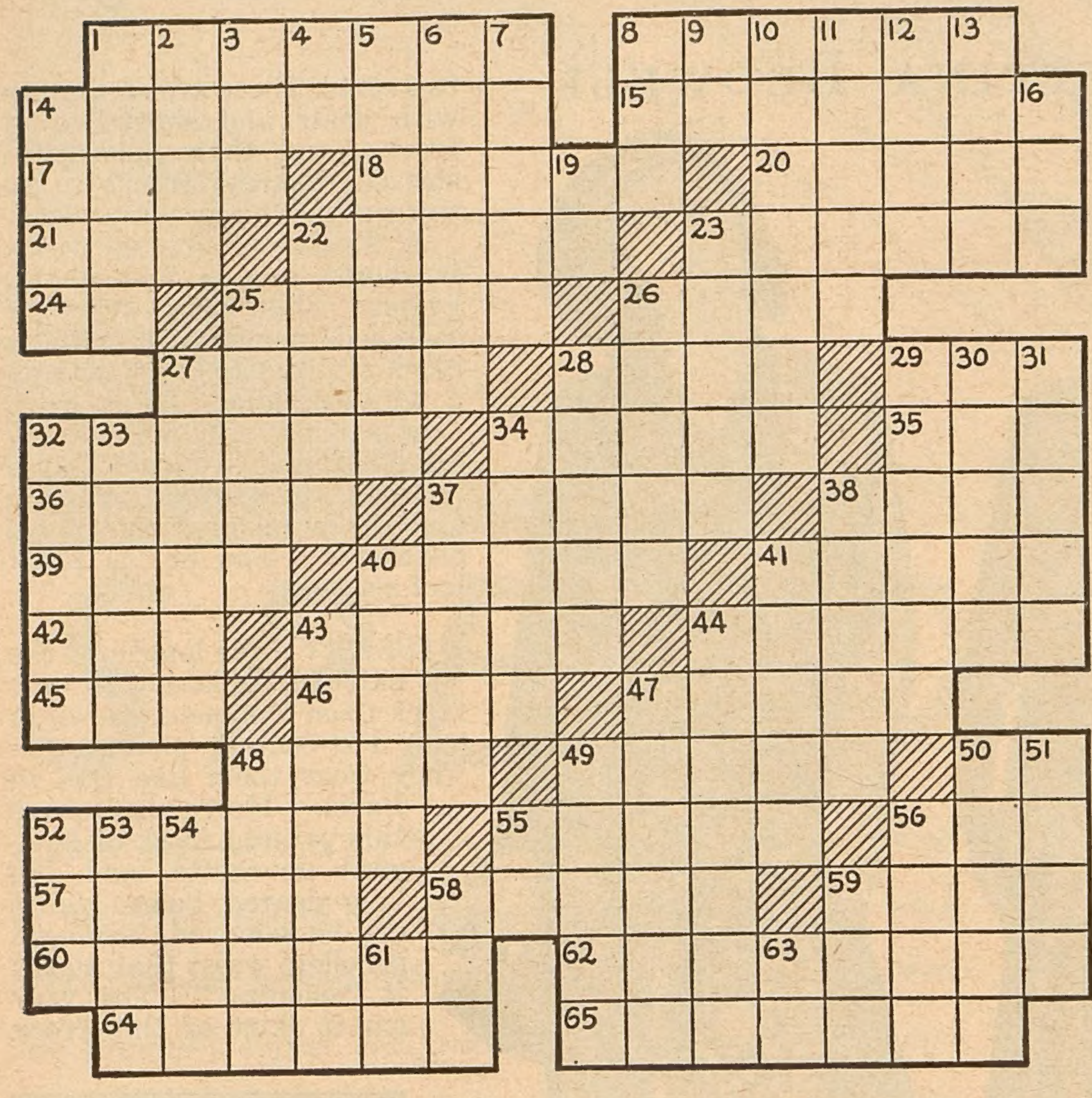
1 French landscape painter
2 Winged
3 Disease of sheep
4 Pulled; dragged
5 Massachusetts city
6 A constellation
7 Lairs
8 Near (poetic)
9 Conquer; overpower
10 Lend
11 Spherical body
12 A size of type
13 Of morning
14 Immerses
17 Require
23 Dwells; sojourns
25 Image
28 Entangle
30 Determined; rendered judgment
32 Generated, as a father or sire
34 Induced
35 Dejected
37 Man's nickname
38 Animals of the cat kind
39 Stop! (nautical)
40 Elevate
42 Furthermore
44 Songs
45 Stain slightly
46 City in Germany
49 Gypsy gentleman
50 Small mark
53 Fresher
56 Confusion; turmoil
59 Stitch
61 Cause to be quit of
62 Deer
65 Costly
68 Poem
70 Helical
72 Tidier
73 To lie in warmth
74 Due to be paid
75 A tree
77 A swelling
80 A flower
81 Prophets
82 Eagles
84 With the most benefit or propriety
85 Send forth
87 Two or more animals harnessed together
90 Roumanian coins
92 To frost
94 Topaz humming bird



LEND SLAPS LACS
DOVER PILOT ORATE
OVATE ADELA PANES
LED AIDS AMOS TEN
TREADLE TRET MORE
BEL ORINOCO
STEED ARES MASHIE
THAT PREY BASTARD
AIR IRIS SUCH GAD
INERTIA OTTO DATA
REDEEM EDIT CARES
SMALLER HAT
HOST TEES REPENTS
ADE BEAM MERE ERE
ROPER SETON ROWAN
PRATE ENATE ERECT
SLAW STREW DARE

Answer to last week's puzzle

Cross Word Fans

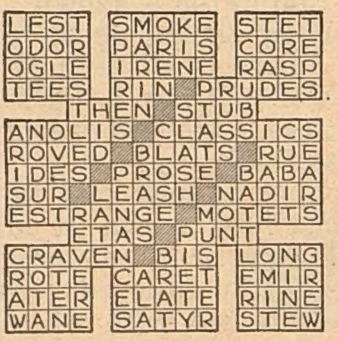


HORIZONTAL

1 Turns to ridicule or makes sport of
8 Makes amends for an offense
14 Settlings; lees
15 Of or pertaining to the side
17 In bed
18 Undomesticated or uncultivated
20 French historian and literary critic
21 A trap
22 Biblical name (Esther iii)
23 Food for animals
24 Near
25 An eel
26 Barriers
27 Makes a loud noise as if by striking
28 A size of type
29 Disfigure
32 A binary compound of boron
34 To represent as similar
35 Species of sorcery
36 Town in Maine
37 Intertwines
38 Stuff
39 A debauchee
40 Mode; manner
41 To talk to little purpose
42 Corroded
43 Division of mankind (plural)
44 Closed securely
45 Fowl
46 Ardor; dash
47 Shaft of a feather
48 Elliptical
49 Interval between two or more objects
50 The symbol for an element
52 More courageous
55 To bring or fall into line
56 One of a tribe of Siouan Indians
57 Lubricator
58 Deputy
59 A metal
60 Scanter
62 Those who lead from truth or into error
64 Ethereal salts
65 Strengthening tissue in plants (variant)

VERTICAL

1 Charge
2 State of bliss
3 Disencumber
4 An assimilated form of in-
5 Female character in Dickens' Tale of Two Cities
6 Injections
7 Wander
8 Entire
9 The symbol for an element
10 Stuffed seat without a back
11 Approaches
12 Silkworm which feeds on the castor-oil plant
13 Intoned
14 Ancient Scandinavian legend
16 Shelter
19 One indefinitely
22 Island of the Japanese group
23 Stands opposite to
25 The Pine Tree State
26 Levees
27 In fragments
28 Ancient Italian god of agriculture
29 Mental state
30 Lessen
31 Congealed into frost
32 Senator from a western state
33 Declaim
34 Loaded
37 Relating to place
38 Thin, crimped stuff
40 Of the cheek
41 Tranquillity
43 The opposite
44 To partition
47 Musical instrument
48 Apparent; manifest
49 A vehicle (plural)
50 Tempest
51 Age (plural)
52 Genus of quadrupeds
53 Mature
54 Exclamation
55 Silver (symbol)
56 Combining form: mountain
58 Measures of area
59 A fish
61 Adjective suffix
63 Chaldean city



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LEST SMOKE STET
ODOR PARIS CORE
OGLE IRENE RASP
TEES RIN▨PRUDES
   THEN▨STUB
ANOLIS▨CLASSICS
ROVED▨BLATS▨RUE
IDES▨PROSE▨BABA
SUR▨LEASH▨NADIR
ESTRANGE▨MOTETS
   ETAS▨PUNT
CRAVEN▨BIS LONG
ROTE CARET EMIR
ATER ELATE RINE
WANE SATYR STEW
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

BABY'S ACHES AT TEETHING TIME WITHIN 1 MINUTE

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DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion is the actual prescription of a famous baby specialist which has been used by mothers for over 40 years. It contains no narcotics and can be used as often as needed with perfect safety. *Your druggist either has or can easily get Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion for you.*

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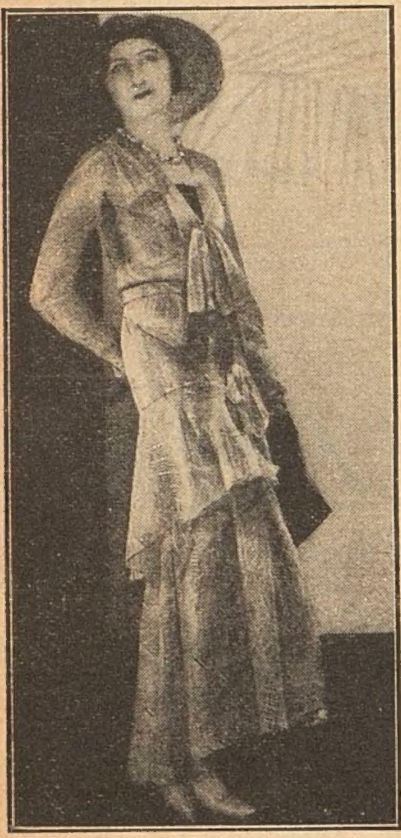
Cool FROCKS for Hot Days

By BETTINA BEDWELL

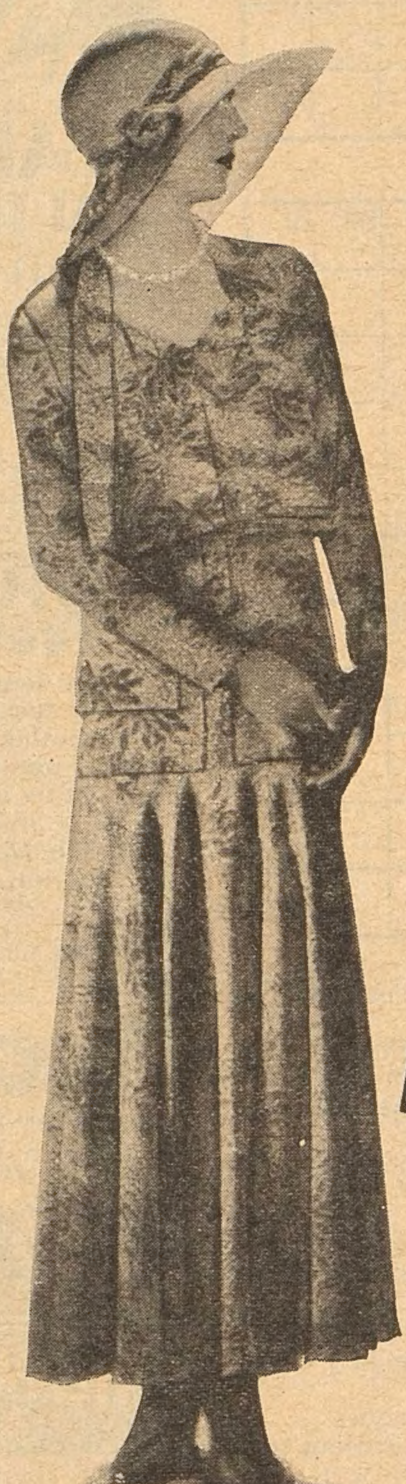
Paris.

TEMPERATURES affect fashions and fashions react on mental temperatures, keeping them nice and cool in hot weather and ardent on the coldest days. In the hot days ahead no clothes are going to be smart that don't look as cool as a chilled cucumber. It is every woman's duty to look cool even if she can't keep cool. No alibis. Opportunity is here today and gone tomorrow, and the lady who catches him is the little girl who looks fresh and sweet on the hottest day, and if the opportunity you capture with your hot-weather chic is no more than a fresh spirit for yourself, it's worth the trouble.

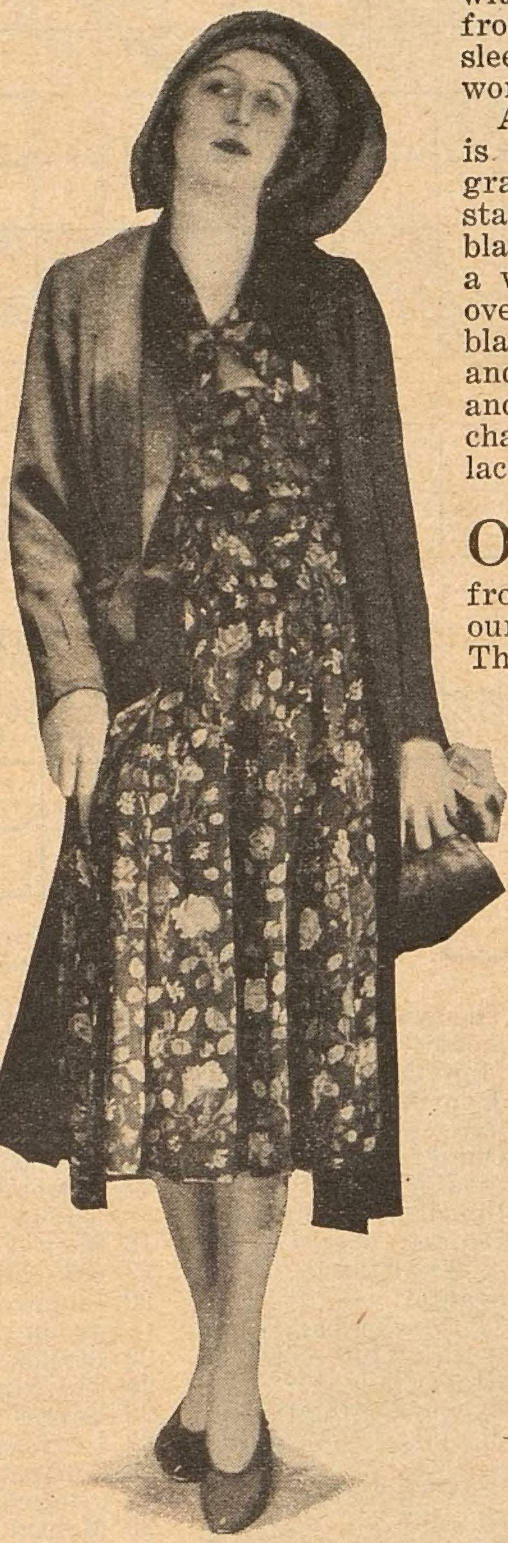
The tried and true recipe for sartorial freshness in sweltering weather is prints, and they are revived again this summer in spite of all the underhanded ways in which Paris tried to do away with them earlier in the season. Particularly good are fresh, garden kinds of prints. There's a reason, of course. They look cooler than any other kind. Printed cottons, alpacas, linens, and crêpes will help women to preserve the charm of appearance that makes them an inspiration to the jaded eye.



A Molyneux printed mousseline in the popular black and white.



Molyneux made this frock and sleeved bolero of crêpe georgette.



Vivid flowers on a black ground give a freshness to this Patou frock.

IN the cause of restful coolness Paris has done away with complicated cut in the printed clothes designed to be worn in the dead of summer. Our four photographs will show you how serenely simple the smartest printed frocks from Paris are. Notice the big hats so that eyes will squint not, nor get wrinkles around the edges thereof.

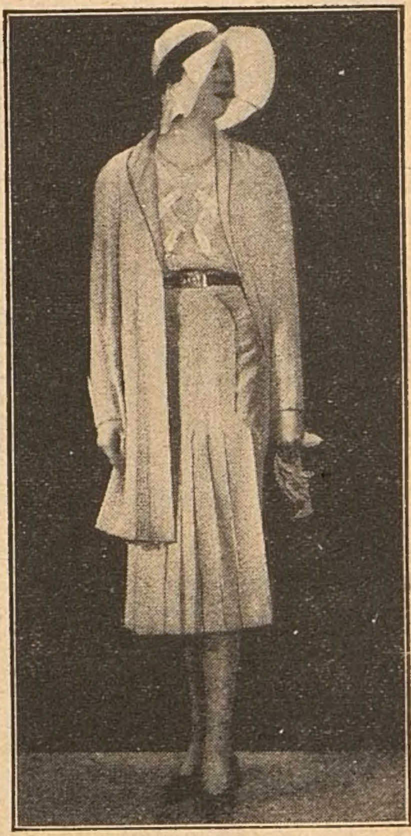
Printed clothes for summer days in hot towns are of two sorts. There are ensembles with coats and short-sleeved frocks, and there are long-sleeved separate frocks to be worn without any wrap a-tall.

A Molyneux printed frock is shown in our first photograph. This one is made of starched mousseline with a black stylized fern pattern on a white ground. It is worn over a black slip, with a big black hat and with black gloves and bag. The dropped peplum and the bows give the model character. The hat is black lace straw.

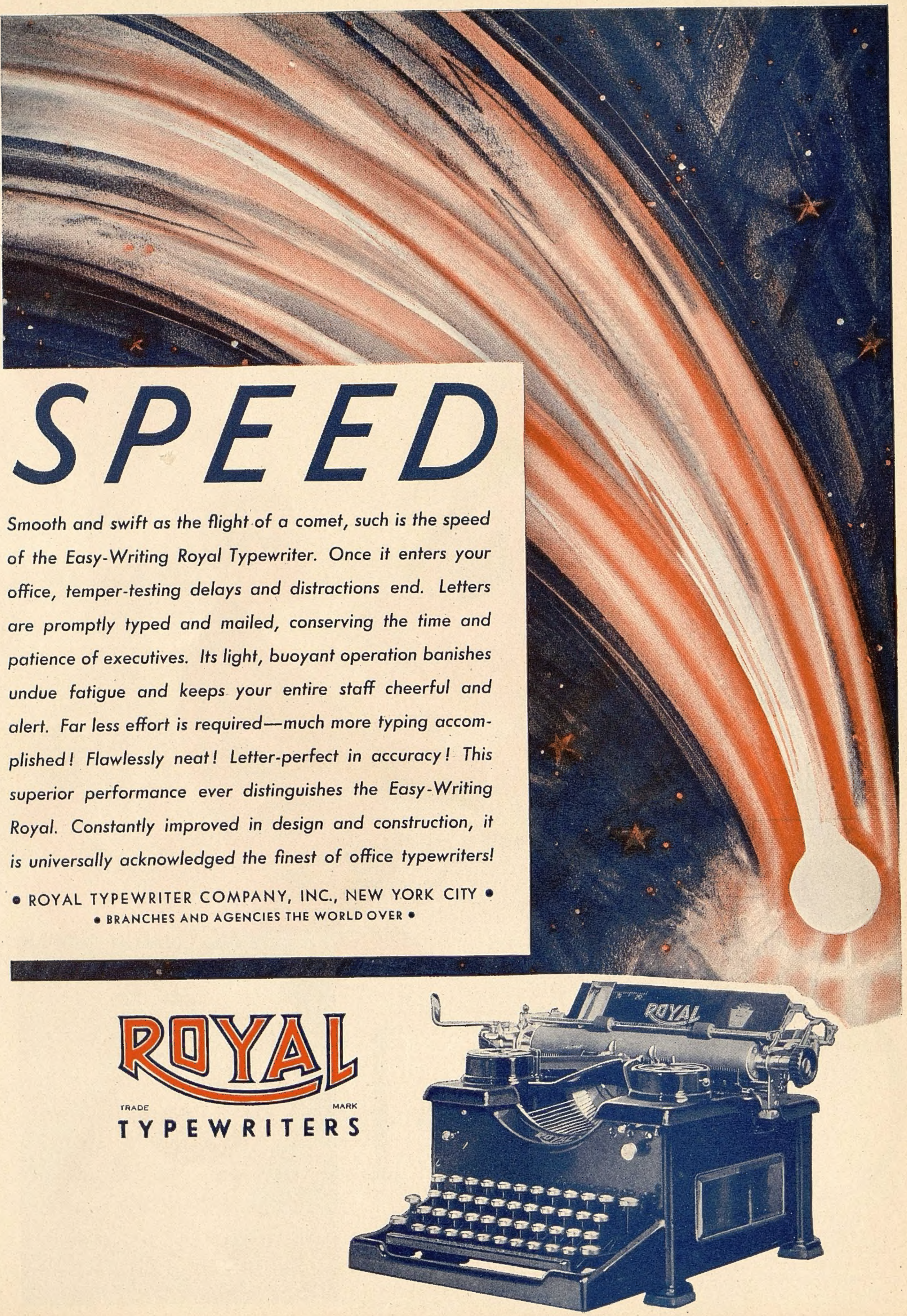
OBSERVE the length of the skirt in the late-afternoon frock from Molyneux shown in our left-center photograph. They wear them like this in Paris. Molyneux makes this printed frock of flowered georgette, and the long-sleeved bolero waist can be removed, leaving a décolleté waist that makes it "evening." The very smart skirt of this frock has a deep yoke and is circular below. The Molyneux panama hat has a transparent straw border and a sash to match the dress.

A torrid temperature ensemble from Patou is shown in our right-center photograph. There is an unlined silk coat and a frock of a vivid flower print on a black ground. The simple waist of this dress is bloused over a belt and the skirt hangs in long loose folds.

Something to look cool in all day long is the Patou cotton ensemble shown in our fourth photograph, with tiny, tiny flowers on a beige ground. This ensemble has a three-quarter tailored coat, unlined. The one-piece dress is trimmed with white linen, and is belted with black leather. The Patou hat is made of starched white piqué, banded with black ribbon.



A Patou tailored print ensemble for summer. The hat is of piqué.



SPEED

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